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APRIL 12, 1930

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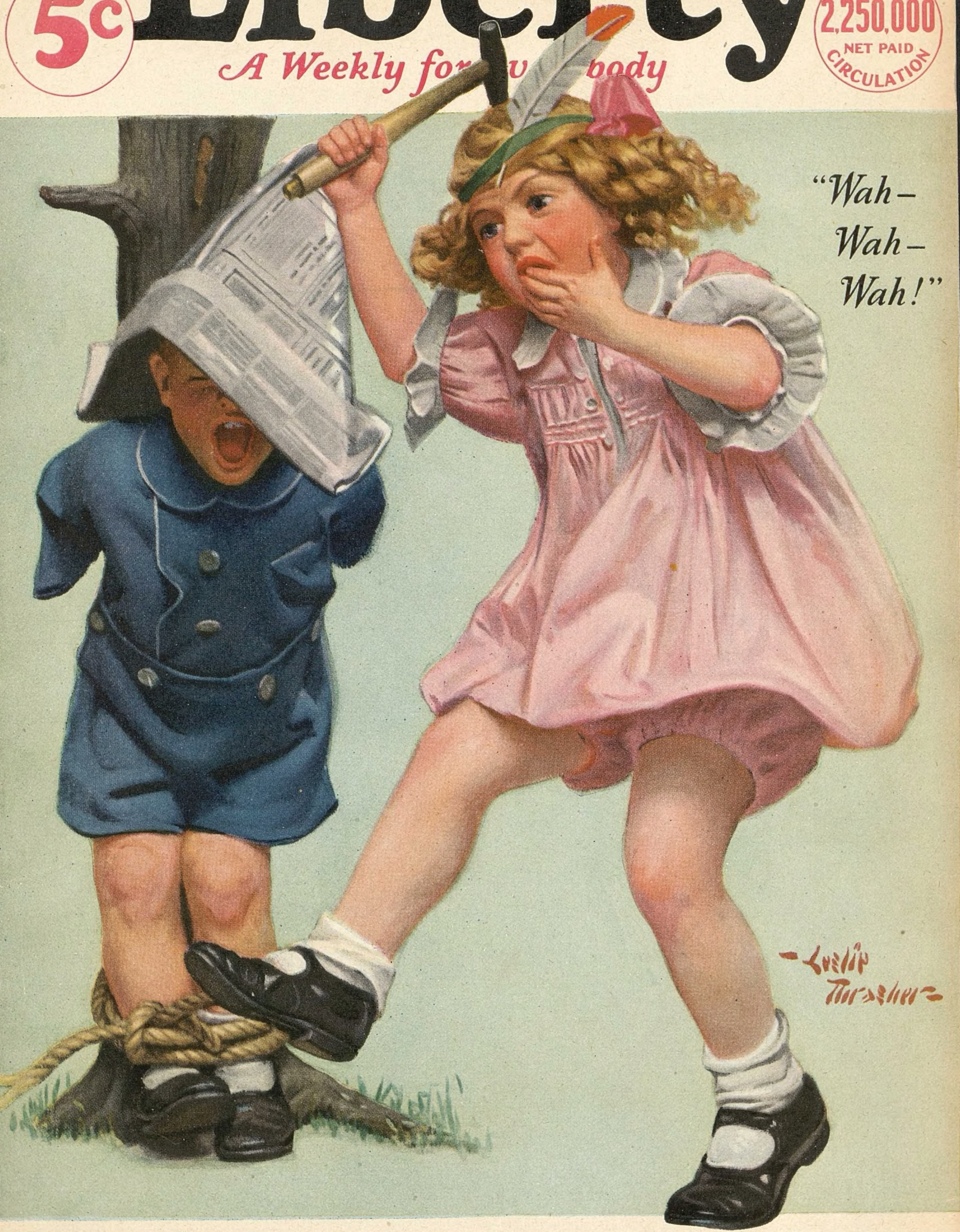
"Wah-
Wah-
Wah!"
Leslie Thrasher

GREEN ~ ST. JOHNS ~ SUTHERLAND ~ GROSS ~ SAUNDERS

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Yours very truly,

Mrs. Alice H. Provost
54-A Peck Street
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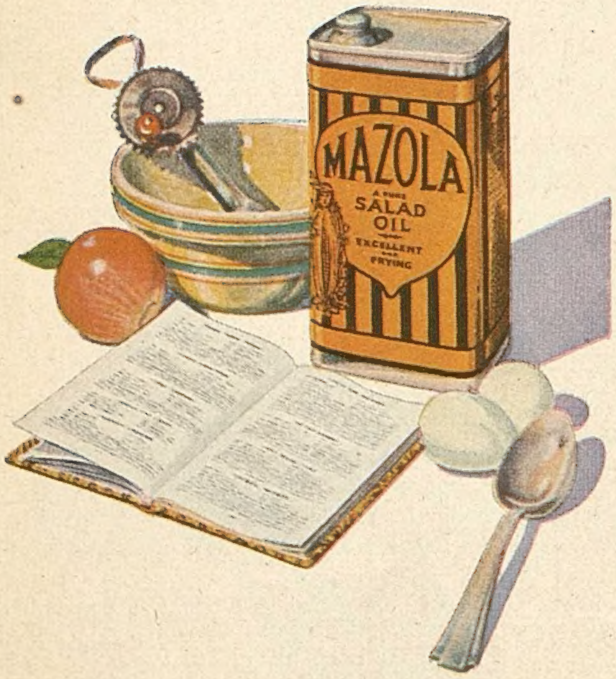

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⅛ teaspoon pepper
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1 egg
3 tablespoons vinegar
2 cups Mazola

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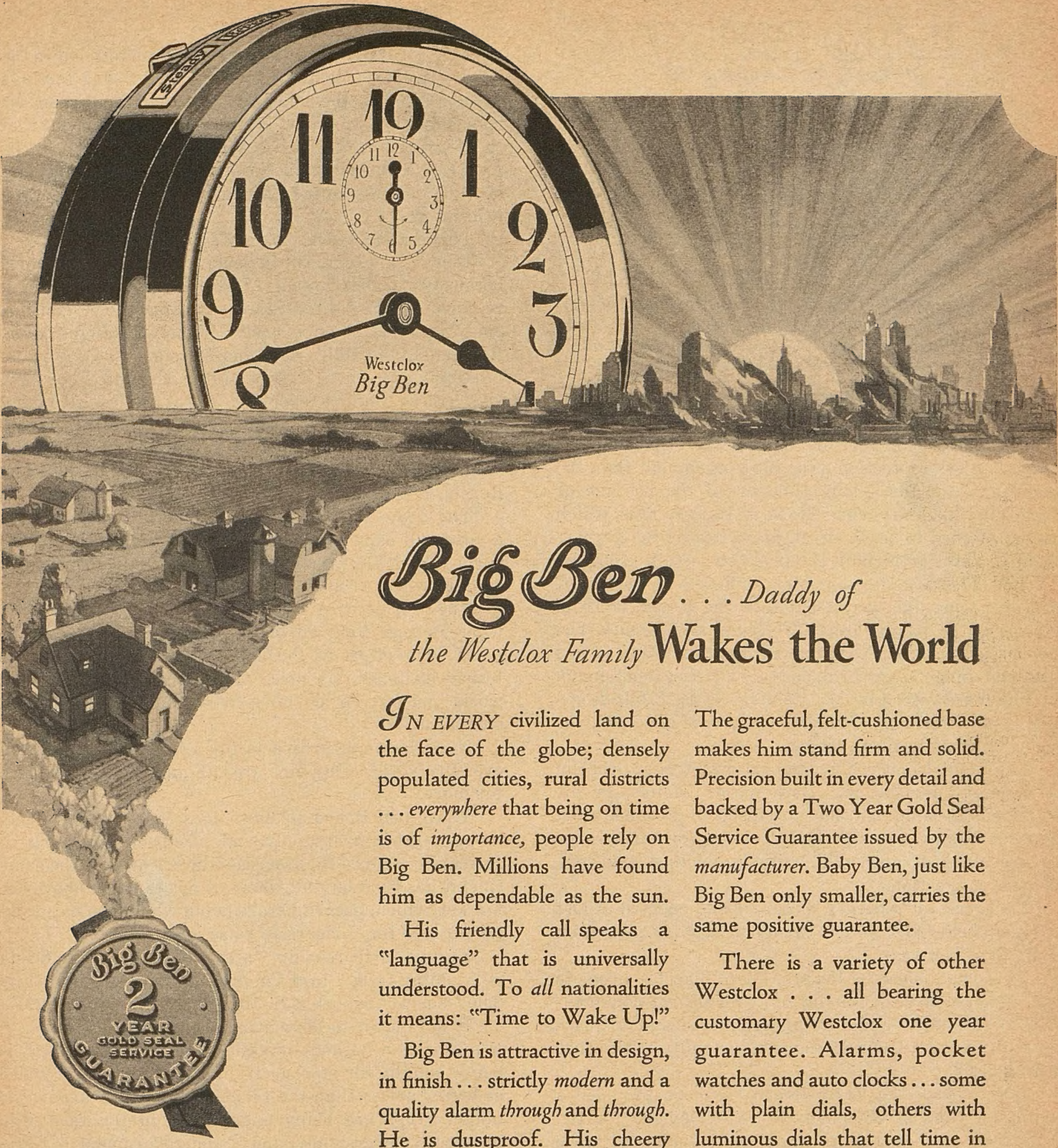

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

THE PROBLEM OF WHEAT

The American farmer, having felt that he was receiving less protection from his government than the manufacturer, for a long time urged the passage of something like the various McNary-Haugen bills, which were designed to be, in effect, mandates by the government to raise artificially the price of certain crops.

The McNary-Haugen plan suffered a series of defeats. One bill was defeated in the House in 1926. Another was passed by both House and Senate, but vetoed by President Coolidge on the ground that it was unsound, in 1927. A third, passed by House and Senate, was likewise vetoed by Mr. Coolidge in 1928. It seems now that President Coolidge showed a good deal of common sense in these vetoes.

President Hoover inherited the perplexing problem of "relief" legislation. Both major parties, in the Presidential campaign, had promised to do something. Various business groups had declared for farm relief as a gesture of good will, without making any very definite suggestions.

Congress got together therefore and enacted at last a Farm Relief Bill which President Hoover signed on June 15 of last year.

This established "a Federal Farm Board to promote the effective merchandising of agricultural commodities in interstate and foreign commerce and to place agriculture on a basis of economic equality with other industries."

For its task the Farm Board has been provided a revolving fund of $500,000,000 ($150,000,000 for the first fiscal year and more later) with which to make loans to farmers' coöperative associations, and in various and rather complicated ways to do what it can to raise and stabilize prices.

One of these ways has been to have the government buy crops and store them, with the idea of reselling them if necessary at a loss.

The prices paid by the government correspond to the value placed on the crops by the Farm Board for loan purposes. Since the board wants to help the farmer the loan values are generous. And so it has come about that the government has been buying wheat in Minneapolis for $1.25 a bushel against a normal, open-market price of $1.01, and in Kansas City for $1.15 against a normal price of $1.

This doesn't seem like very good sense.

Wheat is the most important crop in the world because it makes bread. The chief wheat-producing regions are the United States, Canada, the Argentine, Australia, the Danube basin (Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Roumania, and Bulgaria), and Russia.

During the period from July, 1929, to February, 1930, these regions exported wheat in the following quantities: Canada, 131,280,000 bushels; the Argentine, 123,113,000; United States, 107,142,000; Australia, 37,692,000; the Danube basin, 15,808,000, and Russia, 2,184,000.

The United States raises a billion bushels of wheat a year and exports about 150,000,000 bushels. It imports very little wheat, because there is a heavy duty against wheat from Canada.

The world price for wheat is fixed at Liverpool, where wheat from all over the world is supposed to meet. The effort of the United States government is to pay its farmers a price higher than the established world price. To do this, it is buying wheat and storing it.

Now there are prospects for a large wheat crop all over the world. Our bins are full and there is no place for more.

The Farm Board acknowledges that there is likely to be a great oversupply and has been appealing to farmers to reduce their acreage in wheat. At the same time it has been buying wheat at prices much above the market, which, human nature being what it is, naturally encourages the farmers to raise more wheat.

Europe is increasing its exports, and even Russia is "coming back" into the business with a jump from 8,000 bushels exported in 1928 to 2,000,000 in 1929.

It is difficult to dogmatize about all this because it is a situation without precedent. But if our wheat is being bought for storage in bins already overcrowded at better prices than the farmer can get for export; if bigger crops are being encouraged in the face of a prospective oversupply, and if the government is "stabilizing" prices merely by frankly artificial inflation, very serious results may happen very quickly.

The worst of bad times are possible if one's natural foreboding comes true.

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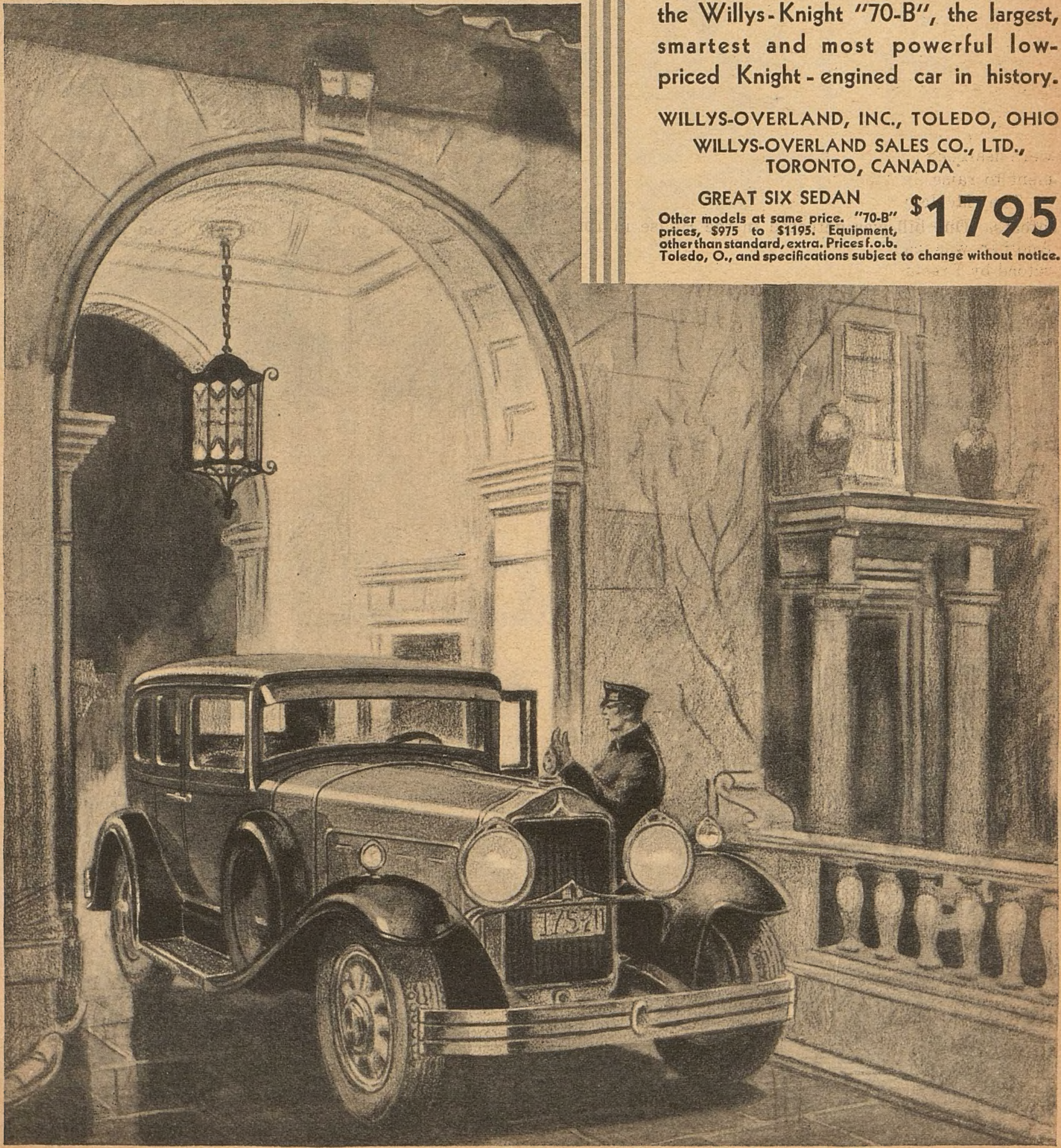

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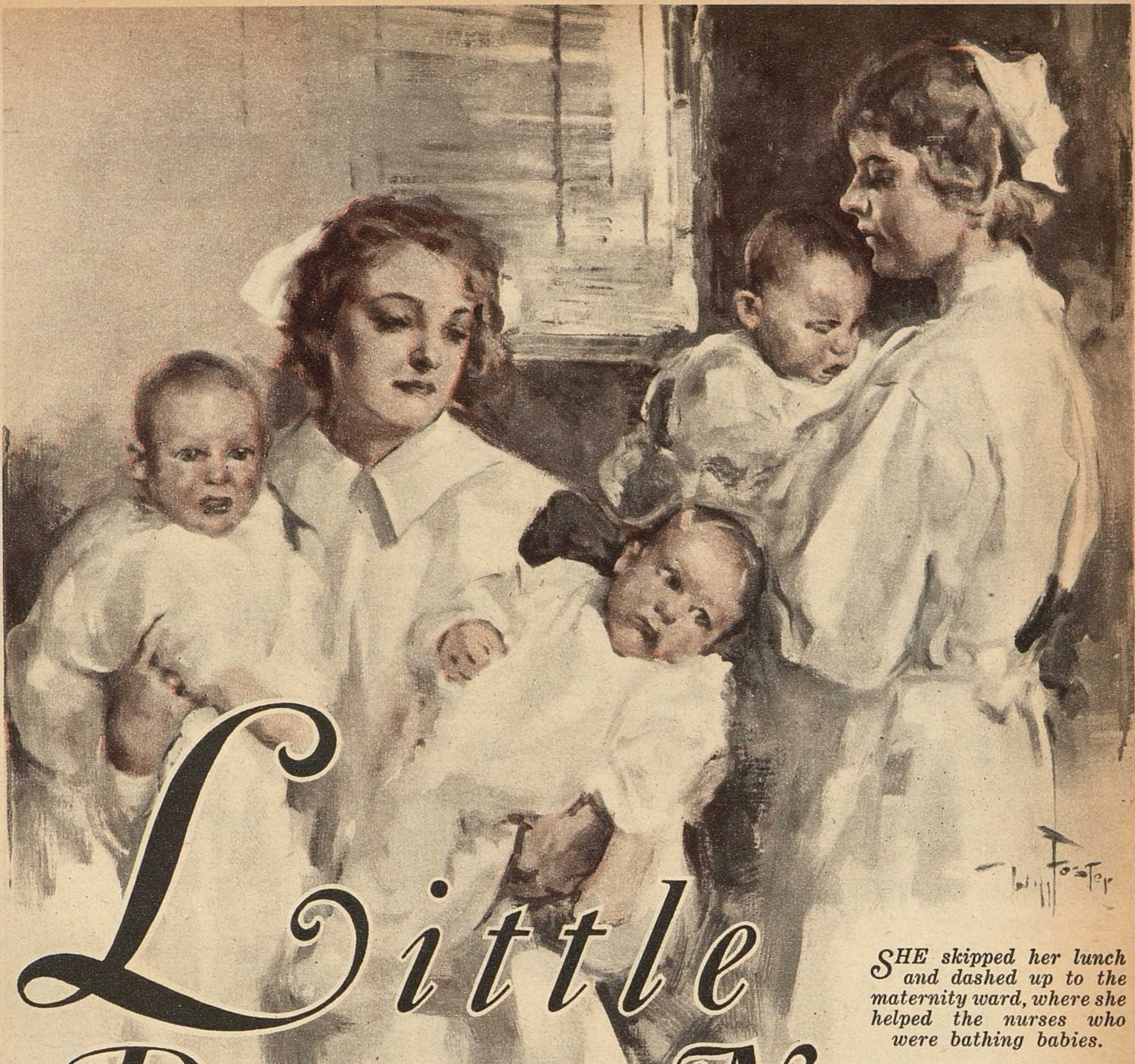

SHE skipped her lunch and dashed up to the maternity ward, where she helped the nurses who were bathing babies.

Little Brown Nurse

A Story of Things that Happen in Hospitals

By

WALTON GREEN

Harvard graduate and writer, whose experience covers the practice of law, newspaper editing, service as major of infantry during the World War, and as chief prohibition enforcement officer under General Andrews.

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

THE little brown nurse stood at the foot of the operating table—her rubber-gloved hands held breast-high in front of her. It was her first operation as a scrubbed nurse.

The Great One, his forearms folded and wrapped in a sterile towel, stood by the big studiolike window and reviewed the history of the case for the benefit of the doctors and students in the gallery. Occasionally he emphasized a point by jerking his head toward the X-ray negatives which were hung against the windowpanes—sharply translucent against the strong northern light.

"All of which obviously indicates that the right kidney must come out," he finished in a bored mumble from beneath his operating mask. "But we'll know in just a minute now."

He sauntered over to the table almost listlessly—a huge hulk of a man—swathed from crown to knees in sterile white, rubber gloves pulled up over the cuffs of his gown, skullcap like a circus clown's, and gauze mask tied over his ears and covering his mouth and nostrils.

Only the shaggy gray eyebrows and the deep gray eyes showed—that, and his ears, and a strip of pink flesh at his neck.

A nurse flicked away the towel and disengaged his arms. The Great One picked up a scalpel from the instrument stand which overhung the middle of the table. The

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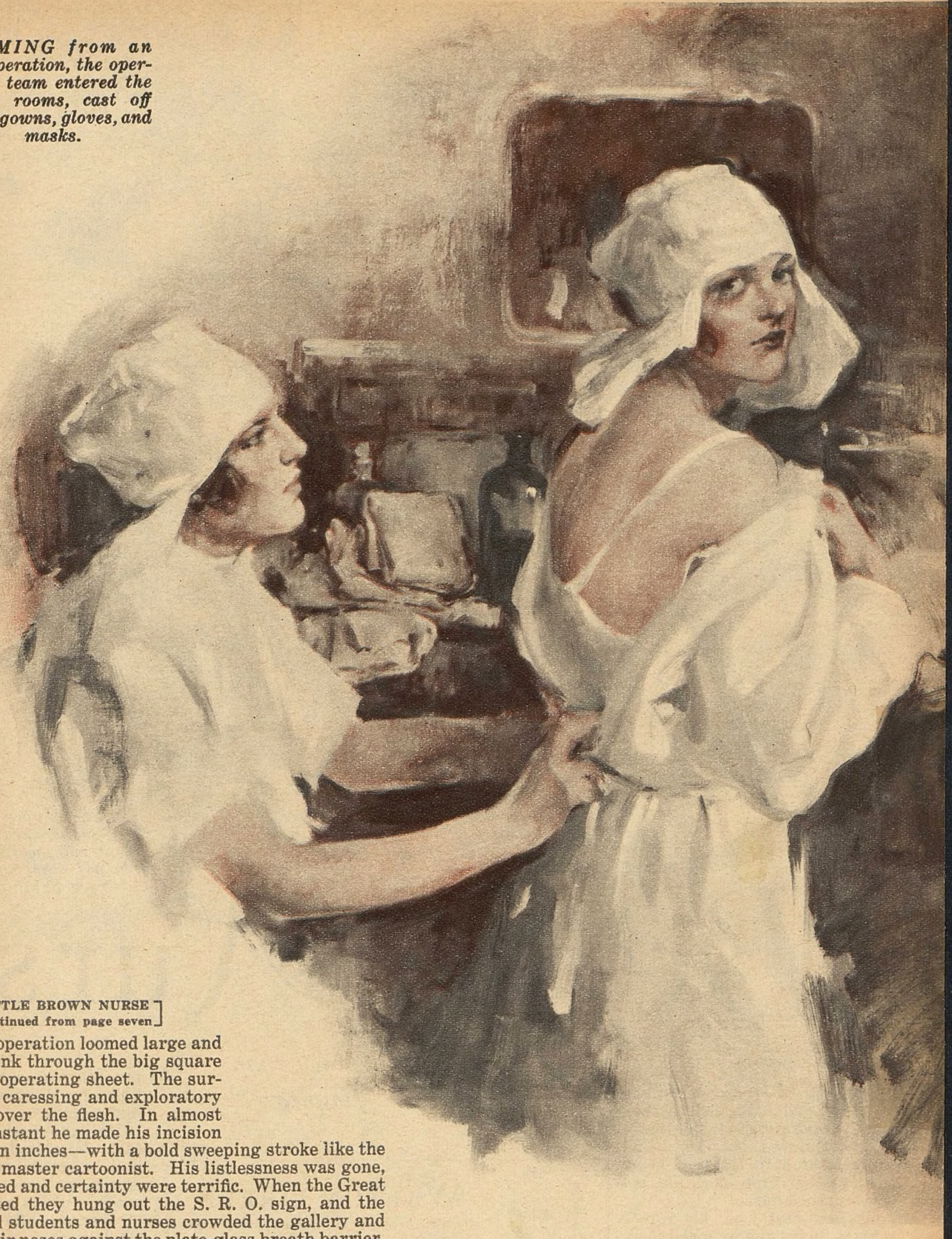


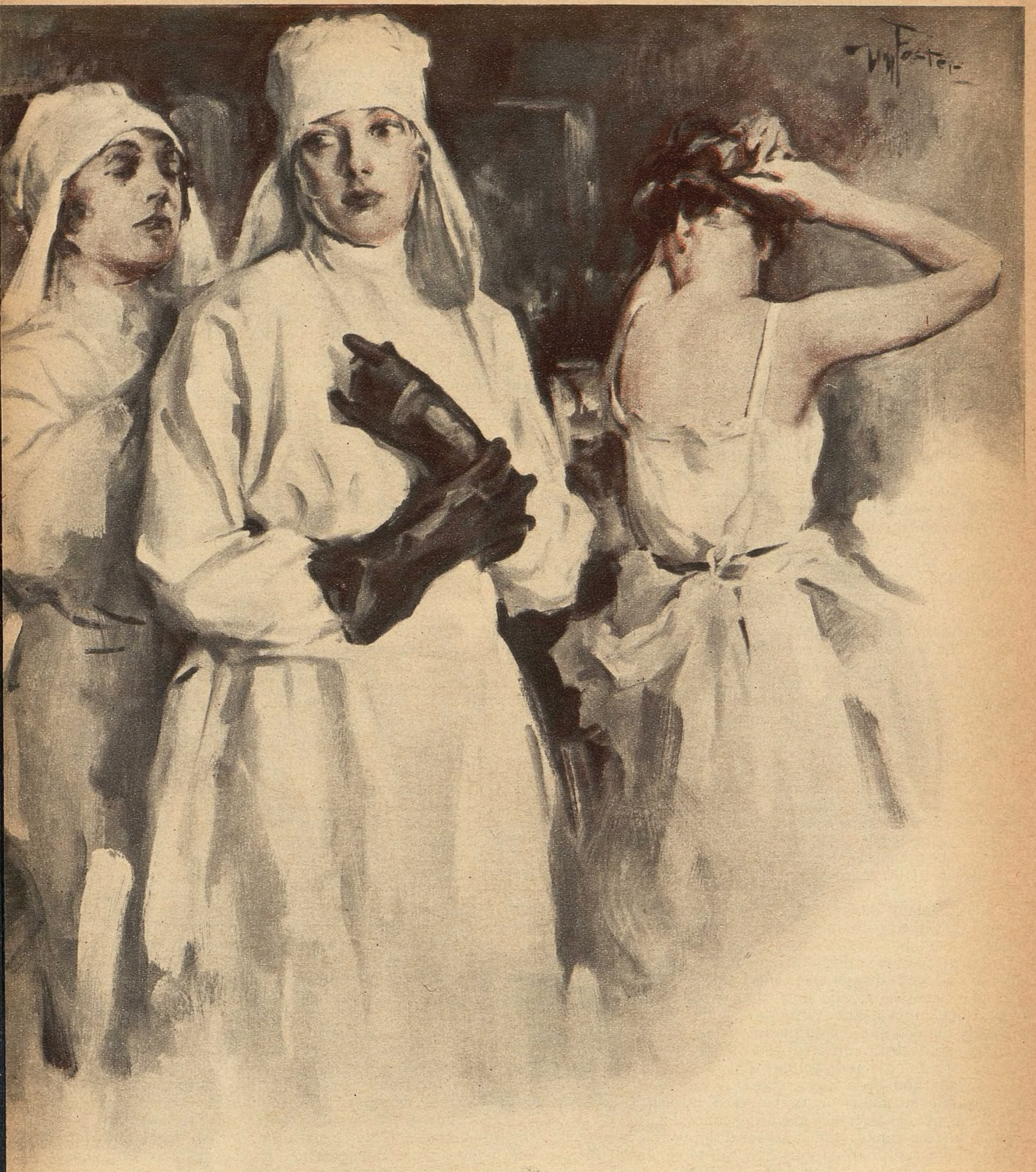
COMING from an operation, the operating team entered the scrub rooms, cast off caps, gowns, gloves, and masks.

LITTLE BROWN NURSE
Continued from page seven

site of the operation loomed large and blotchily pink through the big square hole in the operating sheet. The surgeon ran a caressing and exploratory left hand over the flesh. In almost the same instant he made his incision —a good ten inches—with a bold sweeping stroke like the stroke of a master cartoonist. His listlessness was gone, and his speed and certainty were terrific. When the Great One operated they hung out the S. R. O. sign, and the doctors and students and nurses crowded the gallery and pressed their noses against the plate-glass breath barrier.

"This man rather fancies himself as an athlete," observed the Great One for the benefit of the audience. "But he's a short man and hog fat"—he was cutting through masses of adipose tissue at the moment—"commonly called suet in a butcher shop," he added carelessly. The Great One was not only a celebrated operator, but an inveterate actor as well. Like all true surgeons he was half artist, half hard-boiled technician. An actor-artist who wise-cracked his way through the most delicate operations. The occasional titters from the gallery, the repressed grins from his operating staff, stimulated him. And his staff gave it to him, and continued to give it to him long after they had come to know his line by heart, because they knew it kept the Great One up to his work.

The little brown nurse stood near the foot of the operating table. At her right stood the instrument nurse behind her table piled high with laparotomy sponges and retractors and sponge sticks and ligatures, and long rows of ready threaded sutures stuck into folded towels by their scimitar-shaped needles. The little nurse was sponging for Dr. Kramer. Dr. Kramer worked at her



left and directly across the operating table from the Great One himself, whose assistant he was.

The Great One was working in toward the kidney.

" Let's have another lap sponge," he murmured intently. The little nurse—her name was Hicks and we may as well confess it—slipped the laparotomy sponge into his hand. The surgeon withdrew a soaked sponge and thrust the big new square of gauze deep into the wound. His assistant carefully pulled into the open the numbered metal ring which was fastened to one corner. Nowadays they don't sew people up with swabs and sponges and such truck left inside them.

" A little deeper retraction, please, doctor," said the Great One.

The head nurse held out a large double-jawed retractor shaped like a hacksaw. Dr. Kramer whipped it into place, expanded its clawlike jaws, and set the thumbscrew. The wound gaped large and inviting and beautifully accessible. The Great One was in up to his wrists—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LITTLE BROWN NURSE
Continued from page nine

reaching for the kidney. The big young house surgeon, Dr. Towers, also assisting, was manipulating three hand retractors at the upper edge of the incision, and Dr. Kramer was deep-mopping with sponge sticks as fast as the little nurse could pass them. It seemed incredible that six hands could work at that wound. But they did—without conflict—and with absolute certainty of assignment.

"Kidney clamp," snapped the Great One, "and the right one this time if you don't mind, nurse. Another double ligature, please. May get a hemorrhage on this corner, doctor: watch for it. All right—tie it up."

In another instant the kidney lay in a tray. The surgeon bisected it neatly with his scalpel and held it vaguely toward the gallery.

"What I call a damn' rotten kidney," he pronounced curtly, and turned back to the table.

"All lap sponges accounted for?" he demanded. "All right, we'll close up."

The deep muscles were sutured with gut. Then the edges of the incision were brought together with black silk—the Great One driving the needle through, his assistant pulling it out with a sharp jerk and turning it back into position for the next stitch with a lightning flick of the wrist. It was a notable exhibition of needle work and team play—and took about as long as to sew up a sack of potatoes. A young surgeon in the gallery looked at his wrist watch and sighed softly: twelve minutes from incision to closing up.

The Great One had nine operations scheduled for the morning. Eight of them he did himself, leaving a simple appendectomy to Dr. Kramer and young Towers, and proceeding moodily to the hall where he smoked cigarettes with a friend.

And the little brown nurse worked through all nine of them. The unaccustomed necessity of holding her hands in the air when they were not surgically engaged tired her measurably. It was her first experience in sterile and she was desperately keyed up to make good.

Now, when one is in sterile, nothing unsterile may be touched, nor may the hands be lowered for fear of accidental contact with objects below the horizontal plane of the operating table. The sterile zone includes the actual site of the operation, the operating sheet which covers the patient, the instrument and supply tables, and the immediate area within which the surgeons and scrubbed nurses are at work. All else—everything beyond this zone or below the waist-high top of the operating table—is surgically unclean.

IN her student days nurse Hicks had worked often enough in the operating room. But then she had been a floater—a hopper—or, as it is most commonly called, a dirty nurse: dirty, that is, in the surgical sense. And always then she had kept her distance from the sterile zone—carrying away pans with unpleasant contents which were gingerly handed her across the line of no man's land by the doctors and scrubbed nurses: picking up instruments and sponges that had fallen to the floor and been kicked beyond the zone by irascible surgeons or taut-nerved nurses; wheeling up cauterizing machines and deep-wound suction tanks; and in general doing the innumerable and not overonerous jobs that fall to the lot of dirty nurses and orderlies. And when not doing any of these jobs, standing with the orderlies, alert and immobile against the wall—like chulos at a bullfight, who wait, capes over their arms, motionless at the barrier, but instantly in action at the need of the espada.

The Great One worked in two adjoining operating rooms, identical in detail and equipment. They were connected by two wash rooms—one for doctors and the other for nurses. Coming dirty from an operation, the members of the operating team entered the scrub rooms, cast off caps, gowns, gloves, and masks, scrubbed up, and were regowned by waiting nurses. In sterile again, they passed into the adjoining operating room where the next patient had been made ready.

So it went all morning—one room being cleaned up and the next patient robed and made ready while an operation proceeded in the adjoining room. And scarcely five minutes between operations, unless the Great One got fidgety and wanted a cigarette before he scrubbed up, in which case the staff—looking like Elizabeth Arden advertisements with a mouth mask added—would stand around and whisper naughty stories to one another, and the anæsthetist would squirm on his stool and fiddle impatiently with his gas tanks, and the patient would lie on the table and wait fearfully, as patients have to do.

The little brown nurse acquitted herself nobly during the first six operations. Not even the tall blonde instrument nurse, Miss Finlay, who disliked her and rode her remorselessly, had been able to disrupt the girl's speed and precision. So much so that young Dr. Towers, the big boyish house surgeon who was beloved and successfully mothered and sistered by half the nurses and unsuccessfully anything elsed by the other half—Dr. Towers himself slapped her on the shoulder as they left the room at the end of the sixth operation.

"Going strong, Hicksey! You were damn' quick with that adrenalin. Stay right with it—only three more."

The little brown nurse, who was "Hicksey" to everyone except patients and the Great One himself, threw her dirty gloves in the tray.

"Gee," she exploded through her mask, "I'd give a week's pay for a cigarette right now." Which rejoinder being overheard by the head nurse, who was generally considered the perfect nurse, and whose own demeanor toward doctors was one of invariable decorum, put the little nurse still further in wrong with that powerful lady.

THE sixth was Hicksey's high-water mark. A simple appendectomy, the woman had gone bad for no accountable reason—in the inconsiderate way some patients have. The Great One smoking out in the hall, Kramer operating and Towers assisting—the anæsthetist had suddenly lost the pulse in the temple. After a moment he stood up disgustedly.

"She's out," he stated shortly, and turned to shut off his tanks.

By rights the woman was dead. But little Hicks had jumped for the supply table and the hypodermic needle was at Dr. Kramer's elbow literally before he could call for it. They shot her full of adrenalin, the heart fluttered faintly back, and in ten minutes a blood donor was alongside the table earning a hundred dollars for two pints of blood. They pulled her through.

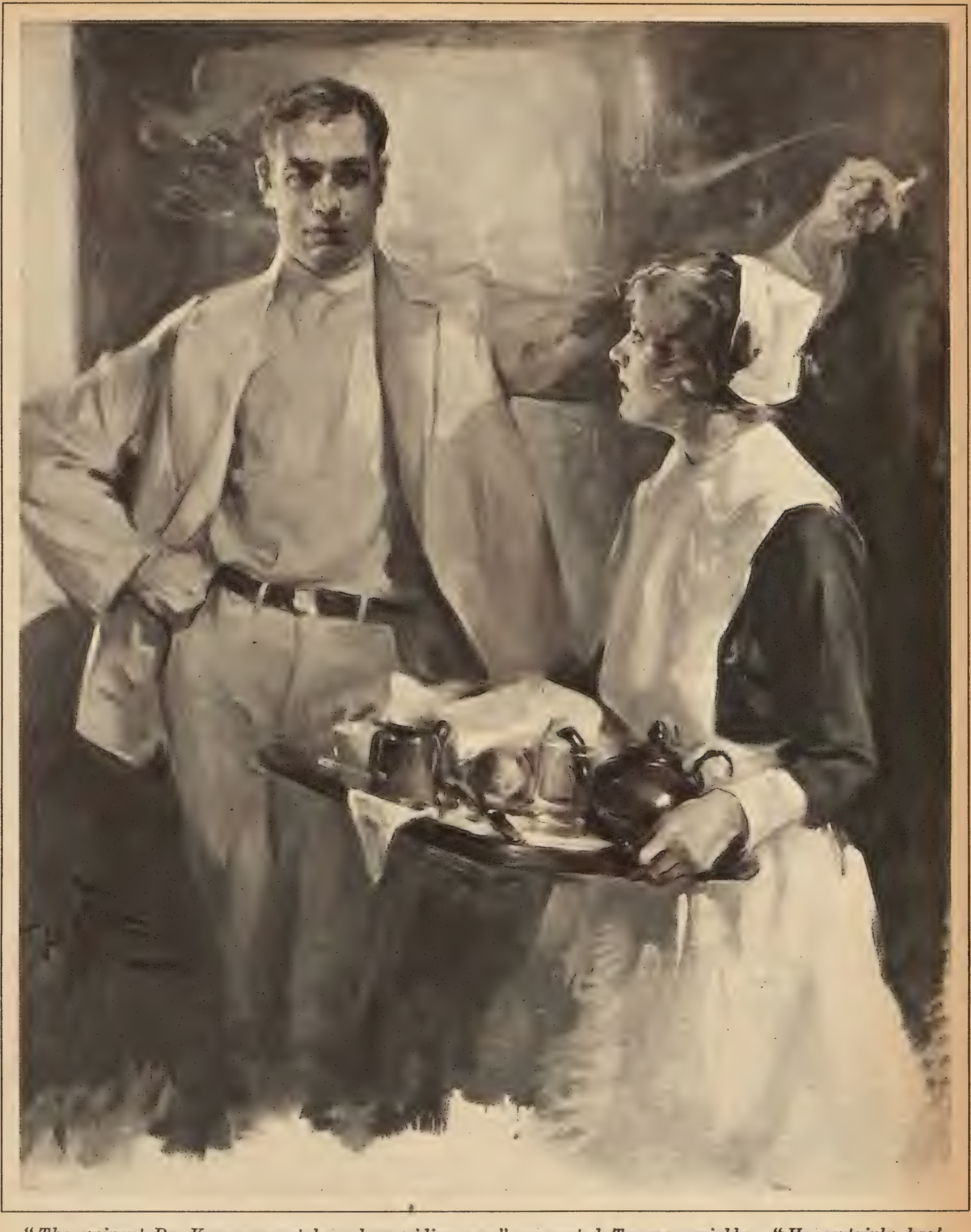
That was the sixth. In the seventh came Hicksey's Waterloo. The Great One was doing a bladder resection—taking out half a man's bladder with the malignant tumor attached to it—and incidentally making a nice new little bladder out of the good half, a bladder which would work perfectly well if the man didn't die before he got well.

The perfect nurse, having run low on sutures, was riding the little Hicks to thread up more needles. Half distracted between that demand and the necessity of keeping a constant supply of sponge sticks flowing toward the surgeons—suffering, too, a strong reaction from the last operation—nurse Hicks proceeded to pull a play that would have shamed a first-term student nurse. A needle obstinately refusing to be threaded, she casually thrust up under her mask and wet the black silk in her mouth. In the same instant she realized the enormity, stepped back, and dropped the suture to the floor. She had broken her surgical technique.

The perfect nurse saw and gasped. The Great One, tensely absorbed in cauterizing the bladder, but ubiquitous eyed, had seen too.

"If you'll step around here by me, Miss Hicks," he spoke in his gentlest and most terrible tones, and without lifting so much as an eye from the work, "you can spit into this man's abdomen without the least trouble. Dr. Towers, relieve Miss Hicks at that end, if you please."

Nurse Hicks got through the remaining operations by sheer force of a large will in a very small body. Nobody reproached her, least of all the perfect nurse, whose sugary condescension was the more unbearable. Young



"The eminent Dr. Kramer must have been riding you," suggested Towers amiably. "He certainly has! Yesterday he told me just how a cold compress should be applied. As if I didn't know!"

Dr. Towers looked big and kindly and uncomfortable.

"Forget it and don't be a little ass," he whispered savagely. "Everyone knows it was your first time."

But they wouldn't let her forget it. Dr. Kramer, a waspish-minded little devil—though a superb operator, and perhaps destined for the shoes of the Great One himself—Dr. Kramer lifted a sardonic eyebrow and proceeded to vent his opinion by slapping the sponge sticks into Hicksey's outstretched palm as he handed them back to her after using them. He kept it up during the four remaining operations. As the sponge sticks were eight inches long and of heavy German silver, he succeeded in giving the girl a well bruised hand before the morning was over.

They wouldn't let her forget it. When she went down

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LITTLE BROWN NURSE
Continued from page eleven

to luncheon she had to nerve herself. The nurses stopped chatting when she took her seat, and talked about everything in the world except operating.

Little Hicks pecked at some of the unidentifiable boiled meat and mucilaginous macaroni that was on the bill—you can't expect much with a twenty-two cents a day ration allowance for doctors and nurses—and left the dining room. On her way out she had to pass the corner tables reserved for doctors. Young Towers smiled and waved genially. Dr. Kramer, who occasionally lunched at the hospital on busy days, favored her with another lift of the eyebrow.

"Hello, Hicks! Got any black silk about you?"

"Just swallowed a spool of it, doctor," she replied with a quick and cheerful smile. But going up in the elevator she had to fight back the tears.

That afternoon she met the Great One in the hall.

"Please, doctor—and before you say it yourself—can't I go back to the ward—or the laboratory? You know I was in the lab until a few months ago?"

The man of many moods was in one of his softer ones.

"Look here, Miss Hicks," he began seriously and sympathetically. "Don't get your tail down about that thing this morning. You're a damn' good nurse in lots of ways, but you're too temperamental"—which was good, coming from the most temperamental surgeon in the city—"too damn' temperamental. Don't take things so hard—take it in your stride, like Miss Finlay; there's the perfect pattern for you—hard-boiled as hell and never misses a trick."

"Oh, yes," agreed the little brown nurse, biting her lip in vexation.

"Tell you what we'll do. I'd meant to keep you on operating—let you buck it through yourself. But if you want to give it up—why, all right. Wait a minute—there's a rich old lady with a bum kidney coming in tomorrow. I'll tell the desk to put you on as day special."

"Oh, thank you, doctor. I—"

"Forget it. You handle patients well—Towers has told me so—and I know it myself. Take good care of the old girl."

Little Hicksey bit her lip again.

"Like Miss Finlay you mean, doctor?" she asked with pointed demureness.

THE Great One grinned.

"Exactly. Cold-blooded and efficient as hell—but all her patients adore her and some of 'em remember it substantially. And why? Because she's acting a part all the time. D'you see? She doesn't give a tinker's dam about any of 'em, at that. Live or die, it's all the same to her. Yes, Finlay's a splendid nurse. To my mind, one of the most capable. She's a—she's a—"

"Gold digger," murmured little Hicks—and tried too late to bite the word off.

The big man halted in mid-air and looked at the girl in astonishment. Presently the deep gray eyes twinkled and he broke into a rumbling chuckle.

"Look here, Miss Hicks. For the life of me, I don't know whether you're too dumb or too clever for your job. D'you mean to tell me you never got a tip from a grateful patient?"

"Of course, doctor, lots of times. But I don't think about it beforehand or work, or—or—"

"Yes, I know. Not like a head waiter, you mean. Quite right. How about that gall-bladder case just before you came upstairs—the queer editor guy? You certainly pulled him through. Didn't he come across?"

Little Hicksey emitted a distinctly unprofessional snigger. And then, with becoming gravity:

"He most certainly did. He sent me a year's subscription to the magazine he worked on."

"You win," mumbled the Great One delightedly, and betook himself and his hulking frame down the hall.

And now a word in general about Miss Hicks. She was a small creature, as we have seen, and with none too lovely a last name—a drawback more than balanced, however, by the dark and cameolike prettiness of the girl herself. Most trained nurses, for some obscure reason, are rather plain: well starched and clean smelling and healthy seeming, to be sure, but plain. The reason, perhaps, is not so obscure, after all—like the reason that lies behind the militant plainness of so many college women.

Miss Hicks, whose first name was—but, no, perhaps we had best continue to call her Hicksey—Miss Hicks was decidedly not plain. It was one of her patients, a struggling middle-aged portrait painter, who first called her the little brown nurse. The painter had died, chiefly because he was bored and not much of a painter anyway. But his phrase had lived and gone the length and breadth of the great hospital.

Little and brown she was, a richly toned and almost edible brown—the brown of ineradicable sunburn overlaid on the soberer pigments of a true brunette. Her eyes were a lighter brown—very direct, and with a quizzical gleam that portended an almost unfeminine sense of humor. Her hair was just a shade darker than her skin, and it showed wavy and deliciously and temptingly two-toned where the light fell upon it. All in all quite an astonishingly pretty girl as she stood in her uniform of pale blue linen beneath the billowing whiteness of the tight-waisted and almost hoop-skirt voluminousness of the old-fashioned apron.

EVERYONE acknowledged that Hicksey was quite lovely to look at—even the perfect nurse, who was no mean beauty herself, though perhaps more on Ziegfeldian lines—even the perfect Miss Finlay, who went her efficient and coldly calculating way, yesing her patients and yes-yesing the doctors, vaguely distrusted by her fellow nurses, much trusted and admired by her superiors. But especially did Miss Finlay dislike and disapprove the little Hicks, whom she considered an amateurish and inefficient nurse.

Now, the trouble is that Miss Finlay was more than half right. There are two kinds of trained nurses—doctors' nurses and patients' nurses. To the true doctors' nurse, God Almighty is a man in rubber gloves and sterile gown. To the doctors' nurse the patient is nothing more than a depersonalized piece of flesh and blood provided by a generous providence to satisfy the clinical lusts of the doctor. The doctors' nurse follows directions implicitly and blindly—though she knows from grim experience that if the patient dies the nurse is blamed, while the doctor gets the credit if the patient pulls through.

If the order book calls for a narcotic at a given hour, the doctors' nurse wakes up the patient to give him the sleeping draught. Her sick room is a miracle of military neatness—especially against the visits of her demigod doctors—and she curses the patient who tosses and disarranges the sheets. She smothers the sick with needless attentions and petty offices, patting the pillows and changing the windows and fiddling with everything movable. Her charts are models of precision and replete with data. She is indefatigable, and perfect—and terrible. Nine out of ten patients, and ten out of ten doctors, consider her wonderful.

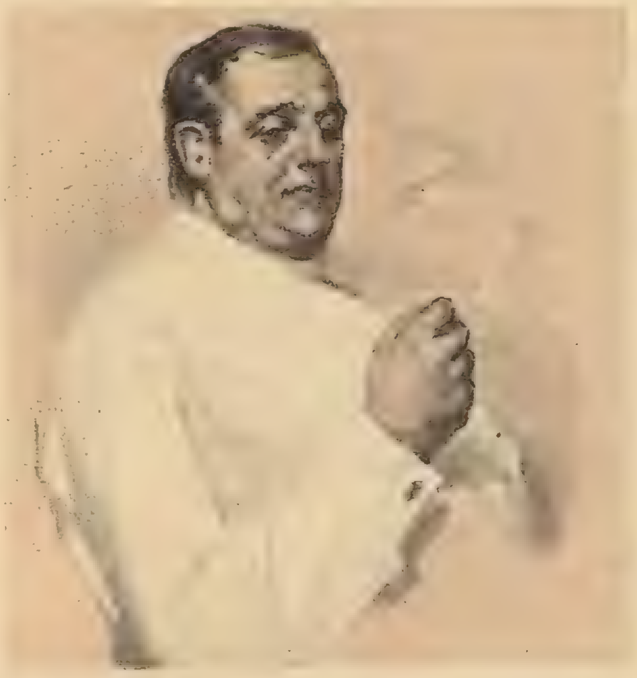
Hicks was not that kind of a nurse. She was a rotten chartist, to begin with—sometimes she'd shake down the thermometer and forget the tenths before she got out to the chart rack back of the floor nurse's desk: then she'd make a splendid approximation from the last reading on the chart. Or she'd take a pulse with her mind on the book she had just been reading and forget to count while she stared at her wrist watch with dreamy detachment. And she didn't fill her charts full of notations whose chief purpose is to advertise the nurse's assiduity.

From all of which it may be wondered why Hicks had ever gone in for nursing to begin with. Two reasons: she had to earn a living and she adored children. By which token she had, of course, been sidetracked from the maternity ward very soon after her graduation and put to work in the laboratory. And now she was back in the private pavilion again as a special.

From the professional point of view Hicks was ill-fitted for nursing. She had too inquiring a mind, too humanitarian an interest in her agreeable patients and too strong a distaste for her unpleasant ones. And she saw nothing sacrosanct in doctors as such, and would not toady to them.

Also she did too much thinking, which is a serious drawback in a nurse. Any doctor will tell you that nurses should possess only enough mental processes to obey orders as implicitly as a German soldier. Initiative is strictly taboo. If a nurse has a mind of her own, she must take care never to exercise it unless off duty.

That's the way doctors like nurses to be, for that's the way doctors are. If in addition to this congenital dumbness the nurse has a well developed streak of the helot impulse—if, in a word, she experiences an almost masochistic joy in abasing herself before any male who bears the title of doctor—why, then she is likely to go far—which is to say that she may become a head nurse or an office nurse where she can satisfy to the full her instinct for making obeisance to the doctor men.



The Great One, proceeding moodily to the hall, smoked cigarettes.

Little Hicksey had none of these qualities. Instead she had imagination, a spotty and perfervid devotion to duty, and a plethora of charm that made almost everyone desire to indulge her.

On the other hand she had much common sense in emergency, and an uncanny trick of pulling bad patients through by the skin of their teeth. Which perhaps is one reason why the Great One kept her on in his clinic; that, and because it refreshed the old man to find a nurse who did not grovel.

Hicks had been on her new case about a week when she met Dr. Towers in the hall. She did not see him so often now, because he was in charge of ward patients upstairs.

"Hello, Hicksey," he greeted her. "How's your old girl?"

"Not so bad. But she's awfully fat. Are you going to take out her kidney?"

Dr. Towers lighted a cigarette.

"Don't know yet. I haven't seen her, you know. Ask Mussolini"—which was an irreverent reference to the Great One. "Offhand, I'd say that a woman with all that money undoubtedly has an operative kidney."

DR. TOWERS flicked the ash from his cigarette and chuckled. He was still quite young; a few years older than the little brown nurse, to be sure, but very much younger in life.

"She's going to have a transfusion this afternoon," offered Hicks. "She's really a sweet old thing."

"Well—that's your answer, isn't it? What you been doing with yourself lately? Haven't seen you around."

"Down here, of course. I went on this case the day after—after—"

"Sure—I know. Sorry you didn't stay with it. Still—perhaps this is more your line. D'you like it any better than operating?"

"Yes," doubtfully, and then, "Oh, I don't know. Sometimes I get so sick of the whole thing! Sometimes I wonder if I'm going on my whole life just changing sheets and making beds and doing dressings and washing fat people— Why are they always fat?"

"They're not."

"All mine are. Ugh! I feel as if there were nothing else in the world except dressings and irrigations and bedpans and enemas. I hate it all."

"The eminent Dr. Henry Kramer must have been riding you," suggested young Towers amiably.

"He certainly has! But how did you know? Listen, doctor. Yesterday he told me just how a cold compress should be applied, and today he gave me detailed instructions for a high enema. As if I didn't know! If he's a doctor, I'm a nurse. Oh, dear! I oughtn't to talk this way."

"Go as far as you like, Hicksey—you can't hurt my feelings about that guy. He's a cracking good surgeon—draws down a cool fifteen thousand a year from the old man for just assisting at operations—but on detail he's the worst old woman in the city."

"He's certainly a gorgeous surgeon," admitted Hicks.

"D'you know what the nurses down at the Lincoln Hospital used to call him?" Dr. Towers was chuckling. "No? 'Enema 'Eney' they called him. That make you feel any better?"

"Oh, much!" Hicksey's eyes were dancing. "I was afraid he was just picking on me. But that's not nearly so nice as what they call you, doctor," she added demurely.

"What's that?" suspiciously.

"Never mind now. Perhaps I'll tell you some day. Oh! There's my light. I've got to get back to my fat lady."

"Not till you tell me." He barred the way with one big arm.

"Oh, please! I've got to go. Well—they call you Dr. Towser, because—because you're so sort of big and shaggy."

Young Dr. Towers dropped his arm. "Well, I'll be damned," he growled, and watched the little brown nurse turn in to her room.

SCARCELY was she inside when Dr. Kramer arrived on his rounds. He spent five minutes with his patient. His usual time was three minutes, but this patient was very wealthy. Then he took Miss Hicks out into the hall and to the chart rack back of the floor nurse's desk and proceeded to give her a bad ten minutes on the subject of chart keeping.

When Hicks got back to her room the fat old lady of much wealth was quite cheerful. Doctors always bucked her up.

"Isn't Dr. Kramer wonderful," she sighed contentedly. "Do you know, Miss Hicks, there's something unmistakable about a doctor that seems to set him apart from the rest of the world. You can tell a doctor, any time, anywhere."

"Yes," murmured Hicksey wrathfully under her breath, "but you can't tell 'em much."

"What's that, Miss Hicks?"

"Nothing. I just said you can't tell much from a doctor's looks. I'll get your luncheon now."

When she went down for her own lunch she stayed scarcely ten minutes. The food was unappetizing and starchily unwholesome. Sometimes she did not bother to go down at all, but spent her precious half hour in the baby room on the floor above, or in reading in the nurses' room in her own ward. And when she sat with her patients she almost invariably had a book or periodical at hand. She read anything and everything that interested her at the moment—biography, history, travel, fiction—even columnists and politics—everything that came to hand and that served to arouse her skeptical modernism and her curiously self-developed critical faculty. She took great joy in reading, for she was one of the elect who read with caustic doubt and a ruminant mind. But her charts suffered, as we have seen.

It was some few days later that Hicks again encountered the big young doctor. She had skipped her lunch and dashed up to the maternity ward, where she had helped the nurses who were bathing babies. In the modern hospital they bathe babies as quickly and efficiently as Mr. Ford assembles cars. They don't quite run them along on an endless belt, but the next thing to it. Number one nurse takes an infant out of the long rows of hanging cribs, undresses it, hands it to number two, who washes it on the body-warm metal-topped bathing table. Number three slides it over to the drying end of the warmed table, where it is dried, dressed, and passed back to number one.

Number one is the chief nurse in charge of cribs and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LITTLE BROWN NURSE
Continued from page thirteen

incubators. She is also responsible for correct identification of the infants. Time was when there were all sorts of pretty stories about hospital-mixed babies. But now they footprint them with their first squawk and dog-tag them like combat troops—and it's a smart two-day-old who can contrive to dodge his own mother.

At all events, Hicksey had helped a while with the babies—nurses, like other mortals, always like the other fellow's job better than their own—and then she had walked up the fire-well stairs to the floor above. The operating rooms were on this floor. She wanted to go through there again. Not that she actually regretted her change, but somehow she found herself missing the keyed-up tone of the place, the low-whispered excitements, and the surgeons at their best and tensest. After all, a surgeon is only a surgeon when he is in action. When he is merely making the rounds of his patients he loses something of his grimmest prestige—like the captain of a liner when he leaves the bridge to dine with passengers.

Some such thoughts fleeting through her mind, Hicksey stood on tiptoe and peeked through the oval glass in one of the operating-room doors. Then she stepped aside hastily, for Dr. Towers came bursting out, his cheek bones pink with excitement and his boyish eyes alight with triumph. He halted in mid-career, so to speak, and looked blankly at Hicks.

"Where'd you come from?" he demanded. And then, with a chuckle, "Never mind. Came up to see me, I s'pose. And quite right, quite right. Came to see the celebrated surgeon, Dr. John Towers, eh what?"

"Nonsense! I just happened—"

"Go and look at him quick, Hicksey," he pleaded. They were wheeling the patient out on the stretcher. "*Please* look at him quick."

"But—but why should I look at him quick?"

"Because he's still alive. I took out his kidney—my first kidney—Mussolini let me operate. Say—"

"But you've operated before, haven't you?"

"Sure—appendix—tonsils and that stuff. But this is my first kidney. Want to see it? It was—"

"Don't be an idiot," snapped Hicksey unprofessionally. "Of course I'm glad you enjoyed it, and I do hope he won't go out on you. Who is his special?"

"Finlay. Great luck, what? She'll hold him if anyone can."

"Finlay! Why—why— But how can the operating room get along without her?"

"Search me. All I know is she got his nibs to transfer her back to private patients."

"Oh," murmured Hicks with a small and bitter smile. She had more than a suspicion that the perfect nurse was hankering again for the fleshpots of rich and grateful patients.

"WHO is the patient?" she asked unconcernedly.

"Man named Peters—John Peters. One of those oil magots from Oklahoma."

"I thought so."

"What's that?"

"Nothing. Oh, doctor, I nearly forgot. Prossy wanted to know if you'd like to come over to the apartment for supper tonight." Prossy was Miss Proserpina Flynn, her roommate. "We'll scratch up something to eat, and there'll be some others."

"Why—er—matter of fact, I'm taking Finlay to the movies. Couple of things about this case I want to go over with her. Awfully sorry—any other night—"

"Oh—I see. I'm sorry, too. Well—we'll try you again sometime. I've got to hurry down now. Good-by."

She walked to the elevator rather precipitately, and did not turn to wave a good-by. Dr. Towers, a puzzled frown on his large face, tossed away his cigarette and turned into the scrub-up room.

"Now what the devil's got into the girl?" he ruminated uncomfortably, as he passed the strings of his gown behind his back for the nurse to tie.

Nothing had got into the girl—nothing, at least, that she could define or admit. That she experienced even a vestige of jealousy toward Finlay was too preposterous! Jealous of Finlay—whom she regarded with the scorn of the imperfect artist for the perfect mechanician! Nonsense! She just scorned her—scorned her for her perfections—for her cold-blooded ability to pull any trousered leg, especially if the leg supported one of those gullible creatures—a doctor. Doctors were wonderful in their way, but take them out of their setting and they were the merest babies. Ugh! She was sick and tired of the whole business. And Towers hadn't lent her any new books since she had left the operating-room job—hadn't even asked her what she thought of the Dumas biography, as he usually did. She'd send it back in the morning by an orderly—not give it to him and talk it over the way they used to do.

WHEN she came off duty at seven o'clock that evening, Hicks walked the three blocks to her apartment. Then she climbed five flights of stairs to the two rooms and kitchenette which she shared with Miss Proserpina Flynn. Nurse Flynn was a fine, tough, wholesome, and square-standing creature whose name was not as shockingly incongruous as first blush would have it. She had her Proserpina side as well as her Flynn side.

"Hello, Prossy," panted Hicks as she unlocked the door. "What sort of a day did you have?"

"Fair to middling. I got a stomach ache from that suet pudding at lunch."

"Terrible, wasn't it? Oh, by the way, Towers can't come tonight."

"Didn't think he would."

"Why not?"

"Finlay's got the hooks in him."

"Oh!"

"Yeah. Almost every night the last week he's waiting for her when I come down from K ward." She was watching Hicksey with a covert and motherly eye. The little nurse peered absorbedly into the ice chest.

"Shall I open the mayonnaise, Prossy? Oh! And you've got six bottles of beer! How grand. Wherever did you get it?"

"My doctor friends don't lend me highbrow books," she observed tartly.

Little Hicks swallowed a lump in her throat. Then she laughed in spite of herself and just a little at herself. Prossy was a good sort and as stanch as they came.

That night, after the nurses and internes had gone, Hicks sat up in bed and finished her life of Dumas. Then she turned off the light and lay a long time in the dark, casting up accounts with herself.

When she got up at six in the morning, she had reached a decision.

The Great One made his rounds early that day, because he was not operating. Nurse Hicks followed him out into the hall—that historic locale of doctor-nurse confabs—and accosted him directly: "Doctor, I'm going to leave the hospital after this case."

"Quitting nursing? Getting married?" The big man frowned.

"Yes—I mean no—I mean I'm going back home to the country. My father's ill and my mother needs me."

"Suit yourself." The Great One was distinctly not in one of his softer moods. He couldn't waste time on a temperamental girl who was a spoiled misfit at best.

"Suit yourself, Hicks," he repeated brusquely and turned on his heel.

Little Hicks went back and sat by her patient. The patient was asleep. She looked out of the window and across the serrated housetops to the distant river and to the still more distant hills beyond. Her gaze came back to the room.

On the bureau lay the Dumas biography neatly wrapped in paper.

Hicks swallowed hard. Then she briskly settled her starched cap over her wavy two-toned hair, picked up the book, and tiptoed into the hall in search of an orderly.

The story of Little Brown Nurse will be concluded in next week's issue.

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Helen Chase

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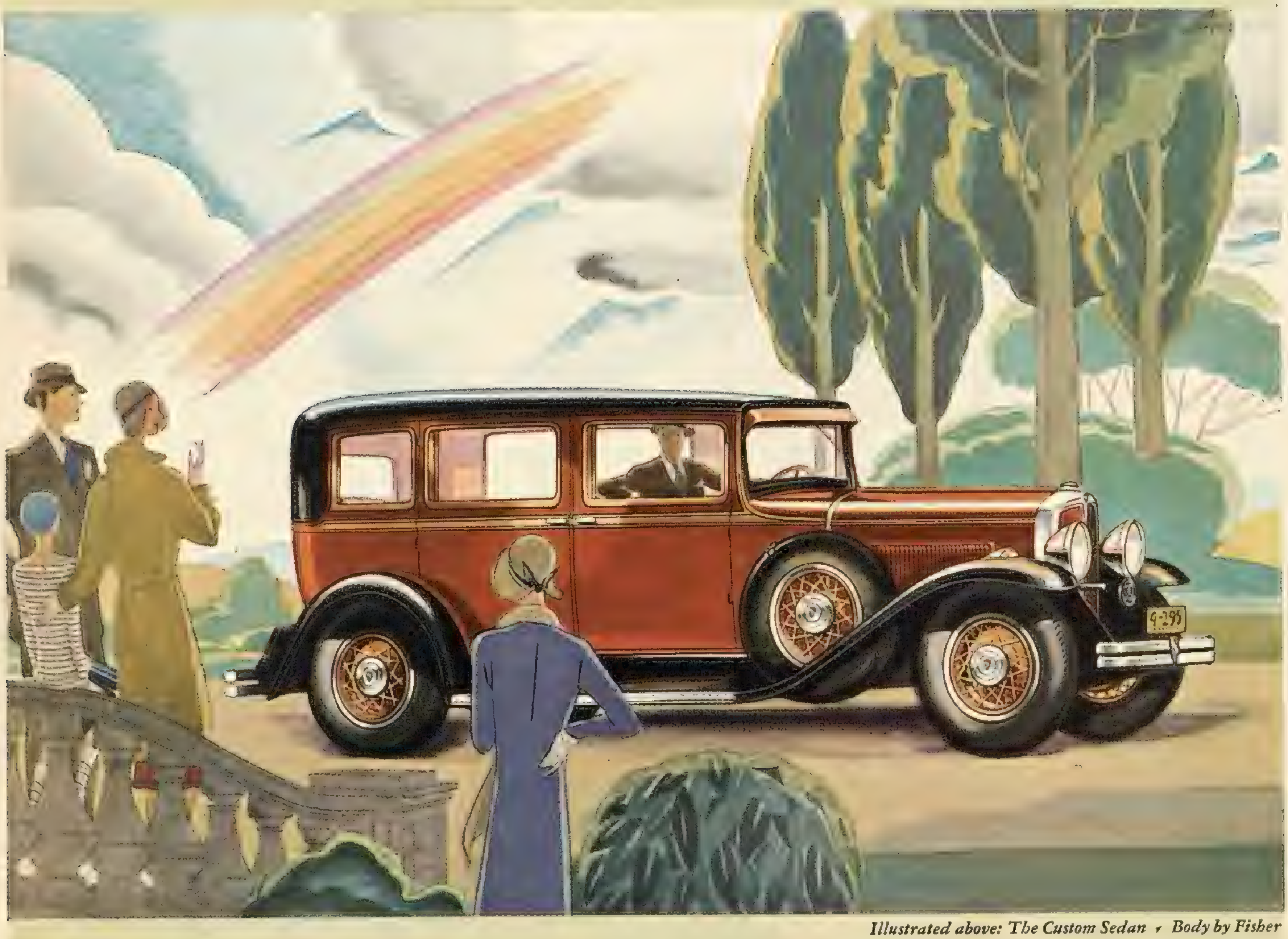

Illustrated above: The Custom Sedan · Body by Fisher

Extremely Simple Design Makes Possible a V-Type Eight of Moderate Cost

Drawing upon General Motors' 16 years' experience with V-type eights, Oakland engineers were able to develop a power plant unusually sound and simple in design. It consists basically of two four-cylinder engines cast *en bloc* to make a clean, compact unit. The valves are remarkable for their simplicity and accessibility. The carburetor passages and manifolds follow the shortest, most direct down-draft route to each cylinder. The new duo-plane cylinder heads are so designed that the machining of combustion chambers to close uniformity is greatly simplified. Features of this kind lead to economy in both production and assembly. They have made it possible for the New Oakland Eight to provide at moderate cost V-type advantages heretofore found only in more expensive cars. ¶ The new engine develops 85 horsepower—one horsepower to every 37 pounds of car weight. It has a piston displacement of 251 cubic inches. Due to its V-eight design, it is the most compact power plant of this capacity and rating ever produced. Naturally it is unusually short for an eight-cylinder engine, and this has enabled Fisher to design spacious, comfortable bodies for a wheelbase of convenient length. ¶ V-type design is also at the root of Oakland's remarkable smoothness. Because of the shortness and extreme rigidity of the V-eight crankshaft, you experience no torsional vibration at any speed. ¶ At high speeds or on rough roads you can drive with greater safety, and handle the car with surprising ease because the V-type engine gives it an unusually low center of gravity. ¶ And maintenance costs will always be low, largely because of the simplicity of the engine which makes not only for economy of operation, but for extreme accessibility as well. ¶ You can never learn the many V-eight advantages now available at moderate cost until you drive the New Oakland Eight—and experience its superior performance. And if you wish to know the interesting and unusual mechanical details of this newest and lowest priced General Motors V-type eight, an attractive illustrated booklet will be mailed to you free on request. Simply send us your name and address.

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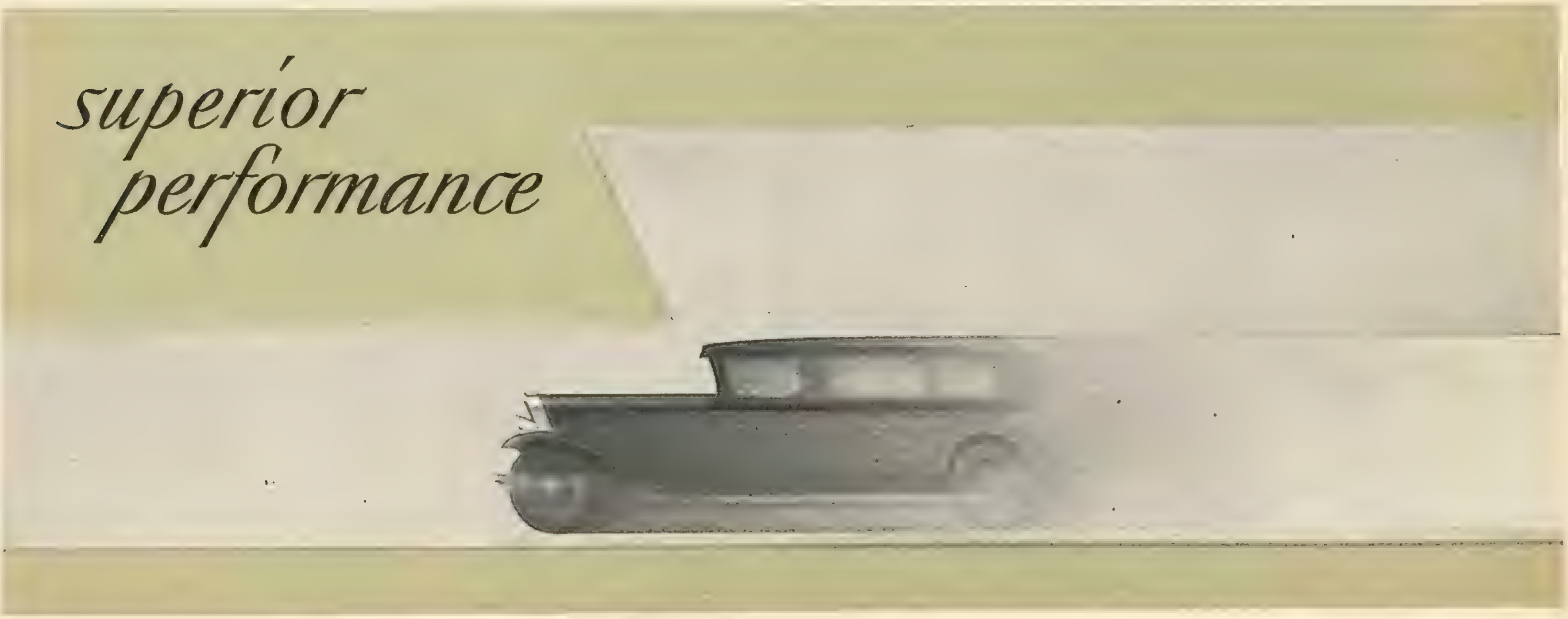

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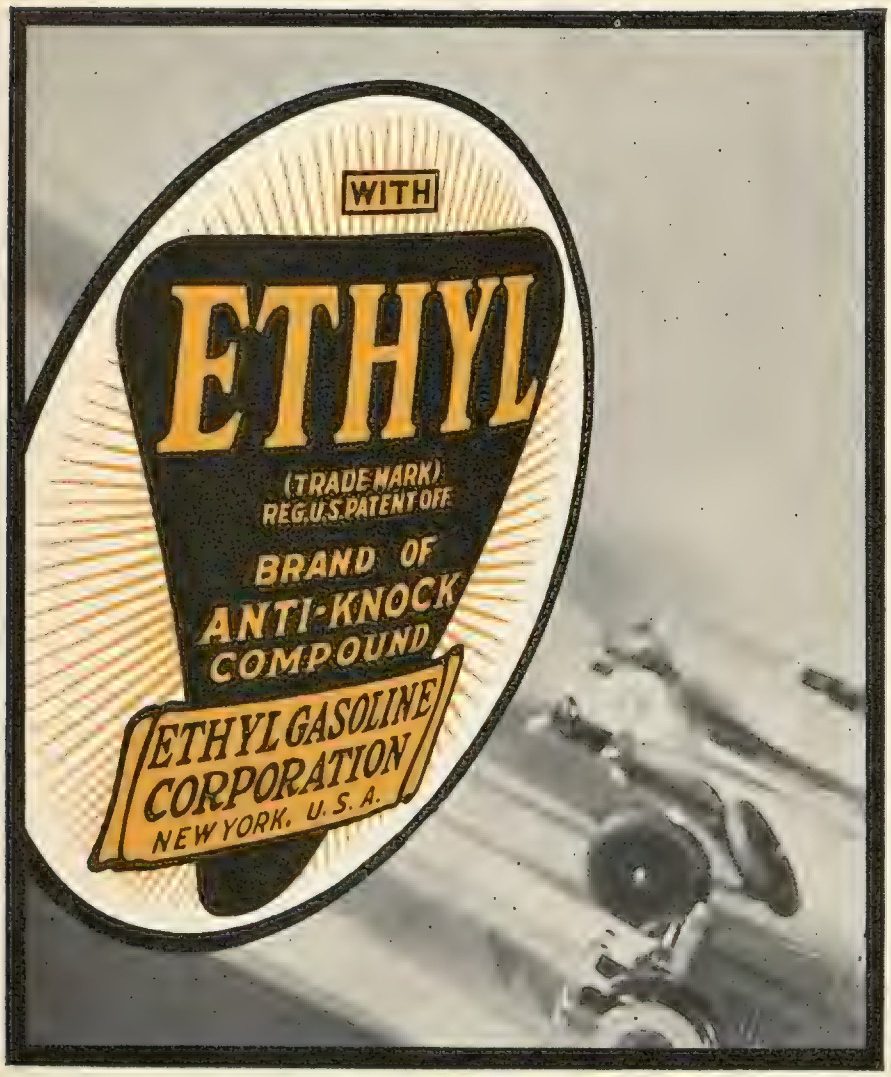
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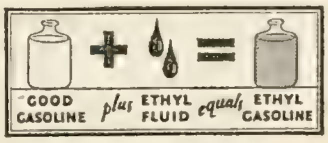
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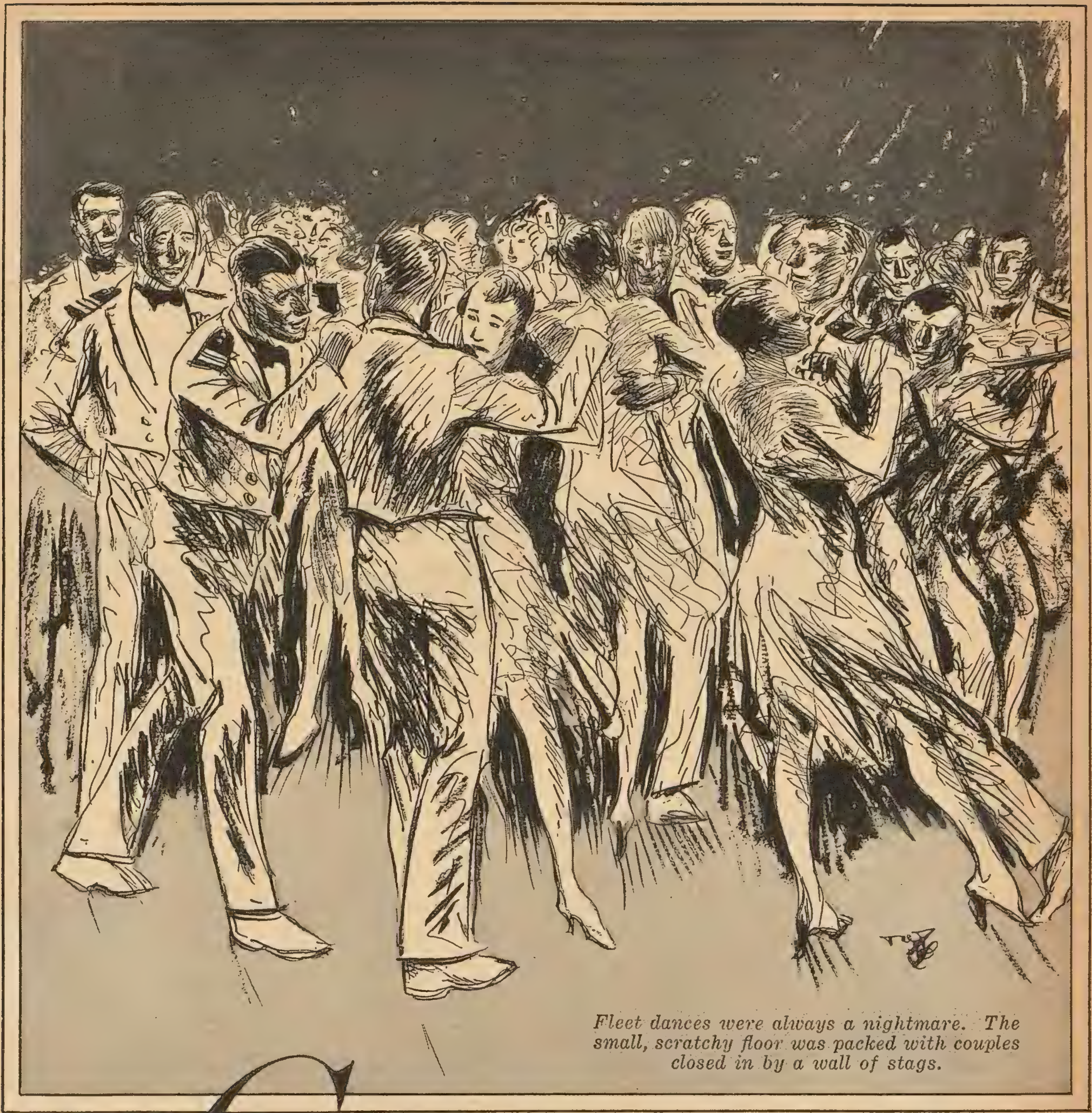


Fleet dances were always a nightmare. The small, scratchy floor was packed with couples closed in by a wall of stags.

The Guantanamo BLUES

A Taste of the Tropical Fruits of Prohibition

By a NAVY WIFE

Pictures by JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

SINCE 1898 the United States has had a naval base at Guantanamo, Cuba. Each year the fleet spends several weeks there—in fact, it is there now—but throughout the year a naval garrison is maintained. The unconventional life of this garrison in the era of prohibition is for the first time intimately revealed in the following article, by a woman who is known to Liberty but, for obvious reasons, has requested that her identity be not disclosed.

I AM strong for naval disarmament. If they took the arms off our really charming American naval officers, the admirals couldn't pet, the captains and commanders couldn't drink, the lieutenants couldn't ever become cave men, and the pink-cheeked young ensigns couldn't—well, they'd *have* to keep their hands to themselves for the very good reason they wouldn't have any hands!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"You're wonderful! I'm going to kiss you! . . . Blah! Don't pull any old-fashioned stuff!"

THE GUANTANAMO BLUES
Continued from page nineteen

My catty sex may say that sounds conceited. I'll make it worse by saying that I am a blonde under thirty and look pretty well in a one-piece bathing suit.

However, when there are twenty sun-tanned mariners to every woman, when they meet that woman in milky tropic moonlight—made milkier by plenty of West Indian rum, and when the home port is 1,500 miles away, a poor woman just has to admit in her heart of hearts that a wart on the end of her nose would make absolutely no difference so long as she was round in the right places! There is no true feminine vanity on a foreign naval station.

I received the thrill of my life when my husband, who is a lieutenant in the United States Navy, got his orders two years ago to the naval station at Guantanamo, Cuba. It was his first shore duty since we were married, soon after the war. Cuba sounded romantic. It was the fleet's winter base. There would be dancing, swimming, sailing, horseback riding, and all the other things I love.

And the tropics! It meant palm trees, white sand, sparkling sunshine, masses of flowers with heavy perfume, funny brown natives, and jungles. Cuba was on the Spanish Main! There would be ruined castles, pirates' dens, and buried treasure.

Perhaps I'd even have a beau! I've always had lots of men friends.

"Good for you, baby," my adoring husband used to say about my beaux—that is, until we had our tour at Guantanamo.

I thought it would be nice to have an affair with a romantic young bachelor. He'd have a past; be a little cynical and grim; soured on life so that he needed sweetening. . . . I didn't know then that a wise government never sends a bachelor to such a post as Guantanamo, which is on the fringes of things. I didn't know then how many "foreign duty suicides" are tucked away in the secret archives of the Navy Department in Washington.

But I know now.

I TOOK a steamship from New York to Havana. There I caught a leisurely Cuban train to Caimanera, the small village that lies at the head of Guantanamo Bay just outside the naval reservation.

Caimanera has a population of about 2,500, all Cubans. It is a tiny ramshackle town with mostly dirt streets and unpainted tumble-down board hovels in its so-called residential section. Its business section consists of saloons, gambling houses, a red light district, and a few shops that carry both vegetables and native curios.

The entire town lives on business derived from the fleet. Stewards from the fleet messes buy fresh supplies there. Officers are allowed to visit there in the afternoons and on week-ends. They create a large liquor trade.

Bars begin to stock in December. When the fleet arrives in January there is plenty of rum, whisky, and fine wines on hand—estimated, by one authority I talked to, at $500,000, preprohibition wholesale prices.

There are four native policemen in Caimanera; also one naval boatswain's mate on permanent duty. All officers and men are subject to Cuban laws while visiting the town. However, the navy handles all serious disorders.

About twenty regular prostitutes are officially listed by the local authorities. When the fleet comes in this number is trebled by women from Santiago and other towns. In justice to our men I must say that they are clean enough and fastidious enough to leave native women pretty much alone. I scarcely need add that nature's own penalty for licentiousness is more severe in the tropics than in the temperate zones.

The dance hall at Caimanera, outside the post, where the officers' dances are given.

I arrived in Caimanera on a sunny afternoon in early January. I felt warm in my light flannel traveling dress, but looked forward to a swim when I arrived. My husband met me and took me over to the navy post in a small launch. He was very sunburned, but his eyes were a little bloodshot.

"Been swimming too much lately, I guess," was his unconvincing explanation.

"Late hours you mean," I thought, but did not say it.

WE drew up alongside a dock marked OFFICERS ONLY. Though it was late afternoon the sun was dazzling on the gray-white dust and concrete walks that led to a double row of small frame bungalows, all exactly alike.

One bungalow had my husband's name on a small white cross in the front yard. It looked just as if he had been buried there.

"Like it, baby?" he asked. "Our own men built it."

The structure was painted a dirty green. Walls two feet high rose from the ground, but screening formed its sides. Rust streaks gave it a weathered look.

"The porch is very nice," I said. "Where is the house?"

He laughed and led me in. There was a long, low-ceilinged living room with worn grass carpets and cheap wicker furniture. The bedroom was the same, only smaller. Here again screening ran almost to the floor.

"But how can I undress when there are no shades?" I asked.

"Oh, you'll be all right," he said vaguely.

I nodded out the window where an armed sentry was walking up and down. "That marine can see me."

This time my husband showed some sign of life. "He's an enlisted man and doesn't dare look into an officer's house!"

I undressed in the cupboard.

Before supper I moved some of the wicker furniture out of the bedroom so that there was room to turn around. When my husband saw what I was doing he spluttered with annoyance and made me take it back.

"Look at this," he said, turning a chair upside down.

On the bottom was stenciled: "Piece #637—rocker—bedroom—cottage #4."

"That's an order and we've got to obey it, baby," he said firmly. "It means the government wants the furniture left where it was originally put. Twice a month the C. O. inspects for just such things."

I began to giggle and ended by laughing until I burst into tears. So this was the romance of foreign duty!

Next morning word came that the senior commander's wife was giving a dinner party. There was a rumor that I was to be the guest of honor. A dinner party sounded so civilized that I took new heart. And I was thrilled at the guest-of-honor idea, little realizing that with the handful of families available anything was welcome that would make a dinner a little different.

P. & A. photo

The fleet arrives at Guantanamo, and a motor launch brings a liberty party ashore.

My husband came in at three and found me lying on the bed with the immodesty a tropical afternoon permits, resting from a strenuous morning at tennis. I thought he had lost his mind when he said it was nearly time to dress for dinner.

"The cocktail boat leaves at four thirty P. M.," he explained.

Still a little mystified, I put on an evening gown and with my husband in his dress uniform boarded the launch, which at once shoved off in the direction of Caimanera. With us were the ten other guests, also in their best bib and tucker.

I presently gathered that no liquor was served openly on the post because the houses were on government property. A few "safe" guests might be tipped off by the host as to what closet they could visit. There they would find a gallon jug of cheap rum and drink it straight; but no drinks were put on the table. Hence the "cocktail boat" before a dinner party.

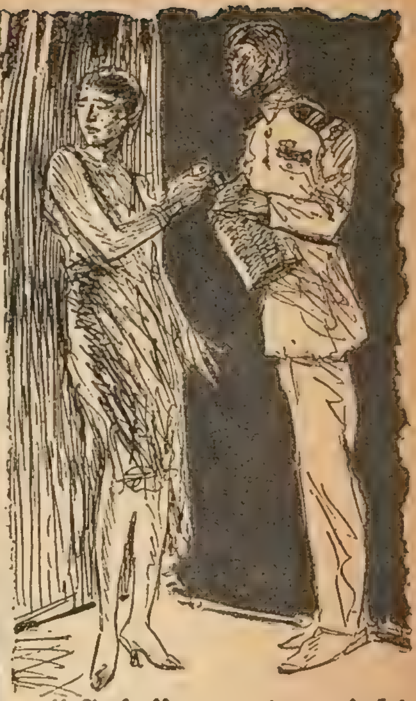
PEPE'S in Caimanera was the unofficial "officers' bar." It was a small, picturesque but smelly shed which might have been put together in a movie studio for a Mexican melodrama. There was no art in the arrangement of the hundreds of bottles that lined the bar shelves. A small dance floor spread between low dark tables. The waiters wore greasy aprons and leered at their immaculate customers as if fully aware of the petty subterfuge to which an American was reduced in order to exercise a personal liberty.

Daiquiri cocktails made of Bacardi rum and lime juice were served instantly. After a few rounds and a little dancing, the heat and smoke compelled the men to seek more volume in their drinks. They shifted to whisky highballs, which were also served to a few of the women. But after about an hour the latter drank only beer.

When the word was passed that it was time to return to the post, I rose with some relief. But I was dragged back into my chair by my husband. His face was flushed and his eyes a little watery.

"Half a mo', baby," he said a little tipsily. "We all get a cognac to carry us over the worst."

I gathered that a final jolt of the strongest liquor in the bar enabled the guests to keep their jazz throughout the coming party.



"Safe" guests might be tipped off as to where they would find a jug of cheap rum.

There were several rounds of cognac in which I didn't participate simply because I couldn't stand any more to drink.

The dinner was a success. I learned more about it next day when the usual post-mortems were held.

A post dinner party, I gathered, was as regulation as the houses in which we lived. That is to say, each family had one colored servant. Wong, an obliging Chinaman, was always hired from a native restaurant. When one consulted him about the menu he always said:

"Madame must serve fruit cocktail. Everyone serve fruit cocktail."

THE same applied to canned soup, peas, commissary beef, or cold storage chicken. There were always mashed potatoes and canned corn. Nine times out of ten the salad was stuffed tomato and saltines. Then ice cream and black coffee, with cups for the latter borrowed from the neighbor who used them last. The finger bowls always had flowers floating in them, as described in The Perfect Hostess, published back in the States.

Wong and the coffee cups, loud ribald conversations about nothing, the same faces, tramp of the sentry's feet outside, and inescapable smell of stale paint, flashing gold stripes on the officers' costumes, buzz and thud of tropical insects against the screens, an occasional bugle call from the station ship anchored in the roadstead, were uniformly characteristic of a post dinner.

About the middle of January the fleet arrived. Our little post turned out en masse and waved frantically as the miles-long column of gray vessels swung in from the Caribbean and steamed slowly up to their anchorage abreast our quarters. First came fifty low, lean destroyers, then about a dozen cruisers like slim greyhounds, and finally two divisions of heavy battleships.

The heart of every woman among us beat a little faster at the long white lines of men drawn up on the decks of the warships—men who had left their women thousands of miles north and were now, in a sense, at our disposal.

On Saturday night the first fleet dance was held at Caimanera. It isn't quite fair to call it a fleet dance, because there was nothing official about it and not all the officers by any means attended. But there were enough

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE GUANTANAMO BLUES
Continued from page twenty-one

officers to make about twenty to every woman, and the party was 100 per cent navy.

Acting on the advice of my service sisters-under-their-skins I put on an evening dress which could best stand the wear and tear of at least 150 cut-ins and close-packed boats. I had no slippers that were built for rough gangplanks, wet docks, splintery dance floors, and unsteady partners.

Pepe's bar at Caimanera, inside the dance hall, where the naval officers forget prohibition.

When we arrived, Pepe's, Lindbergh's Bar, and the American Bar were all full. Shuffle of dancing feet sounded through the tropical night. Throb of native music and many voices rose above the unending flow of white-clad naval officers of all ranks that moved from bar to bar.

"Got to hoist a couple first, baby," my husband warned me, knowing that I'd fare better if the raw edges of the evening were glossed over by a little stimulant. Three Daiquiris in quick succession did the trick.

Then the actual suffering began. It seems unfair to say it, but fleet dances always were a nightmare.

The small, scratchy dance floor was packed with couples closed in by a wall of stags waiting their turn to cut in on a woman they had met. Later in the evening they cut in on women they hadn't met. From beyond the stag wall came the pandemonium of the drinkers.

"Where have you been all my life, you wonderful girl?"

For a moment I am not sure whether the voice is that of the hot and handsome lieutenant who is my partner or of one of the three or four jiggling dancers who hem me in on either side. They all smell of commissary soap and their voices are all a little hoarse from too much rum.

Before I can reply I am snatched away by powerful arms. No apology or chivalrous request for my permission to dance with a new partner; just a violent seizure, as if I were to be the victim of a rape.

"You're wonderful! What a shame for a perfect person like you to be buried in this hole! How do you ever stand it?" Accompanied by a bear hug that makes my ribs creak.

"Please don't hold me so tight," I pant.

My partner pauses and puts his face close to mine. "Like to go out for a walk, honey?"

AGAIN before I can reply I am tackled and find myself in new arms.

"Aren't you glad the fleet's in? You are the most wonderful woman I ever met!"

Wearily I try to keep his feet off mine; his face from touching my cheek; his hands, that ought to be conventionally outstretched, from straying to forbidden ground.

"Want to take a little walk, honey?"

Word for word the same line.

"Yes, I'm exhausted." Anything is better than the floor.

Tropical moonlight, muffled music, palms, soft air—all the makings of the romance of which I'd dreamed. I glance up at my partner's shoulder marks to see his rank. I haven't the slightest idea what his name is. He is a lieutenant. I thought I'd do better than that!

"You're wonderful! I'm going to kiss you!"

"Please don't." And instantly realizing that entreaty isn't enough, I add: "My husband is here. He may be out any moment."

"Blah! Don't pull any of that old-fashioned stuff!"

He is rough and strong and drunk. I am kissed. The idea of rape comes to me. With a woman's instinct I realize that I am protected only by the thin shred of circumstance which lies in the proximity of many others. I must not dare get outside the circle of light and moving white figures.

At 11:30 P. M. the music stops and the dance is officially over. But it takes two hours to get everyone into their boats. There are many arguments and a few minor brawls among the younger men. There is a good deal of indiscriminate kissing, which is taken in a gay sort of carnival spirit as part of the evening's excitement.

THE whole bay seems full of small boats loaded with singing passengers. The dark silent men-o'-war seem to frown down on such lack of dignity on the part of their proprietors. . . .

I was so disgusted with my first two parties that I tried staying home. I wanted to go back to my family in the States; but my husband, who was really sorry for me, pointed out that his slender pay wouldn't provide me a ticket for at least two months. As no one had any capital, borrowing was out of the question.

The day after I stayed away from a party the commandant's wife reprimanded me in the feline way that only a woman can.

"You're quite selective, dear. Rather have your own little party? I don't understand it with that nice husband of yours."

She thought I'd had a date with another man!

I was accused of stealing high-rankers and giving them a better time than the elder women could. The last with a sly wink. When my husband began to get in wrong for my diffidence, I swallowed my pride and rejoined the routine festivities.

One wife, older and kinder than the rest, said: "Don't be discouraged, my child. I don't advise drinking too much; but if you do it properly it helps you stand the life. We women deserve service stripes just as much as our men. I know I've helped my husband get a good job more than once."

That same day a commander referred to her as "old enough to eat hay." But I still think she was serving her country just the same as he.

I don't think I've made it clear that the enlisted men are herded back aboard ship at sundown. Although Guantanamo is one of several places the fleet goes for winter maneuvers, the sailors are not allowed to go ashore except on the strictly limited naval reservation.

When I asked an officer why, he very intelligently replied: "We Americans don't know how to drink. An officer manages to get away with it because if he goes too far his whole career is wrecked; whereas the enlisted man has very little to lose but his microscopic pay."

I found, however, that regulations do not entirely keep the men away from liquor. The Cubans show the greatest

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

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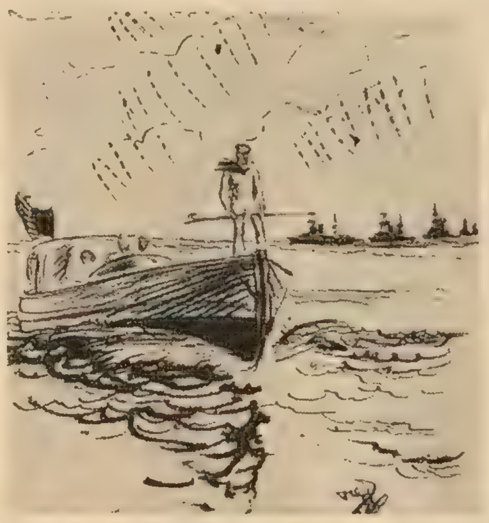
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

ingenuity in smuggling native rum out to the ships and getting it in through the portholes. Indeed, this practice is not peculiar to Guantanamo, but happens in every foreign port. The Cubans boast that such trade is an art from which the biggest money is made.

My next experience was taking my turn at the routine morning bridge parties. They began at about 11 A. M. and were held in turn at the different officers' houses. Only the wives attended.



There was often a table for mothers-to-be. Conversation dwelt largely on the bits of scandal emanating from the most recent dinner or dance. When the right group got together at a table they would criticize their hostesses of the days before.

"The cheap little thing! [Referring to a junior lieutenant's wife.] I paid three-fifty for my bridge prizes and she gave only wash-cloths. Yes, and she didn't have enough salad to go around—yet she brags about being used to entertaining!"

Not especially malicious, nor so very different from the talk that goes around among thousands of women in small towns all over the country. But a bitterly vicious train of talk when confined to a tiny circle of impecunious women trying to put on a front while condemned to imprisonment in a small and isolated naval station.

We had no daily papers, no real news except a few items that sifted in by radio; few books were read; and general topics, such as world peace, seemed far-off abstractions.

EVEN the servants caught the spirit of the post. One morning my maid burst out with:

"You ought to have a better rug, ma'am. Mrs. Smith's husband is only a lieutenant, and her rugs are twice as new as yours!"

Rank runs through nearly all domestic as well as social activities. At the commissary store all orders are filled according to rank. One wife of a lieutenant colonel of marines telephoned for a rump steak and received the startling reply:

"I'm sorry, madam, but we haven't much meat this month and your husband doesn't rate that cut."

It pays to stand in with the senior paymaster who is in charge of commissary, although there are very few who will not try their best to be just in all distributions of supplies.

The canteen also carries supplies, but gets most of them outside the line of government purchases. Plenty of perfumes and kimonos are laid in before the arrival of the fleet. These are practically the only form of gift that can be given flirtatious wives by the visiting officers and not cause trouble.

I remember one starry-eyed young wife whose cupboard was broken into by her husband and he thought she had been robbing the canteen. She made a clean breast of things and tearfully confessed that she planned to trade her love-booty back into the canteen for food after the fleet had left. She actually couldn't keep up her entertaining and three square meals a day on navy pay!

NAVY stewards do some marketing for the wives in the shops at Caimanera. But such shopping is expensive and not much used except when one's rum supply runs low. Then a large market basket of lettuce and other cheap vegetables are bought to cover the gallon jug underneath them.

The money question is always desperately pressing. When one's husband is making from $200 to $350 a month, out of which there must be entertaining, liquor, clothes, two full sets of uniforms, income tax, and an occasional life-saving trip back to civilization, it's a tight squeeze not to go into debt.

If one is lucky in bridge, the morning's winnings can run as high as ten to fifteen dollars. I know of one girl who gave up a seventy-five-dollar teaching job in a government school because her bridge earnings ran regularly higher than that. But she was an exception and had a genius for cards.

The saving item in Guantanamo life is Cuban rum. It costs only two dollars and fifty cents a gallon; and somehow the gallons seem to have more in them than they do at home. One gallon of rum makes two gallons of punch. Two gallons of punch runs a luncheon party of eight wives or a dinner party of three couples. The punch is made with limes and sugar, which are cheap in Cuba; and commissary ice, which is put on the monthly bill.

When the ice machine breaks down no one minds because the punch is then more effective.

Events that break the monotony of existence are often trivial but always eagerly devoured. I remember the row that followed the attempt of a young ensign to take a moving picture of an admiral in full uniform entering one of the bars at a run. By the admiral's order the camera was knocked out of the ensign's hand and broken.

Then there was the young aviator who had won $2,000 in a Cuban lottery and turned up on the station beautifully boiled with his pockets full of empty bottles. Another time a young wife who thought she was receiving

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

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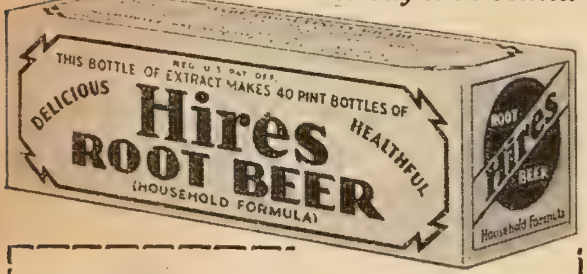

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

too much attention aboard a battleship slipped over the side and swam ashore. The commanding officer of a destroyer who was cornered in an officer's house on the post escaped through a window and swam to his ship, establishing a perfect alibi that was never shaken.

There was the case of the Congressman who came down on a junket to investigate conditions and was found at four A. M. after a post dinner sobbing in the commandant's front yard because he had voted against a big navy and now wanted to apologize.

If it hadn't been for such pleasant little bits of gossip our conversation would have died out altogether.

The respectable Cubans who come into contact with navy conditions do not approve of them, but are not critical in their attitude. In the first place, they realize that the American navy man is a splendid chap at heart; and they take it as a compliment to Cuba that it provides such joyful relief from intolerable conditions in the United States.

ONE said to me: "I wouldn't be surprised if we behaved the same way, were conditions reversed, and were there prohibition in Cuba and liquor in America."

Conditions at other naval stations outside the continental limits of the United States are not so bad as at Guantanamo because there is not the inconvenience of getting off a big reservation. At Haiti, for instance, where officers and their families can do their drinking without having to rush seven miles for it and get back for dinner, the consumption of hard liquor is slight. Wine drunk in moderation is the usual custom. This applies to a lesser extent to Panama, where life on the reservation is restricted as it is in Guantanamo. Manila and Shanghai are more like Haiti.

MY picture of conditions in Cuba seems abnormal and exaggerated. But undue attention to personal liberty always ends in license. It has proved so both in sex and in drinking. It was brought severely home to me only because I was one of a small group of women living in an isolated spot with recurring large numbers of men.

The lesson to be drawn, if any, is that when a body of men so fine and healthy and charming in every way as the average American naval officer succumb to a temporary relief of escape from prohibition in the violent way our officers do, then there must certainly be something wrong with prohibition.

However, I must add that, prohibition or no prohibition, I am strong for naval disarmament whenever I am at the mercy of a forty-to-one naval ratio 1,500 miles from the home port!

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

tells a vivid and memorable tale of the movies

The Lost Picture

The strange story of a director's rebellion

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

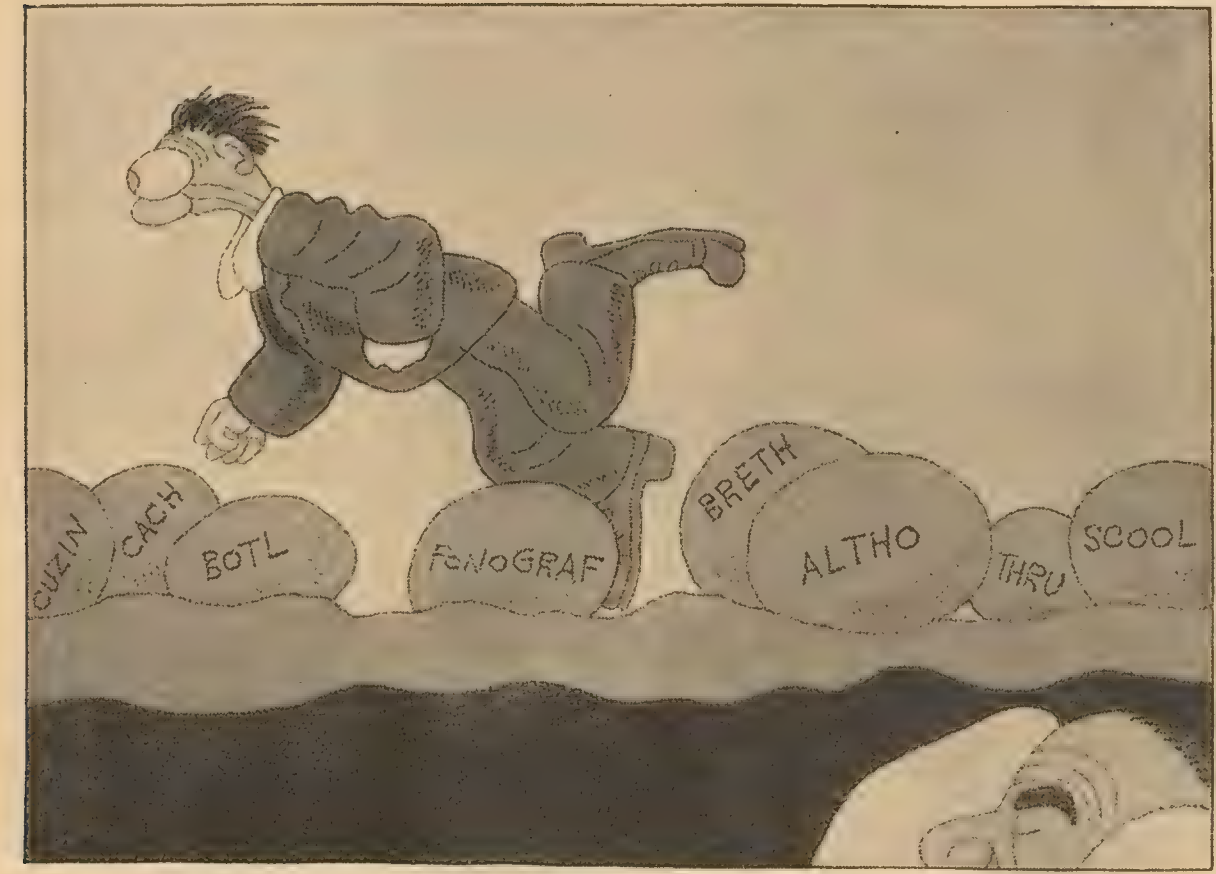
1—The name of what battle is a synonym for defeat or disaster?
2—What is a paterfamilias?
3—Who is the patron saint of Scotland?
4—What is the capital of Ceylon?
5—How many carats fine is pure gold?
6—What is a sinecure?
7—Who was Vulcan?
8—What is the title of a maharajah's wife?
9—What does pecuniary mean?
10—What system of medicine is founded on the principle that like cures like?
11—What is a bibliography?
12—What name is applied to Europe and Asia combined?
13—What is a Neapolitan?
14—What is assonance?
15—What island is called the Pearl of the Antilles?
16—What is the sheath for an archer's arrows called?
17—What are the names of the two bones of the lower leg?
18—What is chicanery?
19—What novel includes the characters Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale?
20—What does hymenal mean?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-six.)

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON


CUZIN
CACH
BOTL
FONOGRAF
BRETH
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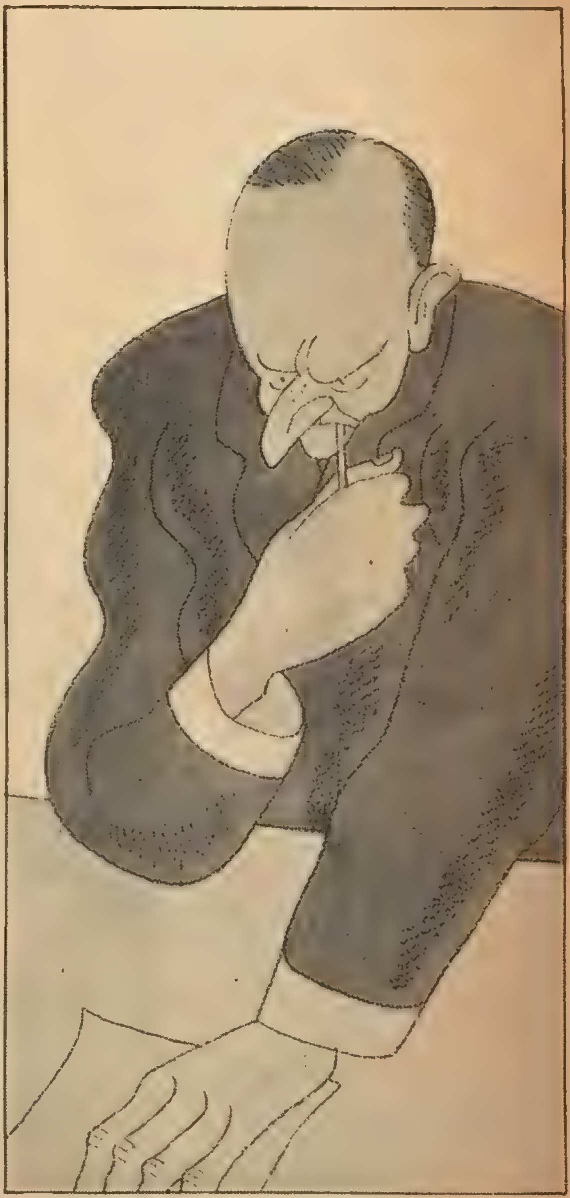
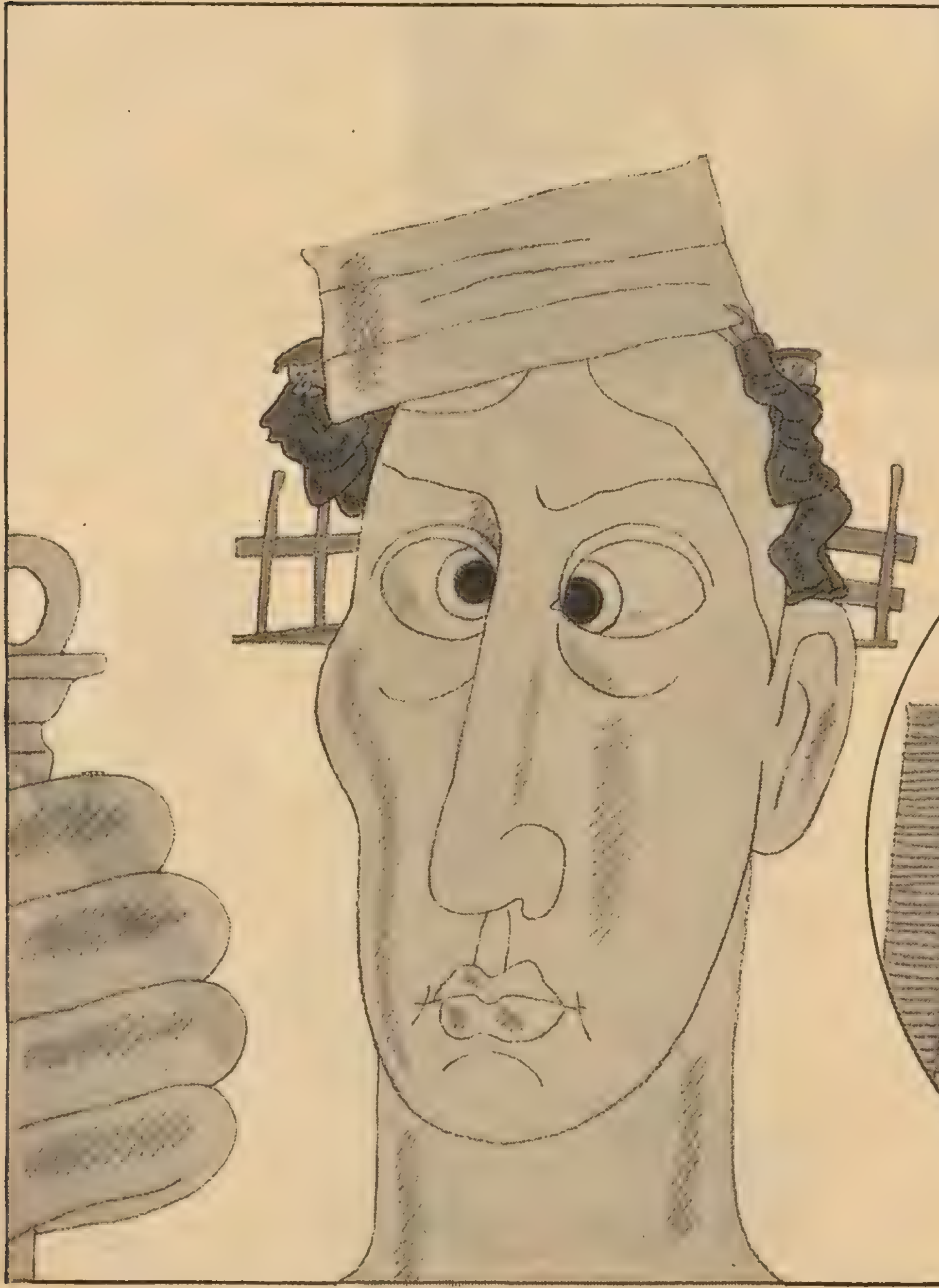
THRU
SCOOL

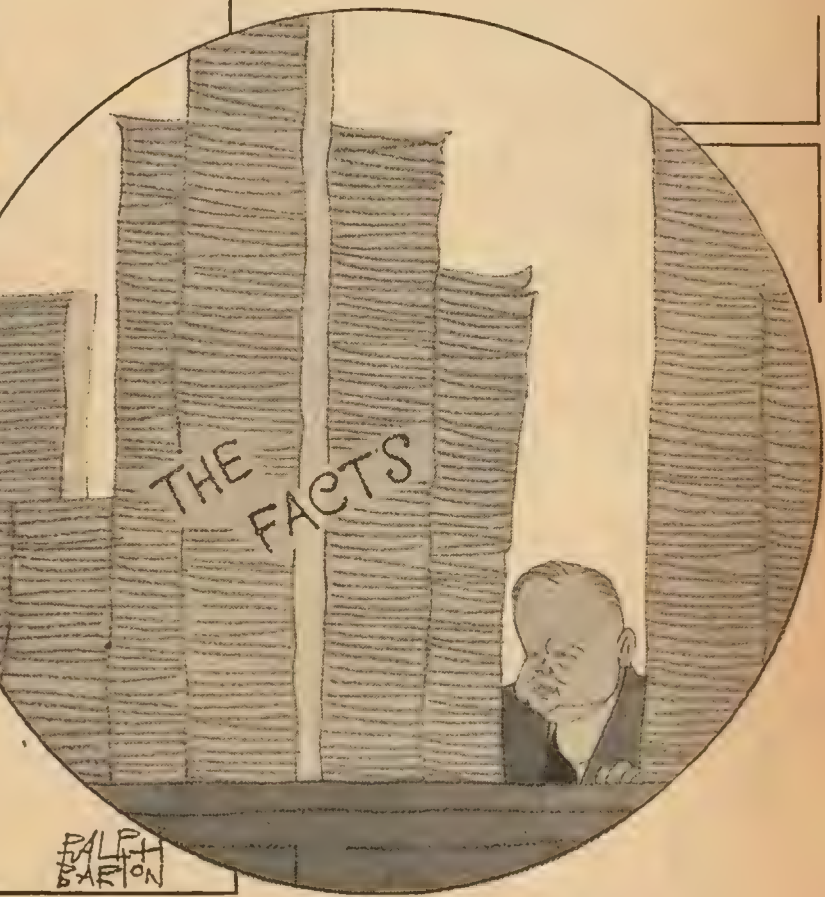
THE BAD DREAM of a man who dropped off to sleep reading a book printed in simplified spelling.



CALVIN COOLIDGE, commissioned to write the history of the United States in 500 words, feels the pangs of creation as he tries to think up 425 words of padding.



THE AWFUL TRUTH about Justice, discovered when the bandage was removed for spring cleaning.


THE FACTS
RALPH BARTON

WELL, now what?

Variety Spices the Screen

Pictures of Love, Crooks, War, Slapsticks, and Song

Reviewed by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ A LADY TO LOVE

YOU'LL know, at the opening sequence of A Lady to Love, that it is the talkie version of Sidney Howard's prize play, They Knew What They Wanted—even if the comedy-drama has twice changed title since it ran successfully on the Broadway stage some seasons ago.

In its first conversion to the screen it was called The Secret Hour, and Pola Negri enacted the rôle which is now Vilma Banky's in the talking picture.

Miss Banky, as lovely a blonde as graces the celluloid, has heretofore seemed placid—not cold, but not so warm in personality. Now she offers an altogether different Vilma. She has spirit, and fire, and a grand sense of humor. But—don't think the picture is entirely hers. Edward G. Robinson takes a large share of the glory. And Robert Ames deserves considerable credit.

They have tamed Howard's play considerably, but it remains thoroughly entertaining; of interest every moment.

It's the tale of a girl from the city who weds a man, via correspondence introduction, for the sake of getting a home in the country, with flowers and trees and grass—just as she used to have in Switzerland (accounting for Vilma's accent).

She had been tricked into the marriage because this Tony (Edward G. Robinson), the would-be bridegroom, fearful that the girl of his choice would not be partial to his photograph (he's elderly and stocky and not especially prepossessing), had inclosed a picture of his young, handsome helper—thus inducing the girl to give up her waitress job and settle down to married life. So Lena isn't to be blamed for having an affair with Buck (Robert Ames)—especially as Tony meets with an accident on his wedding day which maims him for several months.

Director Victor Seastrom works the film out to a logical conclusion.

★ ★ ★ SLIGHTLY SCARLET

Boasting a couple of excellent portrayers of lady and gentleman thief rôles—Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook—a smart plot, and sophisticated direction by Louis Gasnier and Edwin H. Knopf, Slightly Scarlet can't help but be worthwhile screen entertainment.

It will be highly appreciated by those who go in for crook movies with a society flavor. We have the splendidly spoken Mr. Brook in the rôle of a polished gentleman about to perform his last theft. And Miss Brent as a girl about to steal her last necklace. Both are giving up their lives of crime because they have fallen in love—with each other. And neither knows that the other is dishonest.

Directors Gasnier and Knopf give us lots of interesting and exciting complications.

Shining by their own light: Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook in Slightly Scarlet.

★ ★ THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA

Herbert Brenon deserves much credit for undertaking to set Arnold Zweig's tragic

Chester Morris and Betty Compson as they look in the tragic talkie, The Case of Sergeant Grischa.

novel, The Case of Sergeant Grischa, upon the talking screen. If ever there was a difficult assignment, this was it.

The story is sordid, stark, and sad, without ever a light moment; without even a character who might make light of a single situation.

Chester Morris offers his usual display of fine histrionics as the young Russian soldier of wartime who escapes from a German prison camp, and is befriended in the forests by a certain Babka.

Pretty Betty Compson is Babka. She is not well cast. The romantic sequences between her and Grischa are far from convincing.

Mr. Brenon may find fans among the male moviegoers. It is easy to see that the director strove to give the talking screen something quite different; that he did not go after box-office glory. Our hat's off to him for this. But women audiences will turn from the picture instead of hanging on to every scene, every sentence. It is just too gruesome. No picture can get along without a spark of warmth. And that's what The Case of Sergeant Grischa lacks.

Vilma Banky stars in A Lady to Love. Edward G. Robinson is the reclining gentleman.

A little study in shapeliness, offered by Sharon Lynn and two assisting drummer-girls in Let's Go Places.

★ ★ Let's Go Places

Perhaps they called this one Let's Go Places because of the way its characters flit from talkie studio to Hollywood party (yes, the locale is the cinema city, and you get your inside view of the Fox Movietone lot) to night club, and back to studio.

Nobody in the picture seems to stand or sit still for a moment. It is packed with slapstick, and depends for its fair measure of success upon its gags. It's obvious that Director Frank Strayer exerted efforts to get giggles.

Joseph Wagstaff, a newcomer to the screen whose voice is better than his camera possibilities, enacts the leading rôle. Lola Lane is the principal girl of the piece, although Sharon Lynn captures feminine honors.

★ ★ Song of the West

With the double advantage of technicolor and the picturesque locale of the California gold-rush period, Song of the West should have been a far more glamorous talkie-singie than the Warner Brothers turned out.

John Boles' tenor and his good looks appealed tremendously to audiences who heard him sing The Desert Song and Rio Rita. Neither his rôle in the new film, nor the melodies therein—tuneful but not memorable—do justice to John, we are loath to report. Nor does Miss Vivienne Segal, formerly of the musical stage, fare so well. She's just too sweet to be true.

Joe E. Brown deserves any plaudits which are to be handed the picture. He's a crackajack comedian.

Do you know that—

Jack Oakie's first starring production for Paramount will be called High Society? . . . The Four Marx Brothers are about to make a talkie-singie version of Animal Crackers? . . . William Haines will wear chaps and sombrero in Easy Going? . . . Guinn Williams will be the talkie hero of The Big Fight?

Three- and four-star films of the past month

Three stars—Roadhouse Nights, The Vagabond King, Happy Days, Not So Dumb, So Long Letty.

Four stars—Puttin' On the Ritz, The Green Goddess, Street of Chance, Anna Christie.

The Prince Consort

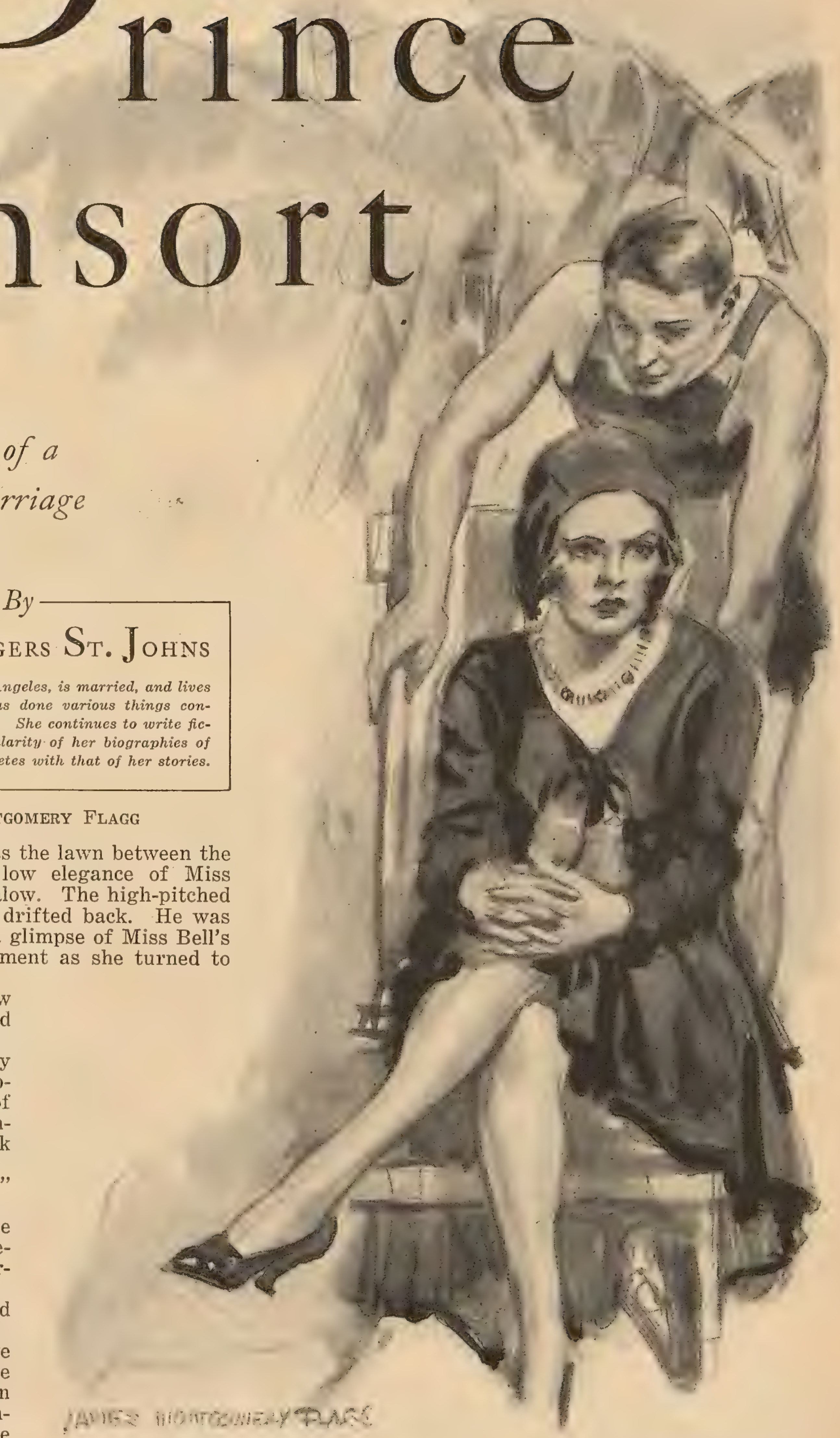
The Story of a Movie Marriage

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

who was born in Los Angeles, is married, and lives in Hollywood. She has done various things connected with the movies. She continues to write fiction although the popularity of her biographies of picturesque stars competes with that of her stories.

Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg



Winona heard Hoot's voice. "Let's see what you look like as a loser."

THE party moved away across the lawn between the giant stages toward the low elegance of Miss Winona Bell's studio bungalow. The high-pitched laughter of the visiting senator drifted back. He was having the time of his life, and a glimpse of Miss Bell's famous profile showed for a moment as she turned to smile up at him.

They went into the bungalow and the door swung shut behind them.

Barney Weldon stood where they had left him on the sidewalk, absently contemplating a border of pansies. His face was expressionless, but there was a white streak around his mouth.

"Do you know what you are?" said a slow voice in his ear.

Barney shifted his gaze to the red and slightly freckled countenance of one Harold Oldfield Torrence, better known as Hoot.

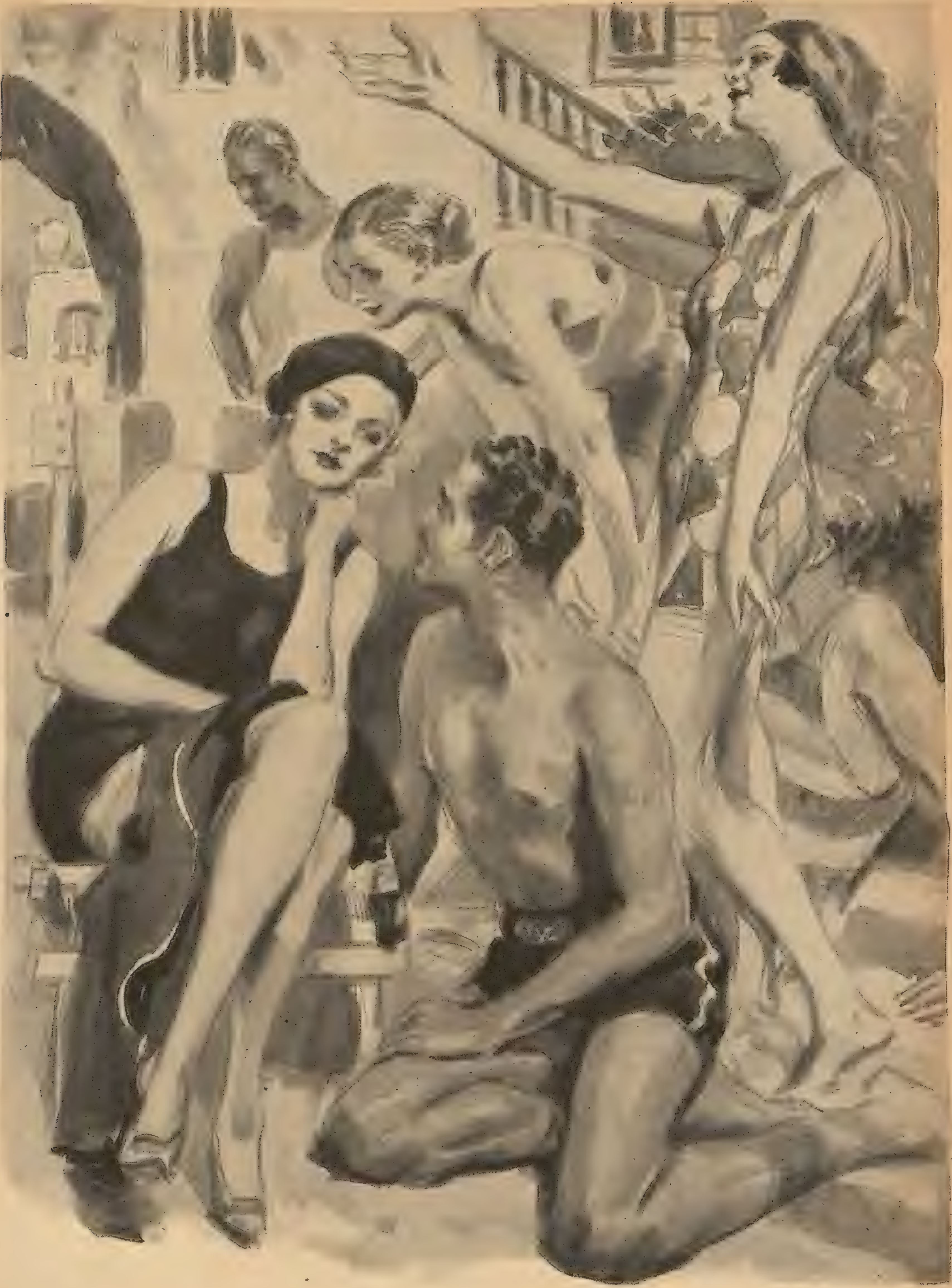
"You're a prince consort," said Hoot.

"Hoot," said Barney, "you have been reading O. Henry. I advise against it. You will find that when surrounded by the abnormal, contemplation of the normal upsets the digestion."

"My digestion has withstood Hollywood gin, triple alimony payments, and the tripe produced by our scenario department," said Hoot lazily. "Little Winnie, the pride of Paramar, handed me a script the other day in which our gentle heroine, to prove her love for the manly hero about to depart for the wars, kills her pet chicken and serves up the heart as a farewell supper. Is that a touching idea or isn't it?"

"Winnie needs a husband," said Barney.

"I have been married to some strange women in my time," said Hoot, "but I pass Winnie, even if she does get



Loser? Did he mean she had lost Barney? To Ethel? Her mind tried confusedly to figure it out.

fifteen hundred a week. But speaking of husbands, as I remarked a moment ago, you have become a prince consort."

"Diagnosing a disease," said Barney, who still had a trace of his Oxford accent, "doesn't always suggest a cure."

His eyes drifted speculatively to the elaborate white bungalow where Miss Bell was at the moment doubtless entertaining the day's distinguished visitor at luncheon, assisted by no less a personage than A. B. Morris himself.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PRINCE CONSORT

Continued from page thirty-one

"Come on over to my office," said Hoot. "I would have words with thee."

They strolled over to the long line of wooden shacks which housed writers, publicity men, directors and their assistants, art directors, and less important supervisors.

Hoot shut the door of his cubby-hole, opened his desk, and produced a bottle.

"I—" began Barney.

"This," said Hoot, "is the sole remaining blossom on what was quite a vine. There are in this bottle two drinks of real prewar Scotch. You shall have one of them. We will drink, for perhaps the last time, like the gentlemen we used to be before pictures and prohibition. Cheerio."

They drank in silence.

"There was a time," said Hoot, "when you weren't a prince consort. You were a damn' good actor, Barney. I don't like women, even if I can't let 'em alone. It gets me sort of wild-eyed to see a man like you being made a sucker by a blonde cookie known to fifty million morons as an addition to any bedroom."

"Just a minute, Hoot," said Barney. "I'd rather—"

"I know that speech by heart," said Hoot. "You are a gentleman and can't discuss your wife with another man. I've heard that one recited by some of the worst actors on the stage. Nevertheless, it is just so much tomato catsup. You're getting lines around your eyes; you drink too much; and you are fast becoming a nice frozen dessert instead of the guy I knew on the Somme in nineteen-seventeen.

"If you don't talk you'll break out all over with psychoses and neuroses and you won't look a bit pretty. There are very few people in Hollywood who speak your language. So we will dispense with the better known brands of hooey and discuss this thing pro and con. Does that make sense?"

The other man sank back wearily. As the mask dropped, he showed a face in which bitterness and humiliation had carved deep lines.

"It's sense," he said. "I've thought in circles so long I'm goofy. But there isn't any answer. What can I do?"

Hoot felt an unexpected pang. He was remembering Bernard Weldon as he had seen him on the Somme—a leader when men needed leaders. As he had seen him in London—a charming young actor with his foot upon the first rung of the ladder leading to electric lights.

THEN he thought of Winona Bell and several special brands of torture he would like to see applied to her if the chance ever came.

"Why don't you go back to London—or New York?"

"And leave Wink?"

"Take her with you. You brought her here."

"Ask her to give up all she's got here? I couldn't. If I did, she wouldn't."

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"You're still in love with her?"

"I'm still in love with her," said Barney.

"Man is an unfathomable mystery."

"No, wait. I'm still in love with the Wink I married; when she was a kid artists' model earning fifteen dollars a week in New York—some weeks. I don't see that girl very often now—just often enough to bind the ties. You know, Hoot, she was such a darling then."

"I liked her a lot better when she was an extra girl than I've ever liked her since," said Hoot. "There's nothing you can do to a star like Winona Bell, but I'd like to see her get her come-uppance, as we used to say out in Indiana."

"We didn't have any money," said Barney softly, "but she never seemed to mind. I'd come out to seek my fortune in the movies—lured by tales of gold in these hills. I dug hard for it, too. And she stood by. You know, Hoot, the first time I ever saw her I felt as though I wanted to—take care of her, protect her."

"She's getting four thousand a week now for making other folks feel that same way," said Hoot.

But Barney Weldon didn't seem to hear him. His eyes were upon a past whose contrast with the present bit into him like a poison tooth.

"She was so *sweet*," he said slowly. "We—played house. I can't tell you the little things she did for me. The way she always thought of my comfort. I was working most of the time then, and she'd pick up twenty dollars now and then at extra. We had a Ford, Hoot. We used to put down newspapers when we went out so she wouldn't get her dress dirty."

"Maybe that's why she still looks funny to me in a Rolls-Royce," said Hoot.

"I wouldn't mind the Rolls-Royce if I—"

"Paid for it," said Hoot. "I wouldn't mind her being a star, either, if she didn't walk off like she did today without even inviting you to lunch, because she had some publicity prop in the shape of a senator along with her. God, women can be cruel! Do you think she loves you?"

Barney thought rather a long time over that one.

"When she has time to think about it, she does. When we're alone, when she's in my arms, it's just like it used to be. But it takes so much time and thought to be a big star. They're never free."

"They're the most self-centered lot of performing sea lions that ever lived," said Hoot with feeling. "Tell me. I'm a cutter. I know."

"She's a big star," said Barney, "and—I'm a flop. Oh, what a lovely flop I am! Who would have thought it would work out that way, Hoot?"

"You shouldn't be a flop," said Hoot. "If you were a wop you wouldn't be."

THE hand with which Barney Weldon lit his cigarette trembled just a little.

"I'm getting old," he said. "I'm thirty-seven."

"At that age you should be chloroformed."

"Thirty-seven is old in pictures when you're not working," said Barney. "The fact that I'm—Winona Bell's husband seems to tell against me. Maybe you remember that poor old Prince Albert had an awful time getting anybody to listen to him because he was Victoria's better half, though he was a mighty smart man. The prince consort isn't a face card in any deck."

He got up suddenly and went out without a word of farewell.

"I oughtta be kicked," said Hoot to the empty bottle. "I thought he'd got over her. And I do know how to get divorces in three countries."

Barney Weldon, seething with all the things he could not say to Hoot, to anyone, went home.

Home was a very large, very decorative mansion in a cañon of Beverly Hills, built according to the best tradition of the period, with a tennis court and swimming pool in the back. It resembled fifty other houses belonging to motion-picture stars, as a row of subdivision bungalows resemble one another.

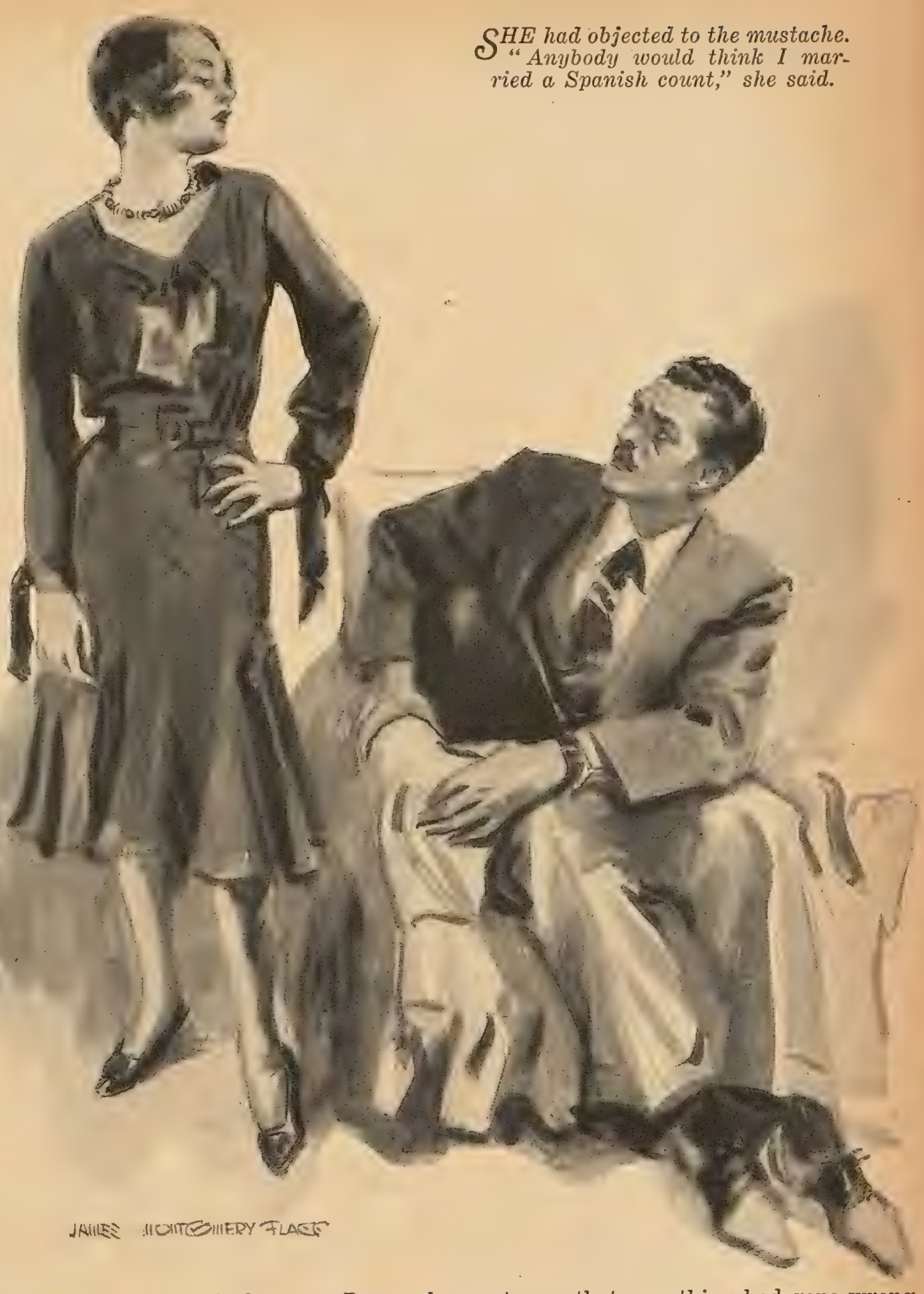
Barney went upstairs to his own room. Every time he looked at the ornate dressing room, with its specially built wardrobes, and the tiled bath, with its showers and steam cabinets and rubbing tables, he felt like a gigolo.

There was nothing for him to do. He was ashamed to play golf every afternoon while his wife worked. If he asked people up for tennis, it was as though he shamelessly advertised his idleness.

The butler came in. Into the man's cold eyes, Barney always read a contempt. He pretended to be reading some mail while Harper put bottle, ice, siphon on the table and went out on silent feet.

Barney wanted a drink, but he didn't take it. There had been a time when drink helped, when it softened stark facts, gave him a little glow of hope. That was gone. Now it intensified his bitterness. The facts grew like nightmare monsters and descended upon him without mercy.

The things Wink did to him became obsessions. He could sit and brood for hours over the fact that she wouldn't see to it that the servants called her Mrs. Weldon.



SHE had objected to the mustache. "Anybody would think I married a Spanish count," she said.

So the drink stayed in the bottle. This bitter, burning pain must be faced coldly. This prince consort business couldn't go on.

It wasn't that he envied her. God forbid! He was proud of her—or he had been until she had killed all his pride. Nevertheless, it was only a tremendous break of luck that had flung her from obscurity to fame in a night, that had transformed her from his wife to a movie star.

"I can't believe it, Barney," she used to say. "It's so silly."

That was a long time ago. Now, like all the rest, she subscribed to the divine right of kings.

The butler came in.

"Telephone for you, Mr. Weldon," he said, and unhooked the instrument and set it on the table by his chair.

But it was only Jimmy O'Connell, the casting director at Allied. Something had turned up in which Barney might be interested. Barney said he would drop over in the morning and hung up.

BUT there was no hope in him. Nothing would come of this. Some unknown would get it because he had youth and a pretty face. Or they'd find somebody under contract who wasn't so good for the part, but whom they could use—and thus save a salary.

For months he had haunted the studios begging for a chance. Like any bum walking the streets answering ads, he had gone from one casting office to another, sitting for long hours outside the door. Maybe he should have been humble, but he was not. While he sat with the extras and the has-beens, his pride—his stinking pride—burned him up.

He was half asleep in his chair, worn out with the effort to find some solution which would save this love of theirs which had once been beautiful, when Winona came in.

In a crowd, if you didn't know that she was Winona Bell, she would have passed unnoticed. A slim girl with a beautiful mouth. Her eyes were blue and set a little too close together, but she used a heavy green make-up which did extraordinary things to them. There were forty girls doing bits on the Paramar lot who were lovelier to look at, but Winona Bell would outphotograph all of them.

Cameramen fought for her pictures, but directors did not.

The butler and a maid followed her in. Sitting on the edge of the couch, she let the butler take her hat and coat while the maid took off her shoes and put on slippers.

"Do go away," she said to them impatiently. "I'm too tired to do anything yet. I'll come later."

Barney knew at once that something had gone wrong at the studio.

"What have you been doing with yourself all day?" she said.

Why did she always ask that particular question? Natural, perhaps. That was what a husband usually asked his wife when he came home at the end of a day's work. Fortunately, she never waited for an answer.

"Fothingham is impossible," she said.

That was another stock speech, thought Barney. The current director always was.

"I made one scene all day long and even then he was fussing over the rushes."

Her face drooped a little, wistfully. For a moment the glow of the one lamp gave it that ethereal loveliness that it displayed on the screeen—a luminous quality which no one had ever been able to explain.

His heart missed a beat. Love was so very precious.

"Wink," he said.

She smiled. He held out his arms and she came and slipped into them.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PRINCE CONSORT
Continued from page thirty-three

"My darling," he said yearningly.

"You're such a comfort to me, Barney," she said.

It was quiet in the room; the light was soft. The wear and tear of everyday living, the hopelessness of this reversal of the age-old man-woman relation, seemed shut away, as it did sometimes at night in the dark when they lay close in each other's arms.

Something Hoot had said that afternoon came back to him.

"Wink," he said, "I want to get away from Hollywood. I want to go back to London. I can't get a break here. I want to go away."

He felt her stiffen, but he held her close.

"Will you come with me, Wink? Just you and I?"

She sat up, staring down at him.

"Have you gone crazy?" she said harshly.

"No," said Barney Weldon. "But—I'd like to go back on the stage. I'm very miserable. Why shouldn't we?"

"And leave my career?" said Winona Bell. "What would I do in London? Why in the world should I go off to such a place with you?"

"You happen to be my wife," said the man.

"I may be your wife," said the woman, "but I never heard anything so selfish in all my life. Of course I won't go. Why should you be miserable? Haven't you everything in the world you want?"

For just a moment it seemed to Barney Weldon that he wanted to strangle her.

"I've got a roof and three meals a day and a shirt to my back," he said. "But I'm a man. I've no work, no job. I'm—"

He stopped. After all, he couldn't tell Winona Bell about being a prince consort. Something deep within him wouldn't let him. That would be the crowning humiliation.

"Don't start all that old stuff again," said his wife, getting up abruptly. "I'm sick of it. And I tell you this. If you go to London, you go alone."

SOMEWHERE in Barney's head were ringing immortal words—"whither thou goest"—but he silenced them.

"You mean if it came to a choice between our love and your—being a movie star—"

"There isn't going to be any such choice," said Winona Bell. "And look, it's after seven and we're dining at the Reigels' at eight. I've got to have my hair done."

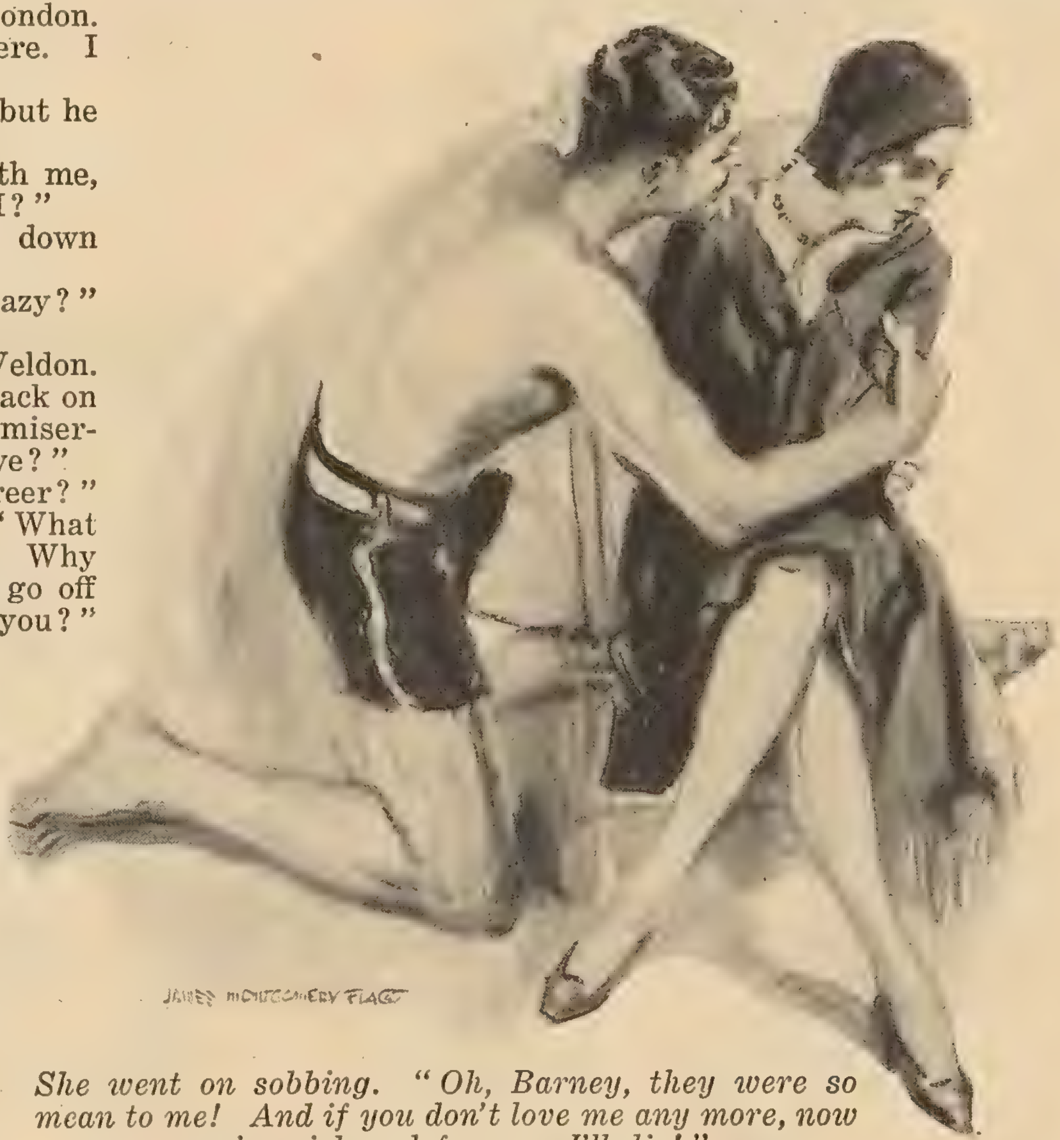
"Oh," said Barney. "So we're dining at the Reigels'. This is the first I've heard of it."

"Well, what difference can it make to you, Barney? You didn't have anything else to do, did you?"

Rage began to foam in Barney Weldon.

"No," he said. "I never have anything to do but escort my wife to parties. I'm never consulted. You know I think the Reigels are stupid, narrow-minded Babbitts. That prop smile of his makes me so ill I can't eat. Is there ever anybody interesting at their house? Do they ever ask anybody but a lot of fat producers who can do them some good? For that matter, do we? They can't even play decent bridge."

Violently, he caught himself.



She went on sobbing. "Oh, Barney, they were so mean to me! And if you don't love me any more, now you're rich and famous, I'll die!"

A wave of actual nausea swept over him. He was scolding like some fishwife. What had happened to him? To what was he coming? He shut his eyes, trying to get a grip on himself.

He must make Wink see that he didn't mean that for her.

Then he laughed. Wink hadn't even listened to him. Her voice drifted back to him from the hall, giving orders to her maid.

She hadn't even listened to him.

She had forgotten the things he had said in moments.

Barney Weldon began to dress for dinner. Desperate thoughts winged darkly through his mind. This was a fight in which no man could be a good loser.

It seemed to him that he almost hated Wink; that if he could at that moment beat her to her knees before him he would show her no mercy.

THE very next morning Jimmy O'Connell set forth his big idea.

Barney Weldon didn't think it was such a big idea. He said nothing to Winona about it, for fear that she would laugh.

The only person to whom he mentioned it was Hoot. Hoot wasn't enthusiastic.

"Of course, you can't tell a thing about anything in this cock-eyed business," said Hoot. "It's a job, but I wouldn't build on it."

"It's a—great part," said Barney.

"Sure," said Hoot. "But look, kid. Just because Warner Brothers put over Al Jolson singing a mammy song, don't think a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. A tin can is a tin can no matter what you call it."

"Folks seem to like them," said Barney.

"Any novelty goes for a while," said Hoot. "They won't last. Moreover, westerns are deader than a herring, and how can you make that stuff outdoors if they weren't? Hell! I don't know a thing about these—talkies, but Jimmy O'Connell don't know any more."

He didn't. Neither did big Tom Hiller, the director. Tom had been making westerns for twenty-two years, and every horse in Hollywood knew him by sight. But beyond that he had not ventured.

The truth was that Allied, and, in consequence, O'Connell and Hiller, were on their last legs. Rex Black, the greatest western star of all times, had carried the Allied program for years, and now Rex was through. Something had to be done, something pretty desperate.

They had a good story. A peach of a story. It had been successful on the screen every time they had made it for fifteen years.

"But we'll do it so different this time they won't know it," said Tom. "We're going to put di-a-logue in it this time."

Dialogue was an added starter in Hollywood.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Tom one morning when he and Barney and O'Connell sat mulling over these strange matters, "if maybe we'd better get somebody to write the stuff Barney's supposed to say."

"I don't see why," said O'Connell. "They've got some good titles in there. Let him say those."

"I reckon I won't," said Tom. "You never heard anybody talk like they write titles. This bird Barney's playing is a Mexican. He's a desperado—that's where we get the main titles—but he talks himself out of a lot of stuff before he starts shooting. I'd like to see him have some lines—like they do on the stage."

"I wonder—" said Barney. His inferiority complex stopped him.

"Yeh?"

"I think I could write them myself," said Barney Weldon. "I was considered pretty good when I was on the stage. That is, they said in London I could get a lot out of a line. I've studied The Desperado pretty thoroughly and I've an idea I know what he'd say."

"I'm in this," said O'Connell, "so we might as well shoot the works."

"I think," said Tom, "maybe we might have the characters do all the talking. You know. Just a few narrative titles like "Over on the Rio Grande trouble was brewing for the Desperado," and as for the spoken titles—well, let 'em speak. We got Barney. He's a stage actor. That girl from San Francisco's been in stock. And old man Forsythe was one of Shakespeare's pals, the way he tells it."

"Use your own judgment," said O'Connell, getting up. "But you better talk to some of those boys over at the laboratory. They may tell you some things you can't do."

When he had gone, Tom smiled lazily at Barney.

"I'm beginning to get sort of pepped up on this thing," he said. "Just making ordinary pictures was getting pretty monotonous. Suppose the audience should happen to like this. Sounds crazy, I know. Well, let's talk to Gallico."

Gallico was a technical expert on the mechanical apparatus of talking or sound reproduction. Naturally he was rated as a bit goofy by the general staff. Night after night he stayed at the laboratory, fiddling around with stuff which they plainly told him nobody would ever use. He had rigged up a microphone that slid on wires and would follow the speaker. He had some much improved disks for recording the voice.

They talked with Gallico at length.

BEGAN the grind.

There were long, hard, disheartening days, when the mere idea of a talking motion picture seemed ridiculous. Days spent in hidden spots in the foothills back of Santa Monica Cañon. Days when nothing went right and Barney Weldon, very dashing in his caballero costume, with a little mustache and tightly curled black hair, laughed sardonically at his early, if secret, fervor.

Nights in the projection room, when they ran the day's take and were torn between tears of disappointment and hysterical laughter at the squeaks and squawks that emerged from the box. Nights when everything went dead and the picture ran without sound, the actors looking incredibly silly as they mouthed and gestured in slow tempo and nothing came forth from the magic sound track.

But there were days when the lines read smoothly and the scenes against the scrub oaks and the brown hills back drop were as effective as though they were played on the boards of Broadway.

Nights when they sat awestruck and thrilled, while Barney's entrancing voice filled the room with defiance, satire, love, and laughter.

Still Barney had said nothing to Winona.

She had objected seriously to the mustache.

"Anybody would think I married a Spanish count or something," she said.

"You might as well have," said Barney.

"And for that second-rate little old Allied company, too," said Miss Bell.

But she wasn't particularly interested in what he was doing. Partly because she had troubles of her own. A motion-picture star always has plenty of trouble, what with stories and directors and publicity and leading men and supervisors and exhibitors and the box office. But Winona had special troubles.

The powers that be at her studio were suggesting rather insistently that she make a voice test.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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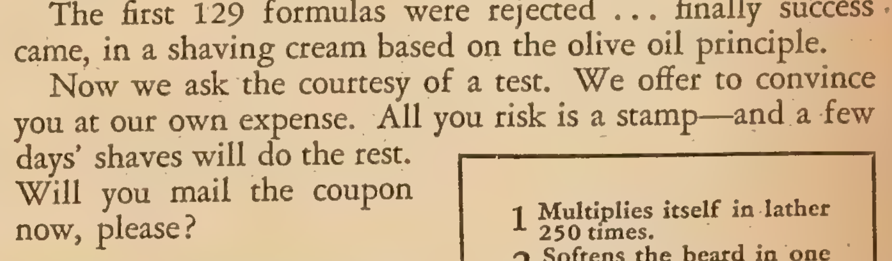

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THE PRINCE CONSORT
Continued from page thirty-five

"Of course I'm not going to do it," she told Barney the first time it came up. "I never heard anything so crazy. They'll be asking me to make phonograph records next. I think A. B. has lost his mind. Why, I was talking to Sidney Forrest just yesterday, and you'll admit he knows pictures. He says it can't be done. He says they'll destroy all illusions of reality if they try to put the voice with pictures. The art of motion pictures is essentially pantomime, he says, and pantomime must be silent. If you add another dimension—well, you can see for yourself."

"Well—" said Barney.

"Besides," said Winona Bell, "motion-picture stars have to be beautiful. They can't be twisting their faces around to talk and sing. And the stage stars that know how to do it are all so old and homely they won't photograph. I wish they'd stop talking about it."

But they didn't.

In spite of her ardent protest, the fatal day arrived—the day of her voice test.

The night before, Barney tried to talk it over with her.

"You know, Wink," he said, "I knew something about the stage. If you'd give me your script I could help you with the lines. There's a way of speaking lines that gets most out of them, but it takes a little understanding to get them across."

But Winona was tired and very peevish.

"What difference does it make? They'll never make any talking pictures, really. Besides, I hate to hear a woman shouting the way they do on the stage. I don't think it's ladylike."

"I wouldn't shout if I were you," said Barney. "You see, Wink, it's like this. When you do dialogue it's almost like making a phonograph record, only they haven't perfected it and the needle won't stay in the groove if you cover a big range. I mean if you go down or up too much, the needle jumps the track and that loses your words. The thing to do is to get as much expression in your voice as you can in a narrow range of tones. Lots of stage actors will get half their words lost on that account. Movie actors have just as good a chance as anyone, because you've got to fit the technique of speaking lines into the limitations of the microphone. And we do know our motion pictures. And even if they're talkies, they're still motion pictures."

"Talkies?" said Winona. "You talk as if you thought they'd come to stay."

"Maybe they have," said Barney.

Chaos and old night. Uproar and insanity—some temporary, some permanent.

Hollywood, which until that time had been a fairly well regulated factory town, turning out a staple product for a sure net income, became a raging inferno.

OF course, a certain amount of temperament had always cropped out on the surface. But that was actually just as though the dyes in a silk factory had turned blue instead of green, or a certain year's make of automobile had manufactured an obstreperous carburetor. Underneath, Hollywood had been financially, economically, industrially sound, engineered therein by a group of Jewish business men who might be maddeningly short on art, but were long on marketing a popular piece of goods at the best price.

Then came the talkies.

Established scenario writers who had been sure of six scripts a year at anywhere from ten to twenty-five thousand per, found themselves discarded for any playwright who had even so much as opened on Broadway.

The fixed stellar heavens suffered eclipses and comets until movie astrologers couldn't tell whether Jupiter was Venus or both of them were Saturn. New York stage stars were lured by huge salaries, and wilted under the frightful test of the camera lens. Broken-down actresses of a generation ago began to be seen upon the horizon as voice tutors to beautiful but hitherto dumb money-getters of the silver sheet. Screen lovers renowned for their virility turned out to speak tenor.

From a white elephant of monastic quietude, the Roosevelt Hotel became a western version of Tin Pan Alley. No harassed director could walk the length of its corridors without being buttonholed by some song writer who began humming tunes, all of which were entitled, "I've just written a knockout."

Westinghouse, General Electric, and Radio became important to people who had never given them a thought except when they wanted to buy an electric toaster or turn on some dance music.

A mixer no longer meant a guy who was successful at any party, orgy or otherwise, but an omnipotent being who sat aloft and worked little dials of superlative importance to voice projection.

Studio heads tore up stages, built new ones, burned them down, and installed refrigeration and soundproof devices in the latest models.

From the resulting madness a few facts emerged.

Almost from the first, and one of the contributing causes, was that The Desperado was a knockout.

A sensation, a box-office riot.

The Desperado was the first western talkie, the first all-dialogue production, and as such it carried a standing-room-only sign like the tail on a kite.

Jimmy O'Connell had The Flower of Cuba in production before The Desperado was released. Immediately thereafter he began shooting nights, Sundays, and holidays to get it out while the box office was hot. Talkies might still prove a fad.

In The Flower of Cuba Bernard Weldon had a part which suggested The Virginian and Don Juan combined.

A month after its release his fan mail was up to twenty-two thousand letters a month.

MISS WINONA BELL stepped out of her Rolls-Royce town car and walked quickly across the flagged walk to her own front door. Her chin was well up and one small foot tapped restlessly as she waited for the butler to answer her impatient ring.

By the time a maid came, her lips were white, but, much to the girl's surprise, she said nothing.

Inside the house, Miss Bell threw a swift glance around the paneled hall, the big quiet living room, untenanted but full of sunshine and flowers.

Upstairs, Barney's big room was quiet, too, but as she stood in the doorway a young colored man came out of the dressing room, his arms full of clothes.

"Afternoon, Missus Weldon," he said amiably. "You got home earlier than you was expected."

"Where's my husband?" said Winona Bell.

"Guess he's out by the swimming pool," said Robert casually. "Lot of folks come over to see him and they all went in swimming. You better go out there, too, Missus Weldon. Guess who's out there. Miss Ethel Ravenwood, her own self. Isn't everybody Miss Ethel Ravenwood goes visiting to, I can tell you. I used to work for her brother on the stage when—"

Miss Bell came as close to a glare as she ever permitted herself. But she went through the quiet house and down the rolling terraces toward the swimming pool.

It certainly sounded as though Barney and his friends were having a very good time. Laughter and little shouts and occasional splashes came drifting up to her. Once she stopped, undecided. How could he! Carrying on with a lot of people—*women*—like that when—she set her jaw and went on down. After all, she was Winona Bell.

Barney, full length on the little beach of white sand, with nothing on but a pair of trunks and a tan that would have done justice to the Desperado himself, rose to his feet when he saw her. Winona realized suddenly that, except for Hoot Torrence in the background, she didn't know a soul there.

But Barney did the introductions in a charming, casual way.

This was Miss Ravenwood. The very way he said it suggested that Winona was supposed to be overcome by this presentation to the gorgeous descendant of the world's most famous theatrical family.

Miss Ravenwood gave Winona a brilliant smile, reached out one lovely hand in a gesture which had made thrones totter, back in the days when kings were kings, and said richly: "So this is my darling Barney's little Wink. Come and give me a kiss, child. You really are sweet."

Winona Bell gave her a Borgia kiss.

Then there was Renée Fournier, the exquisite Renée, who had succeeded in keeping her French accent unimpaired by fifteen years of stardom on the American stage.

Renée rolled her brown eyes and her French *r*'s at Winona and said, "Madame Weldon, it iss so niz for us that we find Barney in thes desert of Hollywood. Are you not proud of your niz husband?"

And then Miss Irene Cord, première comedienne, and John Martine, who had given Park Avenue débutantes heart failure for many seasons, and Hans Huntmann, clown and highbrow, and young Felix Westing, who had written three capacity successes in one season.

Miss Winona Bell sat down in one of her striped canvas beach chairs and was silent, as perhaps became a leading exponent of what had once been the silent drama.

Around her flowed talk of theater, of plays, of great ones whose names will never die while the theater survives; as it has survived every cataclysm and conquered every rival since history began.

She tried to listen, but the blood throbbed in her ears. She felt incredibly, horribly lonely. Once, when the great Miss Ravenwood leaned over and whispered something in Barney's ear, she felt cold all over.

Looking up, she met Hoot's mild blue eyes. In them she seemed to read a malice that startled her. Barney was so crazy about Hoot— She tried to look defiant, but somehow she could not. Not while she fought back the tears and choked down that awful lump in her throat. The look she gave Hoot was much more like that of a kitten who has been slapped and doesn't know why.

She was silent. She was terribly frightened.

AND suddenly, while Barney and Ethel Ravenwood were gloriously remembering something or other that happened in London, Winona Bell heard Hoot's slow voice in her ear.

"Women are rotten winners," it said, "but usually they're damn' good losers. And the reverse is true. Most men can win gracefully, but they make pretty bum losers. Remember that, will you? You been a bum winner. Let's see what you look like as a loser."

Loser? Did he mean she had lost Barney? To Ethel Ravenwood?

Or did he mean—? Her mind tried confusedly to figure it out.

At last they were all gone.

"Barney," said Winona Bell bravely. "Barney, they didn't renew my contract."

Barney Weldon sat up with a jerk.

"Why, the dirty dogs!" he said.

"My talkie tests were terrible," said Winona Bell.

A good loser? Was that what Hoot had said? All right.

"I didn't know how terrible they were until I heard Miss Ravenwood speak just now. I'm—out."

"But, my precious little darling," said Barney Weldon, "what does it matter? You're you. If you want a job, I'll see Jimmy O'Connell about it. But—"

Winona Bell held her breath.

"But, Wink, couldn't you—wouldn't you like to just be my wife for a while? I need you so."

"Do you, Barney?" said Winona Bell, and began to sob bitterly.

"Why, Wink—Wink—" said Barney.

In his arms, she went on sobbing.

"I wouldn't go away with you when you asked me," she said. "And I was mean to you, and horrid, and I never was anything but a dumb movie star, and now I'm not even that. Oh, Barney, they were so mean to me! And if you don't love me any more, now you're rich and famous, I'll die!"

Barney Weldon let out one shout of joyous laughter and then was untrue to his goddess, the talkie.

For one thing the talkies haven't changed is the final fade-out.

THE END

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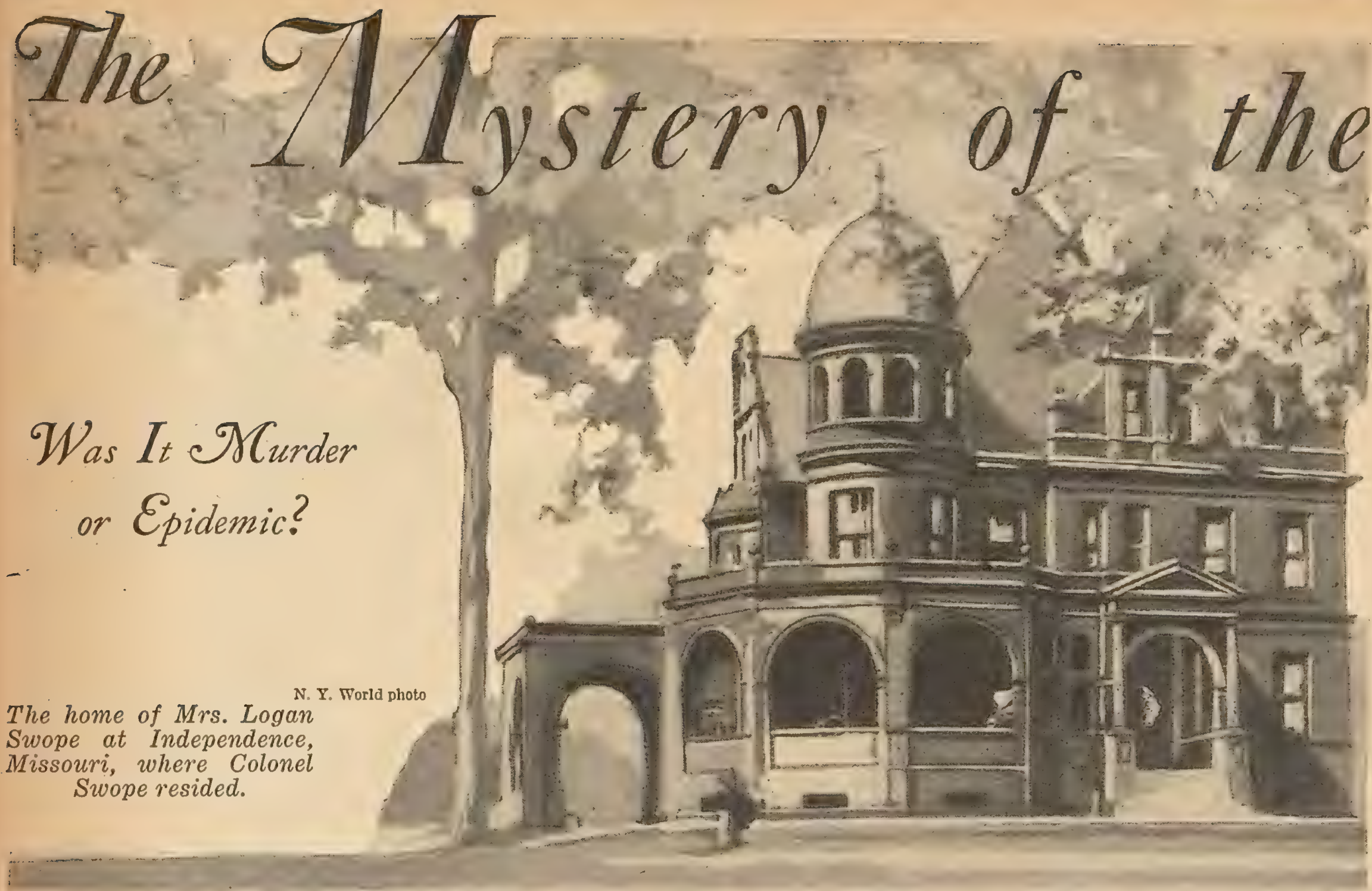

Was It Murder or Epidemic?

N. Y. World photo

The home of Mrs. Logan Swope at Independence, Missouri, where Colonel Swope resided.

N. Y. World photo
Mrs. B. Clark Hyde

Geo. G. Bain photo
Thomas H. Swope, Jr.

N. Y. World photo
Lucy Lee Swope

N. Y. World photo
Margaret Swope

P. & A. photo
Stella Swope

P. & A. photo
Sarah Swope

N. Y. World photo
Mrs. Logan Swope

By
SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

DR. BENNETT CLARK HYDE of Kansas City, Missouri, either attempted to execute the most diabolical plot in all the history of murder, or he was as pitiful a figure as ever was enmeshed in a net of weird circumstances that almost carried an innocent man to the hangman's noose.

Thomas Hunton Swope was born in Lincoln County, Kansas, on October 21, 1827. He was educated at Central College and then went to Yale. After a few years he inherited $20,000; and in 1857 he went to the little frontier town of Kansas City, Missouri.

Swope at once put all his money into real estate, and although his friends thought him slightly balmy he lived to see skyscrapers throw shadows across his acres. He never married, and he was not only a shrewd business man with rare vision, but he was extremely philanthropic on a large scale as well as generous to his friends.

Following the Civil War, in which he served on the Union side, Colonel Swope returned to Kansas City, to garner money with one hand and give it away with the other. His most notable gift was Swope Park, a tract of 1,354 lovely acres, the third largest municipal park in the world; but he also gave to hospitals, schools, clinics, and other worthy causes.

An interesting sidelight on the colonel is the fact that he drank heavily for more than sixty years, so heavily that he seldom violated his pleasant program of becoming wholly intoxicated by noon each day. When he was eighty-one years old he climbed aboard the water wagon, and from that moment, of course, declined until his death a year later. Since he hadn't been sick a day prior to his renunciation of liquor, he was seriously planning to resume his wonted healthful wassail; but, unhappily, he died before he could rectify his great mistake.

In 1900 his brother, Logan, died, and the old capitalist gave up his bachelor quarters in Kansas City and moved out to the home of Logan's widow, Mrs. Maggie Swope, in Independence, a suburb ten miles out. The home sat atop an eminence in the midst of twenty beautiful acres.

MRS. SWOPE had seven children, and in the autumn of 1909, at the time of the baffling tragedy of which I write, she was fifty-four years of age. Her children then were Chrisman, thirty-one years old; Frances (she had married Dr. Hyde), thirty; Thomas, twenty-seven; Lucy Lee, twenty-three; Margaret, twenty-one; Stella, sixteen; and Sarah, fourteen. Thomas, who had lost an arm in a Nevada mine, lived with his wife on a farm near Independence. The others lived in the family mansion.

James Moss Hunton was a cousin of Colonel Swope, his friend and adviser, a legatee of his will, and one of its executors. He lived with the Swopes. The other executors were John G. Paxton, an old friend, and Stuart S. Fleming, a nephew who lived in Tennessee but spent much of his time in Independence. Before I summarize the provisions of Colonel Swope's will, I shall introduce the chief characters in our story.

Great Swope Plague

Strauss Peyton photo from N. Y. World

Dr. B. Clark Hyde, who was tried three times for murder, following the death of Colonel Swope.

N. Y. World photo

Colonel Thomas H. Swope, the Missouri philanthropist, whose death began one of the most sensational of real life mysteries.

$10,000 for the Best Solutions of TEN REAL LIFE MYSTERIES

THE Mystery of the Great Swope Plague is the fourth of ten stories of famous crimes and mysteries about which I am writing in my new $10,000 mystery contest series. Here, for the first time, the principal characters and known facts, clews, and motives will be mobilized and related in complete stories.

Everybody loves to find his own solution to an answerless riddle—and it will be much more entertaining to be paid real money for reaching a solution! Liberty therefore is going to give its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten puzzles. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, prizes will be duplicated.

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It isn't necessary that you be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to Liberty. Everyone is eligible except employees of Liberty and their relatives. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. A limit of 500 words is suggested but not required.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your entry. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, all solutions of each mystery must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story concerning it is completed. Names of winners will be published as soon as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine. SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

B. Clark Hyde, as he signed himself, was born on a farm near Bunceton, Cooper County, Missouri, in 1872. His father was a retired Baptist minister. Later they moved to Lexington, about sixty-five miles from Kansas City. Hyde was a descendant of Edward Hyde, first Duke of Clarendon, and George Rogers Clark, the pioneer. His family was favorably prominent in the state. After the Lexington schools, he was graduated from William Jewell College, in Liberty, and then he attended the University Medical College in Kansas City.

ON May 4, 1905, Hyde was appointed a police surgeon. He resigned in 1907.

Dr. Hyde then began private practice and he thrived. He was a handsome chap, pleasant and popular. His eyes were gray and cold.

In 1903 he met Frances Swope and she fell madly in love with him. Her family disapproved of the romance and Hyde was not ardently welcomed at her home. In June, 1905, Frances went to visit friends in Fayetteville, Arkansas, and Hyde followed. They were married on June 21.

The young pair went to live on Forest Avenue in Kansas City, and it was not until early in 1909 that the family became reconciled to the marriage.

On December 1, 1909, Hyde was elected president of the Jackson County Medical Society, and this happened in the midst of his troubles. He resigned the following February.

On June 17, 1905, Colonel Swope prepared a holographic will disposing of an estate appraised at more than $3,500,000. After providing for friends and relatives

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MYSTERY OF THE GREAT SWOPE PLAGUE
Continued from page thirty-nine

and many charities, he gave outright to Chrisman, Lucy, Margaret, Stella, and Sarah $269,555 each. To Thomas he gave $210,448 and to Frances Hyde $135,555.

The residuary estate amounted to $1,405,595, and if Colonel Swope died before otherwise disposing of this sum, it was to be divided among ten nephews and nieces (there were three others outside the Swope family), or about $140,559 to each. This would give the first five named above about $410,114; Thomas would receive $351,007, and Frances $276,114.

If any of these ten died, his or her part of this residue was to go to the others in the proportions above set forth. Thus, if Chrisman died his brother and sisters would each receive $58,587 additional. If Margaret died, Frances, the wife of Dr. Hyde, and the other surviving ones would each get $78,116; and so on in increasing ratio as each brother and sister expired.

If Hunton died before Swope did, his legacy of about $62,000 would go into the residuary, and Frances would get about $6,000. Whoever then should be selected to replace Hunton, in the event of such a death, would receive fat fees and plenty of profits through handling the estate.

N. Y. World photo

Where Dr. Hyde lived in Kansas City, Mo.

A snapshot showing Dr. Hyde as he looked when on trial.

The prosecutor claimed on Hyde's trials that the motive for Hyde's committing the murders and the attempted murders he was charged with arose out of this situation—because the more relatives died, the more would Frances profit.

In the late summer of 1909, Colonel Swope discussed with friends the idea of leaving the above residuary to charity. He said he had already given his relatives enough, and that they might be spoiled if they received too much. Indeed, late in August he took the will from his downtown vault and carried it about in his pocket. It was found in his vest a few moments after he died.

The foregoing, then, briefly sets the stage on which was enacted the extraordinary series of events that I can, perhaps, best narrate by resorting to chronological sequences, relating the incidents and the state's interpretations thereof, and at the end giving Hyde's version.

All of the foregoing facts, as well as those set forth in the following narrative, were disclosed in the proceedings which were taken by the public authorities in connection with their official investigation of the matter, and which resulted in the indictment and trial of Dr. Hyde for the murder of Colonel Swope, of which proceedings and trial this article is intended to be a fair and true account.

ON September 5, 1909, Colonel Swope fell against a table in his library. He was nearly eighty-two years old and quite feebly senile. He was taken upstairs and put to bed, and a neighborhood doctor was called. Swope had his will in the bedroom and studied it from time to time.

September 12; Sunday. Hyde and his wife visited the house. He spent an hour or so with the old man and on his return to the drawing-room talked at length about the colonel's will and his plan to bequeath the residuary to charity. Mrs. Swope and Hunton testified about this conversation.

September 13. Miss Pearl Keller, a nurse, is taken out to the suburb by Hyde and installed. Hyde says that the colonel needs a digestive medicine and that he will buy it in town and bring it out.

The same day Hyde buys at Hugo Brecklein's drug store, where he traded, four five-grain capsules of cyanide of potassium. He phoned the clerk and it was sent up without question.

September 14. Hyde buys from Brecklein twenty-four five-grain capsules of Holadin, a proprietary digestive medicine. Three-grain doses are proper for adults, certain doctors testified. Hyde, however, didn't take these capsules to the old man until October 2, and he said he never unwrapped the package. Yet he testified elsewhere that the box was pink and recited the druggist's written directions: "Take one after each meal."

September 26. Lucy Lee Swope starts on a trip to Paris.

October 1. Hunton is stricken with apoplexy at dinner. Dr. George T. Twyman, family physician, is called, and Hyde is telephoned to. Twyman waits until Hyde arrives, and after a consultation they bleed Hunton. The nurse testified that after considerable blood had been let, Twyman suggested, and then demanded, that they stop, but Hyde insisted they hadn't drawn enough blood.

Hunton died at 8 P. M., an hour after the bleeding began. At ten o'clock, Miss Keller says, Hyde asked her to influence Colonel Swope to appoint him as executor of the will in place of Hunton. She says she refused to do so.

For ten days or so prior to Hunton's death Colonel Swope was so far recovered that he and Miss Keller were taking long rides, and he was walking about the house.

OCTOBER 2; Saturday. Hyde and his wife return to the house and bring with them a five-gallon carboy of a distilled water, for their own use.

He had never previously done this, but had drunk, with the rest of the household, water kept in a cooler in the butler's pantry.

Miss Keller said Hyde repeated his request about being substitute executor, and she again demurred. He handed her a capsule with orders to give it to Colonel Swope. And although Swope was so well that he was planning to go to Kansas City the following Monday to change his will, Mrs. Hyde went to the local undertaker, ordered a coffin for Hunton, and talked with him about a coffin for Colonel Swope, quoting Hyde as saying the old man would not get well.

October 3. At the breakfast table Hyde asks Miss Keller if her patient has had his capsule. She replies that he was so much better that he refused to take it.

He instructed her to see that he took it. She went upstairs and gave it to Swope, and in less than thirty minutes he was in the throes of a frightful convulsion.

Hyde said it was a stroke of apoplexy, but he did not call Twyman, or bleed him, as he had Hunton. Swope had a high, bounding pulse of 140 a minute, and the character of his convulsion was identical to that of strychnine poisoning, yet instead of bleeding him Hyde gave him several hypodermics of strychnine, which is strongly contra-indicated.

At 7:15 P. M. Colonel Swope expired, and a few minutes later his will was taken from his pocket and was being read downstairs by Mrs. Swope and Hyde and Mrs. Hyde.

October 4. Hunton is buried; and a couple of days later, after lying in state, the aged philanthropist is laid to rest in a vault in Forest Hills Cemetery.

October 9. The will is offered for probate.

November 1. Hyde visits the office of Dr. E. L. Stewart, physician and bacteriologist, and requests a supply of germs for experimental purposes.

November 10. Hyde gets from Stewart five tubes of germs, three of typhoid and two of diphtheria. It develops later that, through a mistake, only one of the latter tubes contained diphtheria germs, the other holding pus bacilli.

November 11. Hyde buys at Brecklein's forty-four media tubes for growing and transporting germs.

November 16. Hyde buys fifty-two more tubes from Brecklein.

November 21; Sunday. Hyde and his wife eat dinner at the Swope home, eight persons testifying that they were there. Hyde and his wife both testified that that night they ate dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Cleary in Kansas City, and these hosts corroborated their claim.

November 22. Hyde buys fifty more tubes at Brecklein's.

November 25; Thanksgiving Day. Hyde and his wife dine at the Swope home. They bring with them a bottle of the private drinking water.

November 28. Mrs. Swope goes to Chicago for a visit.

December 2. Four persons in the house become ill of typhoid fever. They are Leonora Copridge, a little colored maid; Chrisman, Margaret, and Miss Georgia Compton, a seamstress in the home.

December 3. Hyde buys sixty-five more tubes at Brecklein's.

December 4. Nora Bell Dickson, a cousin who had lived with the Swopes for seven years and had gone away in June, returning just before Thanksgiving, becomes ill of typhoid.

DECEMBER 4. Hyde buys from Brecklein six five-grain capsules of cyanide of potassium. The clerk who took the order over the phone reported to Brecklein. Brecklein, a druggist for twenty-three years, had never before sold cyanide in capsules, and his clerks had never sold any to a physician. Cyanide is used in the arts for cleansing purposes. Its deadly principle is prussic acid, ninety-eight parts of potash and two parts of the acid. It comes in large crystals and somewhat resembles broken alum. It is never used for medicinal purposes.

Brecklein told his clerk to call up Hyde and ask him what he wanted it for, having bought four such capsules on September 13. The clerk said Hyde told him he wanted it to kill certain neighborhood dogs that were annoying him with their nocturnal barking. Brecklein refused to send it, and Hyde came in, repeated his remark about the dogs, and was given the package.

Hyde's interpretation of all this will, of course, be given presently.

December 4. Hyde moves into the Swope home to help during the typhoid epidemic. He brings a box of chocolate candy for Stella and Sarah, though he never before had so regaled them. Later that evening three nurses are sent for.

December 5. Mrs. Swope returns hurriedly from Chicago. Chrisman is so far recovered that he is walking around and is talking about shaving himself. At 3:30 P. M. Nurse Houlehan leaves the room and Hyde enters. When she returns he tells her he has given Chrisman his capsule, the first he had ever given him. In twenty minutes Chrisman has a convulsion,

TINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

Photograph by G. Maillard Kesslère

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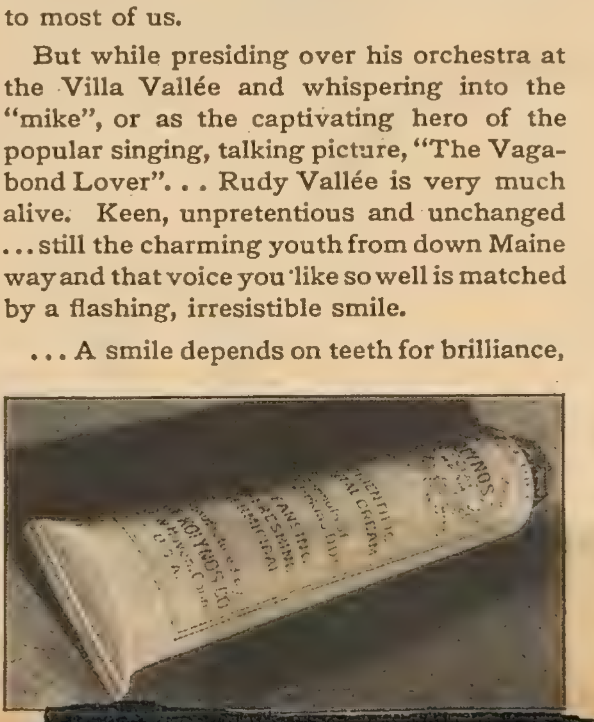

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THE MYSTERY OF THE GREAT SWOPE PLAGUE
Continued from page forty-one

exactly like the one that was fatal to Swope. Dr. Twyman is sent for and he gives him a hypodermic and prescribes a hot pack to make him perspire. After he leaves Hyde orders the pack removed; but the nurse replaced it after Hyde left the room, and Chrisman rallied.

The same evening Stuart Fleming, nephew, legatee, and executor, departs for his Tennessee home ill with typhoid.

December 6. Mrs. Swope cables Lucy in Paris to return home at once. Hyde enters Chrisman's room; remarks that he is much better and that it is time to give him his medicine, although he is Twyman's patient. He hands Miss Houlehan a capsule, seemingly taken from a box on the dresser, and she gives it to Chrisman. In less than thirty minutes he is in a convulsion, and in an hour or so he is dead.

December 7. Hyde attends a dinner in Kansas City to celebrate his election as president of the medical society.

December 9. Hyde buys at Brecklein's twelve five-grain cyanide of potassium capsules.

December 10. Sarah goes to bed with typhoid. That afternoon Hyde gives Stella a capsule and tells her to give it to the nurse to give Sarah.

This capsule was never administered.

That same day Miss Mildred Fox, a young friend of Stella and Sarah who was visiting the home on December 4 and had eaten some of the chocolate candy, is taken to bed with typhoid fever.

December 11. Miss Keller returns to nurse Sarah. That afternoon Stella is in bed with typhoid fever. A fourth nurse is sent for.

December 12. Margaret is much better. She has received numerous hypodermics from Twyman and had beneficial results. At 6 P. M. Miss Gordon, Margaret's nurse, goes to dinner. She is away about twenty minutes. Into the semi-darkened room Hyde comes, goes to the bedside, and tells Margaret, who was Twyman's patient, that he is going to give her a hypodermic. Without feeling her pulse he does so, and leaves the room.

OUTSIDE he met Miss Churchill, another nurse, and said he had just given Margaret a camphorated oil hypodermic because he found her pulse poor. Miss Gordon returned and found Margaret crying, her arm hurt so. She hunted Hyde and he told her he had found her pulse intermittent and had injected camphorated oil.

Not only did everybody testify that the pungent fumes of camphorated oil could not be smelled, but Margaret's arm became so inflamed and painful that it troubled her the following April, at the time of Hyde's trial. It was diagnosed as a virulent inflammation from pus germs.

December 13. Twyman is annoyed by the condition of Margaret's arm, and Hyde tells him the nurse had reported to him that Margaret's pulse was intermittent and he had given her the hypodermic.

At 9 A. M. Hyde starts for New York to meet Lucy and bring her home. After he has left Dr. Stewart goes to his office and finds that the typhoid culture has been partly used.

December 15. Hyde and Lucy leave New York for Kansas City. On the trip, Lucy said later, she was thirsty and Hyde brought her some water in a folding cup.

December 16. Dr. Stewart visits Hyde's office again and finds the tube of "diphtheria" culture partly used.

Later he discovered that this tube contained pus germs and not diphtheria bacilli.

December 17. Hyde and Lucy reach Independence.

December 18. Hyde goes into Margaret's room; finds her almost well, except for the dreadfully swollen arm. He examined her medicines, among them a box of capsules, and tells the nurse to give her her medicine. The nurse gives her a capsule and in twenty-five minutes she is seized by a convulsion identical to that which killed

Colonel Swope and her brother Chrisman. Hyde went into town.

Twyman hurried in and gave her a hypodermic of one grain of morphine and one hundredth of a grain of nitroglycerine. She vomited into a pan, and that was put in a bottle and saved.

At 8:30 o'clock that night Hyde returns from Kansas City and is told by his wife that Twyman wants to see him in his office immediately. Nobody but his wife speaks to him, and an hour or so later he walks the ten blocks to Twyman's.

On the way he stops beneath a lamp-post and drops something in the snow, trampling on it. Tom Swope happens to see this, and after Hyde goes on he finds several fragments of a capsule. He hurries into a nearby house, the home of Mrs. Clinton, and phones to Dr. Twyman what he has picked up, and that Hyde is on the way.

At 10:30 Hyde returns to the Swope home, and within half an hour he and his wife pack their bags and return to Kansas City. Mrs. Swope tells her daughter she is sorry circumstances are such that their departure is desirable.

An hour later Mr. Paxton, one of the executors of Swope's will, goes with Tom to the place where Hyde had trodden the snow, and they find other pieces of capsules, which they place in an envelope.

December 22. Lucy goes to bed with typhoid fever.

The same day Brecklein's drug store burns, but the books are saved and are later produced in court to show Hyde's account and his purchases of culture tubes and cyanide.

December 30. The body of Chrisman is removed from the vault, an autopsy is held, and the viscera are sent to Chicago for examination by experts there.

JANUARY 3, 1910. Dr. Haines, in Chicago, finds a small quantity of strychnine in Chrisman's stomach.

January 12. Colonel Swope's body is taken from the vault, and the vital organs sent to Chicago.

January 26. Part of Swope's liver is delivered to Dr. Vaughn of the University of Michigan, and he finds a lethal quantity of strychnine in it—fifty-two milligrams, or fifty-two sixty-sixths of a grain.

February 3. Dr. Haines finds strychnine in Margaret's vomit.

February 7. A coroner's inquest is begun in Independence, and on the 9th a warrant is issued charging Hyde with the murder of Colonel Swope.

February 12. A grand jury is impaneled, and on March 5 Hyde is indicted. Two days later he is arraigned, pleads not guilty, and is released on $50,000 bail.

March 9. Toxicologists find cyanide in the fragments of capsules Hyde trampled into the snow.

April 11. The trial begins. It was one of the most sensational in American history. The country was divided as to Hyde's guilt, and the newspapers gave the story space interminable.

All of the foregoing was brought out by the prosecution at the several trials. Much else was brought out, as will be seen. Celebrated lawyers were engaged for the struggle. Hyde's counsel was headed by Frank P. Walsh, the nationally known attorney; and the people were represented by Virgil Conkling, the prosecutor, and James A. Reed, later United States senator from Missouri. Mrs. Swope personally retained Mr. Reed as a special prosecutor.

Mrs. Swope testified that she had lived on the premises since childhood, and that nobody ever had had typhoid. Nobody had ever suffered from the water. Miss Dickson had lived there for seven years as a governess. She left in June, returned in November, and was ill of typhoid fever nine days later.

Leonora Copridge, the colored maid, waited on the table and used the family water cooler. She got typhoid. Ida Coperidge, the cook, worked in the basement; and Robert Williams, colored, worked on the premises. They drank cistern water, and they never got typhoid.

Dr. Hall, a bacteriologist, was called in to examine the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE MYSTERY OF THE GREAT SWOPE PLAGUE
Continued from page forty-five

premises, and he said to Mrs. Swope in Hyde's presence: "The epidemic indicates a scientific experiment rather than an unhealthy condition. I can see no cause for the epidemic. It strikes me that it walked in and out—that it walked in and deposited a very heavy dose and then walked out."

Three other scientists went over the premises with a microscope, examined the cistern and stables, the milking of the cows, the privy, the drainage, the plumbing, and so on, and found no source for the typhoid.

Dr. Stewart, after suspicion had been aroused against Hyde late in December, asked him if he had made any experiments with the bacilli. Hyde said no, that he was merely fooling around. Yet he had bought hundreds of culture tubes.

It was contended by the state that the capsule he gave the nurse to give Colonel Swope was followed by a convulsion; that the capsule he gave Chrisman was so followed; that the capsule he gave the nurse to give Chrisman was followed by a fatal convulsion; that the capsule Margaret took from the box Hyde had handled was followed by a convulsion; that the capsule he gave Stella to be given to Sarah was not given and that the child had no convulsion.

The state was somewhat handicapped because Dr. Twyman had died just before the trial began, and evidence could not be introduced as to why he had sent for Hyde and what had occurred at that meeting which caused the Hydes to leave the Swope home forever; and what the nurses and Twyman talked about after they began to suspect Hyde.

The state emphasized that while standing under these suspicions Hyde made no demand for vindication; that he didn't demand exhumation of the bodies; that he didn't demand that the nurses face him; that he didn't demand that Twyman come out openly against him; that he didn't ask a group of fellow doctors to investigate the whole affair.

HE did sue Paxton for $100,000 libel, and he was able to get into the hands of his attorneys the grand jury minutes and the stories of the prosecution witnesses, and prepare for the forthcoming murder trial.

On April 17 Judge Ralph Latshaw excused the jury and revoked Hyde's bail on the ground that the testimony raised the presumption of guilt to a degree that did not warrant Hyde remaining at large where a costly mistrial would occur if he should disappear.

Hyde's lawyers made a bitter fight against this step, on the ground that it would so prejudice the jury that a fair trial would be impossible; but the judge stood firm and told the marshals to keep the fact from the jury.

Hyde, naturally, was the principal witness for the defense. In direct examination he denied:

That he knew his wife was a legatee.

That he talked to Swope about the will, or to Mrs. Swope and Hunton about the residuary portion that might go to charity.

That he was insistent or excessive in bleeding Hunton.

That he asked the nurse to have Swope make him an executor *vice* Hunton.

Dr. George T. Twyman.

That he helped give Swope a fatal capsule.

That he told the drugstore people the cyanide was for dogs.

That he gave capsules to Chrisman.

That he sent a capsule to Sarah via Stella.

That he injected pus germs into Margaret's arm.

That he gave Lucy typhoid germs.

That he put anything in Margaret's capsule box.

That he threw away capsules on December 18.

That he poisoned Swope or Chrisman or Margaret.

That he communicated typhoid germs to the family.

MRS. HYDE denied that Hyde had bled Hunton wrongfully; that she talked to the undertaker about a coffin for Colonel Swope; that Hyde helped give Swope a capsule; that he told the nurse to give Chrisman a capsule; that Tom was out of the house the night he said he found the capsules in the snow.

On cross-examination Hyde didn't fare so well, according to the prosecution. He insisted that he had bought the cyanide to use as a hand lotion to remove stains of nitrate of silver which he used in his venereal disease practice, and to kill cockroaches that swarmed about his office.

The state pointed out that cyanide of potassium is not deadly or even dangerous in its normal, dry state. It is only deadly when united with water, and then it is not the cyanide that is lethal but the resultant hydrocyanic gas. It would probably be harmless in the stomach until gastric juices transformed it into gas.

Yet Hyde said he planned to kill cockroaches by scattering a little of it on towels and in the cracks of his floor. If it touched a damp towel it would instantly generate a gas deadly to everybody in the office. His insistence that he expected the cockroaches to eat it was called ludicrous because it would be about as easy for a cockroach to eat pulverized granite.

Having scattered it about his office, he admitted he hadn't warned the janitor or the scrubwoman or his stenographer or his wife or the laundress at home who washed his office towels. The right way to kill cockroaches with cyanide, the state said, would be to plug up the cracks of the room, put some in a dish of water and leave it on the floor, letting the gas kill the insects.

Hyde could not say where he got the idea of killing cockroaches with cyanide. He said it was in some sort of pamphlet, but couldn't name the pamphlet, the author, the publisher, the date, how he received it, or what became of it. He said, at last, he thought it was an almanac pamphlet.

He wasn't sure how many cockroaches he had killed, but said it might have been between two and 200.

He insisted he had often bought cyanide before September 13 and had used it as a hand wash, because he preferred it to bichloride of mercury, which is commonly used by every doctor and nurse in America.

But he could not give the name of a single druggist he had ever bought it from, the date, the quantity, or the price. Nor could he show where he had bought the one-ounce bottle of camphorated oil he claimed he had when he gave Margaret the hypodermic.

BUT there were powerful blows struck in Hyde's defense. Old Swope had been ill for the whole year he had been on the water wagon. At the autopsy his body and brain were frozen stiff, and the defense showed that the experts had sawed the brain into sections half an inch thick and removed it with their fingers, and that it had crumbled and broken precisely at that part of its base which would show an apoplectic hemorrhage.

The bladder was filled with frozen liquid which was thrown away. That, the defense claimed, would have proved he had uræmic poisoning, and convulsions from that poisoning are the same as from strychnine. Some experts testified Swope really died of Bright's disease.

The old man's kidneys were sclerotic and granular; the left had a large tumorous growth; the liver was atrophied; there were tumors in the intestines. The aorta was wholly sclerotic and the renal artery was decayed.

The authorities agree a lethal dose of strychnine kills in two hours, and cyanide of potassium within five minutes to two hours. Swope lived all day.

The Swopes, amazingly enough, were accustomed to having a colored doctor attend to many of their ailments. This practitioner rejoiced in the name of Doctor Chasing Hatred Chase Jordan. Telephoned to by a patient, he would prescribe "Jordan's No. 2" or No. 8 or No. 13, as the case might, in his judgment, require! He apparently made up his own medicines, bottled them, gave them numbers, and wrote the directions on the labels.

For years Colonel Swope had used one of Dr. Jordan's concoctions which contained strychnine, and the defense claimed that this had piled up in the old man's system until he had on deposit the amount found there by the Chicago pathologists.

Embalming fluids will form hydro-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE MYSTERY OF THE GREAT SWOPE PLAGUE
Continued from page forty-seven

cyanic acid gas, the defense said, and this might explain the infinitesimal traces alleged to have been found by the Chicagoans in some of the organs submitted to them for analysis.

The defense scoffed at the state's suggestion that Hyde killed Hunton so he could become executor of Swope's new will, and then killed Swope so he could not make a new will.

There was nothing to show Hyde had bled Hunton to death; and, anyhow, that had nothing to do with the charge in the indictment that he had killed Swope.

A valuable point made by the defense was the fact that a vast mass of material had been introduced into the trial of Hyde for murdering Swope which had nothing to do with that charge, such as the typhoid accusations, the purchase of cyanide after Swope was dead, and, in fact, most of the testimony which, while damaging if believed, dealt with subsequent situations.

The defense also showed that in the spring of 1909 a colored girl in a cabin on the Swope premises did have typhoid fever. About thirty-five feet from the home was an open privy. Stools from the girl's bed were emptied there. A short distance away was an open cesspool. In December the privy contents had been moved by two colored men and thrown into the cesspool. These men milked the cows and handled the milk crocks. The mother of the girl and the girl herself had been domestics in the household.

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THE battery of lawyers led by Mr. Walsh dropped heavy barrages on the state's witnesses, both in cross-examinations and in the direct testimony of their own reputable experts.

On May 16 the jury was charged and retired. It soon reported that Hyde was guilty and fixed his punishment at life imprisonment.

Hyde appealed, and because the trial court proceedings were filled with reversible errors, the Missouri Supreme Court remanded the case for a new hearing. The second trial started October 24, 1911, and on December 11 a juror went crazy and escaped. He was found three days later and the case was called a mistrial.

On January 15, 1913, the third trial began. It ended on March 17 when the jurors had deliberated for eighty-six hours and were hopelessly deadlocked at nine to three for acquittal.

There were then four continuances, and finally the state pleaded lack of funds, and on April 9, 1917, the indictment was dismissed and the whole thing dropped. It had cost the state about $135,000, of which $100,000 was furnished by the Swope family. The cost to Hyde of his defense is not known. He was out on $50,000 bail for nearly seven years.

ON October 2, 1920, Mrs. Hyde sued for divorce. She charged repeated acts of cruelty. After considerable litigation, involving injunctions and contempt of court actions, Mrs. Hyde was given her divorce on December 6.

Hyde had resigned from the presidency of the medical society while in the midst of his troubles, but had retained his membership. In the spring of 1918 he was ousted. He sued for reinstatement, but the society succeeded in excluding him.

In 1920 Hyde, being hard pressed financially, took a course as a motor mechanic and got a job driving a truck for a sand and gravel concern. When this was discovered the publicity cost him his job. He then borrowed money and went to New York, where he studied, taking eye, ear, nose, and throat medical courses.

A couple of years ago he returned to his old home in Lexington, Missouri, and today is enjoying a satisfactory practice. He lives quietly alone, and he teaches in the Baptist Sunday school.

Two days after her divorce was granted, Mrs. Hyde called on her mother and they became reconciled after an estrangement of more than ten years.

In next week's Liberty Mr. Sutherland will tell the story of another real life mystery.

The NOTE

A Short Short Story

By

CATHERINE T. BELL

who for five years wrote advertising copy for a publishing house; before that edited an economics magazine; and before that was news editor for a picture syndicate—always wishing she could find time to try fiction writing. Then she married, went to Detroit, and found it. And behold, her first published story!

THE lights were on in the living room. She could see them as she passed into the lobby.

That meant Harry was home. He had found her note. She could picture him reading it, frowning at its childishness, smiling the amused, triumphant smile that had made her life with him unbearable.

Once she had adored that same smile, had trotted out every feminine art to coax it from him. But that had been a year ago, before she had married Harry. Before she had walked down the aisle with him past the stricken face of Wallie Grant—Wallie, her slave from babyhood, who had wanted her himself, who still wanted her, he said.

But her heart had been too full of surging happiness to see Wallie then. It was all rapture in which no one else mattered—no one except herself and Harry. All rapture and the joy of being alone in the cramped little stateroom, until Harry needed to get into the big suitcase. And she had forgotten the key.

She hadn't thought anything of that. She had always forgotten things. Her family were used to it and thought it funny. But Harry didn't think it funny. Oh, of course, after all the fuss and bother he had recovered his temper and they had settled down again to the joy of being together. But somehow the radiance was dimmed.

The rapture of their first breakfast in the new apartment had been dimmed, too. She had forgotten to put the coffee in the shining new percolator.

And their first party. She was sure everything was ready. And then, when Harry went to find his stiff-bosomed shirt, she had forgotten to get it from the laundry.

The picnic for the Andersons. She had forgotten the thermos bottle.

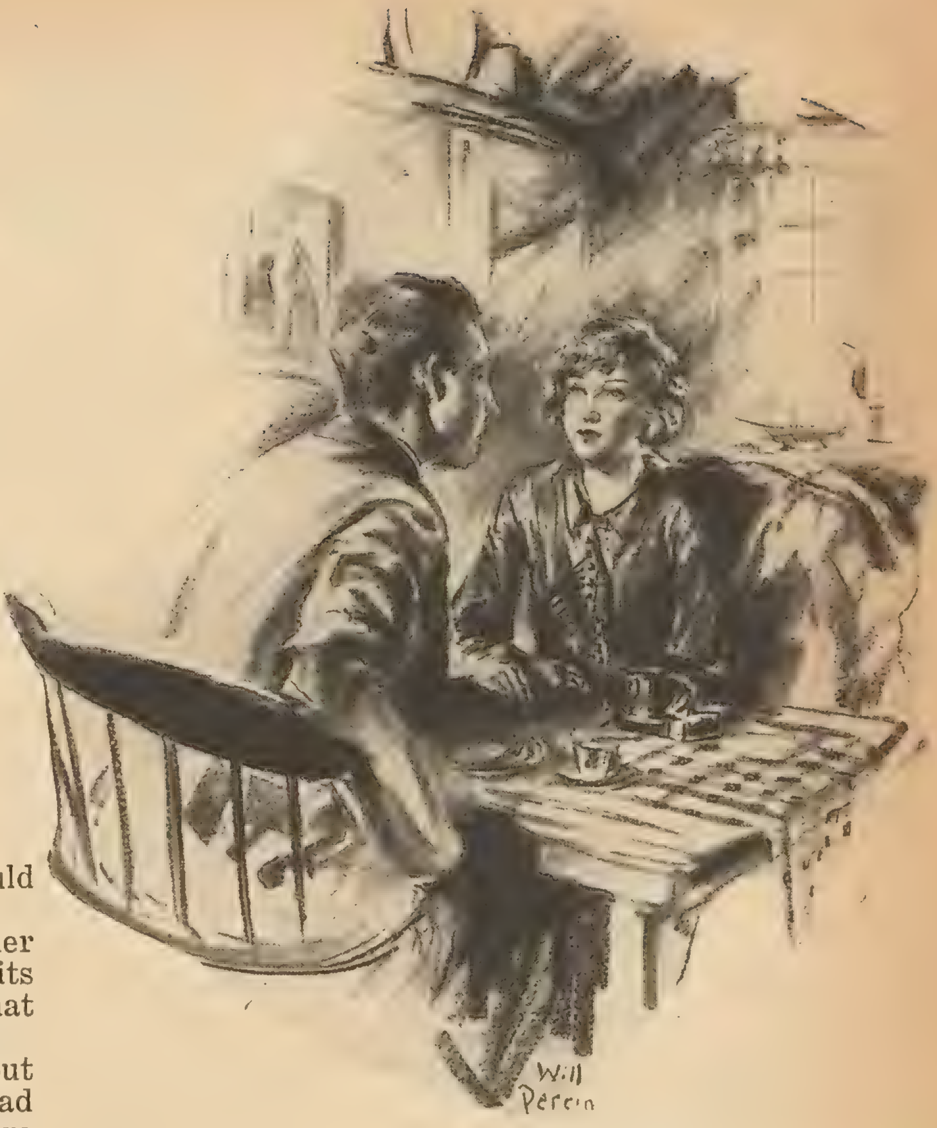
IT was about this time that Harry had stopped scolding. He had given it up. He simply forestalled her apology —"Ah, I see. You 'just forgot' "—and smiled.

It had gone on and on till everything was spoiled. It kept them apart, that cold, amused tone, that smile without warmth. Every repetition widened the breach. She had tried and tried, heaven knew. But it just seemed the harder she tried, the more she forgot.

What was it this morning? Oh, the gas bill! She had put it out to be sure to give him. And now it was too late for the discount.

It didn't matter. If it hadn't been that, it would have been something else. But it had been the last straw, her breaking point. Harry had looked at her curiously, for her eyes had not filled up, nor had her lips trembled as they had learned to do so easily now.

Even when the door had closed behind him, she had not cried. She had gone mechanically about her household tasks, thrusting away her decision as long as possible.



The rapture of their first breakfast had been dimmed. She had forgotten to put coffee in the percolator.

Then she had made up her mind. She would go to Wallie, leaving a note for Harry, just as they always did in stories. She had cried a good deal over that note. She had to blot it carefully, for it was wet with tears as well as ink.

It was horrid going to Wallie's. The desk clerk had stared, then sent her up. But Wallie had been glad to see her, exuberant, radiant. He hadn't seemed surprised, but so happy, so incoherent that it was a long time before she realized that this joy had nothing to do with her.

It had to do with a small white box from which Wallie proudly drew a ring. It was for Betty Martin—that baby! Why, she had been too young even for a bridesmaid.

DAZED, she had congratulated Wallie and escaped, her one idea to get home ahead of Harry.

And now—she would have to face it, whatever Harry wanted to do with her. She fumbled in her bag for her key. It was not there. Of course—she had left it on the desk, with the note.

Dumbly she rang the buzzer, the little ring she and Harry had made up for themselves, and went in.

Harry opened the door. He was smiling, and behind him on the table she saw yellow jonquils, her favorites, awkwardly fixed in a vase too large for them.

"Gave me a scare," said Harry. "It's the first time I ever found you gone. And you—"

"Forgot my key," she finished for him, pushing breathlessly past him to get to the desk. There on top lay the key, but no note. She turned, bewildered.

Harry had followed her in.

"Just so you don't forget to come home, young lady."

Harry was kissing her, drawing her almost hungrily closer and closer, bridging the gulf of coldness and disdain. Still holding her tight, he pulled her down with him on the divan.

And then she saw it—the merest slit of white under the blotting pad. She had forgotten to pull out the note for Harry.

THE END

Vox

Slight Hymn of Hate Entitled Mother o' Mine

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Just a line to ask you how did you dare use that cover, "Mother o' Mine"? What an insult! If Leslie Thrasher were my husband and insulted motherhood in that way I'd kill him.—*K. Lee.*

ALTOONA, PA.—My son, aged nine, calls me "mother o' mine." Your cover picture makes me hope he will call me anything else.—*A. G. Watton.*

NEWARK, N. J.—We notice that the cigarette in your cover picture, "Mother o' Mine," is resting on a comb. A combustible comb! Whisper something to Thrasher about this.—*J. D. Jones.*

SPRINGFIELD, O. — Leslie Thrasher, your cover artist, must have surely taken the hint about making his women heavier. Mrs. Smithers, Gwen's mother, would tip at about 173 if I am any judge. Give us Lil again, Leslie.—*P. V. H.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Thrasher should be thrashed. That female monstrosity on your cover, "Mother o' Mine," resembles a cross between a cow and a blood-sweating Behemoth. Better title would be "Mother o' Nine."—*Kenneth Kennedy.*

CHELTENHAM, PA.—I'm mailing you back your cover for March 15.

If this is the best you can do in the way of covers I prefer my Liberty without one.—*Mildred Darrow.*

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Tell Mr. Thrasher to get up off his foot and get to work and give us some covers *not* like the one with the fat woman on it.—*E. L. C.*

Mr. Griffith Gets a Few Things Off His Mind

SPRING CITY, TENN.—In the flood of twaddle that smears the pages of Vox Pop one occasionally finds a letter that appeals to intelligent people. I refer to a recent letter by F. R. Burke of Seattle, Washington, on the subject of over-population, and I want to say a few things that have been on my mind since I came back from France.

Despite the impolite things said about the women of France by our army, they are the only people in Europe that have shown any gumption in dealing with the real trouble of Europe—overpopulation—by refusing to produce more children than France can support.

Before the war the Germans boasted that the women of Germany added a regiment to the army every year, for cannon fodder, and the result was another war for what the Germans have been trying for 2,000 years—that is, to capture France to provide for them.

I recently saw an article in some magazine stating that the German birth rate had decreased considerably since the war and was still decreasing, which shows that the women of Germany are doing something more practical about solving Europe's problems than the wise birds that discuss limiting armies and navies, etc.

However, the other nations of Europe have not got in line yet. Although England has more than a million unemployed that are eating up the wealth of the producers, the reports from there indicate alarm at the falling birth rate.

Mussolini is calling upon the women of Italy to produce five million soldiers by 1935, to defend Italy, although that country cannot now feed itself.

The Bolshevik government of Russia has, apparently, removed all obstacles to and safeguards from marriage and is urging the starving women of Russia to bring more starving children into that starving country to spread the gospel of Bolshevism.

Let's hear from somebody else.—*L. C. Griffith.*

That's Tough

TULSA, OKLA.—I have read a story in your magazine. I thought it was rather dumb. A bird by the name of Tully wrote it. It was called "His Father's Wagon." It was written in this style. All simple sentences. Enough of them to drive you wild. When I was a small boy, in the eighth grade. My English teacher reprimanded me. Because I wrote in some such manner. I didn't know then. That that style would sell for a hundred dollars some day.

I also noticed. That Mr. Tully was a laborer. I might give him a job. But I am afraid that he wouldn't last long. If he works like he writes. I couldn't use him.—*M. H. Stacey.*

Something Tells Us This Is Not in the Kindest Possible Spirit

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Baseball is in the wind. And speaking of baseball we come to the motive for this missive.

My friends and I are earnestly looking forward to this season's article by Hugh Fullerton, your most ingenious expert who predicts the chances and results of both our major league teams.

As a predicter he's about as useful as birdseed to a canary that's just been the appetizer to a cat's breakfast.

Let's see what he writes this year about our A's and Phillies.

Yes, we're looking forward to your genius' next article.—*Ted Kessler.*

Comforting

COLUMBUS, O.—There were only two items not entirely satisfactory in Jane Levington Comfort's "Package Marked Fragile." Number One is that Liberty does not have stories like it every week and Number Two is my regret that it was not longer.—*Gene Foust.*

Well, Make Up Your Minds

FALL RIVER, MASS.—I have always liked your weekly and, strangely, I still do in spite of the tremendous shock to my faith caused by your issues of March 1, March 8, and March 15. I refer, of course, to that mélange of mythology and kindergarten shockers which you printed as the actual exploits of Mademoiselle Docteur. I wonder if you really meant your readers to take this balderdash seriously. If you did, it is not only a terrific strain on our credulity, but on our tempers as well.

The romantic in literature is a recognized manner of expression and enjoyable when presented as such. But when it is presented as the actual exploits of "Miss X," or "Mr. Y," those of us who are more than ten years of age mentally can only raise a temperature.—*John Durfee.*

CHILLICOTHE, O.—All three installments of "Miss Doctor," the German woman spy, were great. One likes to read about women heroes for a change. —*J. E. H. (Male).*

You're So Comical, Doc

COLUMBUS, O.—"The Diamond Eye" includes fantastic impossibilities.

I doubt that Mr. Doherty ever took an anæsthetic. If he had he would know better than to put a steward to sleep with a little glass ball of chloroform thrown from a distance, as it requires at least a half ounce of that drug applied with a closed cone; even so done the steward would be awake in five minutes.

For years we have been regaled with descriptions of the facial expressions remaining on various and sundry corpses, as reported in detective tales—an obvious absurdity.

But Mr. Doherty is more exacting of the corpse of the baron. Not only must the latter hold a gruesome expression some time after death, but must submit to having the doctor change that expression to a smile! How did he do it—tell the corpse the joke about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter?—*Frank A. Riebel, M.D.*

One's On Its Way

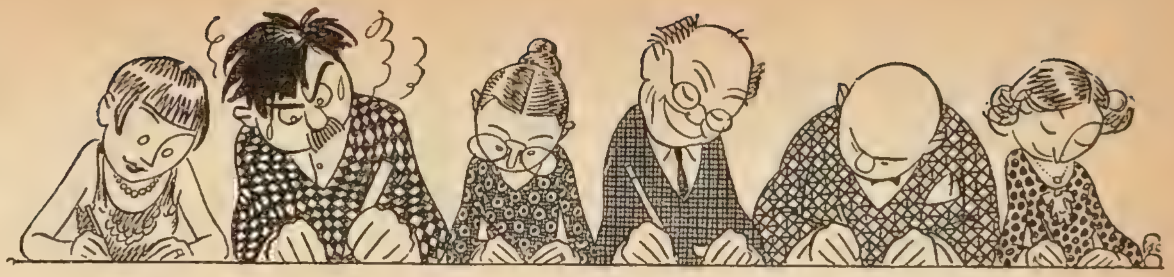
GRAND HAVEN, MICH.—Have just finished Mr. Doherty's "The Diamond Eye," and have promoted him to the same class as Mr. Robert Chambers. I sincerely hope to see another story very soon in Liberty by either one.—*John Dirkse.*

Sez You

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Am I down on Liberty? Well, rather.

The reasons are two. First, your damn mag. isn't long enough, and, second, it isn't out often enough.—*Sez Me.*

Pop



The Legion Defends Its Program

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. — Having noted the editorial regarding the universal service commonly called the Universal Draft Proposal, which is covered by the Reed-Wainwright Resolution in the United States Senate, it is impossible for me to recognize the justice of such an editorial.

Your editorial states that to draft money, industry, and labor would take the incentive to produce in time of war away from that class.

If this is an argument worth while using, why, then, would it not take the incentive to do his duty from the drafted soldier?

During the late war, there were millions of men from the United States drafted into the service of their country, and, without exception, as far as it has been learned, those men did do their utmost in carrying out their task of winning the war, and then those men returned to civil life and are now bearing their share of the burden of paying for that war.

If all are to be on a parity in the payment of the war, why not all be on a parity in the carrying on of that war?

The American Legion and all of its members are very desirous of continuous peace, but it is impossible for those men who carried on in 1917 and 1918 to fathom the minds of the American people when there is discord on a proposal which is so just and which will eliminate, if anything will, the possibilities of further wars.

A glance back through the history of wars of this country will show that the men drafted into the service of their country have completed their task and have done their duty, whereas those of capital, industry, agriculture, and labor have benefited financially by the war and then have asked those who fought to assist in paying the final bill.

Liberty has always been a fair American magazine and, while you are entitled to your opinion, in this case your opinion is in error.—*Milton D. Campbell, National Vice Commander, the American Legion.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Your editorial on the American Legion program for placing of resources of the country at the disposal of the nation in time of war strikes me as being a serious misstatement of the case.

The Legion's program at the present time is aiming toward the establishment of a commission representative of every phase of American life for the purpose of ascertaining how best *all* of the resources of the country can be made available to the nation in time of war, in such a way as to avoid a repetition of the slacker and the profiteer, with the consequent demoralization and delay in the program of putting our armies in the field.

Under the selective service law, man power is drafted as needed. The same principle ought to apply to all other resources of the country. In applying this principle, it has got to be done in such a way as to advance, not retard, the national cause. How this can be accomplished in such a manner as to bring about the greatest good and to do the least harm, is something for this commission to work out and recommend to Congress.

I believe it is proper to ask whether you believe that there should be one law under which a man's life can be taken in public service, and another law which would render factories and natural resources immune from the operation of the same law of necessity. I do not believe you do.—*Lemuel Bolles, Chairman American Legion Committee on World Peace and Foreign Relations.*

For Mr. Carroll

TORONTO, CAN.—Eighteen months ago I was a seagoing bum. Today I'm a newspaper bum. Would to God I could write the way Richard Carroll did in "The Northern Light." Say, boy, I'd turn out stories by the yard. As a mate of mine once said to me: "Well, it's like this, Scotty. What comes from the heart goes to the heart, and what comes from the head goes to the head."

"The Northern Light" came from the heart.—*Murdo N. Macdonald.*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Richard Carroll's article, "The Northern Light," was great. It made the old eyes fill up and run over. A real human-interest story! —*One of the 2,250,000.*

Think So?

COLUMBUS, O.—After reading Sidney Sutherland's fair (?) account of the Sacco-Vanzetti case it is not hard to realize that the prize-winning solution of the "mystery" of Sacco and Vanzetti will indubitably present the deduction that the "good shoe worker and poor fish peddler" not only murdered the paymaster, as charged, but also kidnapped Charley Ross, blew up the Maine, sank the Lusitania, slipped ground glass in the rations of the saviors of democracy during the World War, stuck pins in little children, and habitually knocked the crutches from beneath helpless cripples.—*Jack Conroy.*

Testimonial

DETROIT, MICH.—I have proven beyond a doubt that the shortest route to a man's heart is through the stomach, by following the recipes given by Ethel Somers. They are well worth the price of many, many Liberties. If you doubt it, try them on that grouchy husband of yours.—*Mrs. H. J. D.*

The Treasury Department Has Its Own Special Way of Counting

PORTLAND, ORE.—In your issue of March 15, 1930, in Ralph Barton's so-called Graphic Section, there is depicted and stated a flagrant false statement.

Barton states that 1,300 citizens (?) have been killed in the last ten years in the enforcement of the prohibition laws. I have before me an authority considered reliable: the World Almanac for 1930. On page 104, and again on page 164, the Treasury Department's official figures are 190 deaths. One hundred and thirty-five of those killed were violators of the law, resisting arrest.

The removal of these undesirable persons, many of whom were not citizens, has been of benefit to society. The pathetic thing is that the fifty-five officers who were killed in the discharge of their duty were good and desirable citizens.

The writer understands that Barton and Liberty are no doubt being paid by the opponents of prohibition for the publication of the propaganda of which the deliberate misstatement in question is a part.

At the center of this source of propaganda is a seething mass of corruption composed of those who desire a return to the old conditions of the open saloon. Antiprohibition is becoming increasingly unpopular to most of the best citizens of our country—a class which comprises at least 80 per cent of the people. —*V. H. Paquet.*

Perhaps

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In the issue of Liberty for March 15, 1930, I find in Ralph Barton's "News of the World" the interesting information, illustrated by many crosses, that some 1,300 souls have been offered at the shrine of St. Volstead.

Contained in the caption is the invitation to count them. I did so. Much to my chagrin my tally was only 1,299 graves.

Is it possible that Mr. Barton has erred? I sincerely doubt so. Or perhaps Mr. Barton is reserving that one cross for either himself or me.—*Dion Peri.*

"Lights Out"

SCOTIA, N. Y.—"Taps," by Lillian McCahan, struck an unusual note and was, in my estimation, one of the best if not the best short story published in Liberty or elsewhere.

Perhaps my opinion is prejudicial, for I have been a bugler.

I have sounded the call many times to signify "lights out" for my pals and buddies in the barracks, and, on occasion, over the bodies of those who slept the last sleep; those for whom the lights they had known on earth had gone out forever.—*Anthony Chase.*

More Pep!

FEEL the way you used to! Get up in the morning with a smile and enjoy your work and your play. No miracle! No magic! Just a simple, natural treatment recommended by doctors—internal lubrication—which your body needs like any other machine!

Crystal-clear Nujol will clear away the dulling poisons that hold you back, and flood health's sunshine into your life. Not a drug—not a medicine—can't hurt you. Costs but a few cents. Makes you feel like a million dollars!

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Robert Benchley
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THE DEAR DEAD TABLE D'HÔTE DAYS

And to make it even funnier,
Peter Arno
one of America's foremost caricaturists, has drawn for it some of his best pictures. . . . Look for this masterpiece on by-gone menus—
in Liberty NEXT WEEK!

A Facial You'll Like

By

EILEEN BOURNE

SCIENTISTS incline to tolerant amusement over the woman and her facials, but if a woman got no more out of them than the unarguable psychological effect, they would still be worth while. Nothing quite buoys a woman up so much as the reflection thrown back from her mirror after a good facial. And never is one more needed than at this season, after the zero weather and high winds of winter, alternating with overheated living and working rooms, have done their worst.

On an off afternoon or evening try the facial about to be described. If you have an alluring dinner and theater engagement to which you want to bring a nice, fresh face, try the almond-meal treatment. Or, if you are just tired of the old face and would like to trade it for a new one, try the almond pack and facial. Here it is.

First, clean your face (and throat) with cleansing oil or cream. Unless the skin is extraordinarily sensitive, then give the face and neck a good soap-and-water treatment. Use a complexion brush. Rinse in warm water. Now take your massage cream and apply it fairly thickly over the surface to be treated. Begin at the base of the throat, for that is where all facials should begin.

For five minutes by the clock massage the throat and face. Simply stroke upward and outward. When you get to the chin and jaw line, turn the back of the hand on the surface there and pat as well as stroke along this potentially sagging surface. Keep on with the up-and-out strokes until you have finished with the forehead. Go back over the face again with the finger tips, raining light little blows or taps to further stir up circulation of the blood. Finally, remove the cream.

Have your almond-meal mixture ready. Take three tablespoonfuls of finely powdered almond meal and add sufficient milk to make a smooth paste. With a brush preferably, your fingers, or a bit of cheesecloth, cover the area from the base of the throat to the forehead with the paste. Now lie down for fifteen minutes. Have ready beside your bed an eye lotion into which dip two small pads of cotton and apply over the eyes. A boric-acid or salt-and-water solution or your own favorite eye lotion will serve.

At the end of fifteen minutes arise and wash off the pack ingredients in warm water. Then apply alternately two towels wrung out in hot water. Immediately after, apply towels wrung out in cold water. Or splash quantities of cold water on the face.

Now put on your film of cream for a make-up base. Lay the liquid or paste rouge on your cheeks unhurriedly. With a big soft powder puff, apply powder fairly heavily. Don't rub it in or slap it on. You should have a soft brush for dusting off the superfluous powder. Use your dry rouge after the powdering, or for restoring the liquid or paste color that may be submerged under the powder treatment. Brush the powder out of your eyebrows and off the lashes. Tint the lips becomingly.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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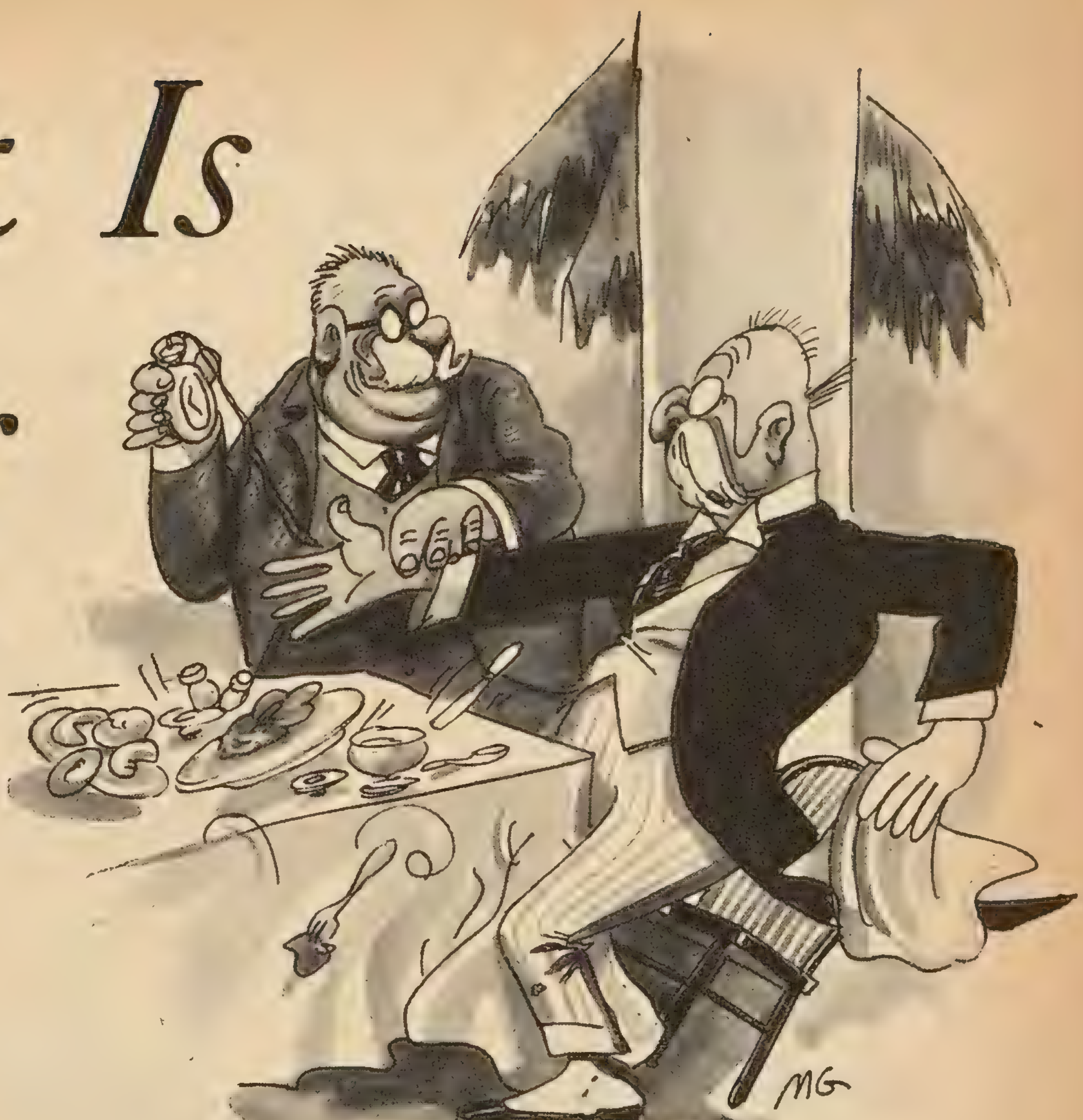
What *Is* Your JOB?



The Story of a Ruling Passion

By

Milt Gross

whose Nize Baby has ranked him securely as a humorist, is also artist, playwright, cartoonist on the staff of the New York World, and, he boasts, notary public. He was born in New York, is married, and complains that he can't spell.

Pictures by The Author

"BY golly! I do it next time!! Vottsamatter?? Dere is nutting wrong vit dot. I'll choost go up to him and I say boint plank—I say—Vott iss you chob? Dot's all. Dot's zimble. I could ask a man his chob! Dot's not crime to ask a man his chob!"

Assuredly not. Yet that was the very thing that was playing havoc with the ordinarily peaceful routine of Otto's existence.

Most certainly it was no crime to inquire of a patron his vocation, and yet—

Well, the first time that Otto had noticed the stranger in his restaurant—a cozy little place stuck away downtown in a tiny, hundred-year-old building in the lower financial district—there had been planted in him, so deep that he was barely conscious of it, a tiny seed of curiosity concerning the stranger's occupation.

Then he forgot all about him. But on his next visit Otto sauntered over casually and bowed. Then, some days later, on observing him enter, he personally conducted him to a table. Well, nothing wrong there. "A feller coot contuct a customer to hiss taple if he felt like it, cootn't he?" explained Otto to himself.

Then, from time to time, on closing up, Otto would take note that he had not been unmindful of the stranger's presence in the restaurant that day.

On a later occasion he found himself hovering about to ascertain what the stranger had ordered. Still later he ostensibly changed a cloth at a near-by table in order to note the size of the tip the stranger left.

Then, one day the stranger looked up from his table to encounter Otto's glance through the mirror back of the oyster bar. Otto immediately busied himself wiping some imaginary and other not so imaginary flyspecks off the mirror. Presently he ventured a cautious look over his shoulder. The patron's head was deep in his plate. Humming a few nonchalant bars of the Gypsy Sweetheart and keeping the stranger well in range, Otto strolled over to the cashier's desk, which commanded a view of the entire restaurant.

Apparently poring over the checks, Otto watched him, and, still keeping him in sight, strolled down toward the hatrack just to his left. Still humming, he began to rearrange the hats, with a sharp glance at the stranger from time to time. Then he proceeded to replenish the stranger's plate with rolls, his hum rising decidedly in pitch. The stranger looked up.

"OH! Hollo, dere!" greeted Otto. "Didn't recocknice you!! Heh! Nize vetter, huh? Y'betcha! Goot und shnappy. Vy don't you try der roast beefe vunst? Great shtuff, y'know, for diss kind vetter—especial ven you outdoors maybe—ha—I mean on accound of pizzness—you know—zumtimes der pizzness keep you outdoors—heh-heh— Of course, ven a feller is inshite—like you maybe—in dere—SHTORE—or in dere—UFFIZZE—or in der—FACTORY!! You know vot I mean—dot iss—?"

"Got any chili sauce?" asked the stranger.

"You betcha! Ha-ha! Great shtuff dot shili zauze. Ve keep a feller special shoost to make dot shili zauze. Y'betcha—shoost shili zauze— Vell, dot's der vay it goes. Effferybody's got zum pizzness, y'know—I got a restaurant—he makes shili zauze—und—und—you—.

"Y'know vot I mean. Dere iss—HIM, und dere is—ME, und dere is—Y-YOU. Vell—I mean—diss is der aitch from specialice-a-tion, y'know. Eefen in your line, I'll betcha, huh? Yezzir, vot I mean—I— Ooops! Vait, I'll help you vitt der coat. Goot tay, zir. Come zum more!"

The stranger departed. With his brows knit in a frown

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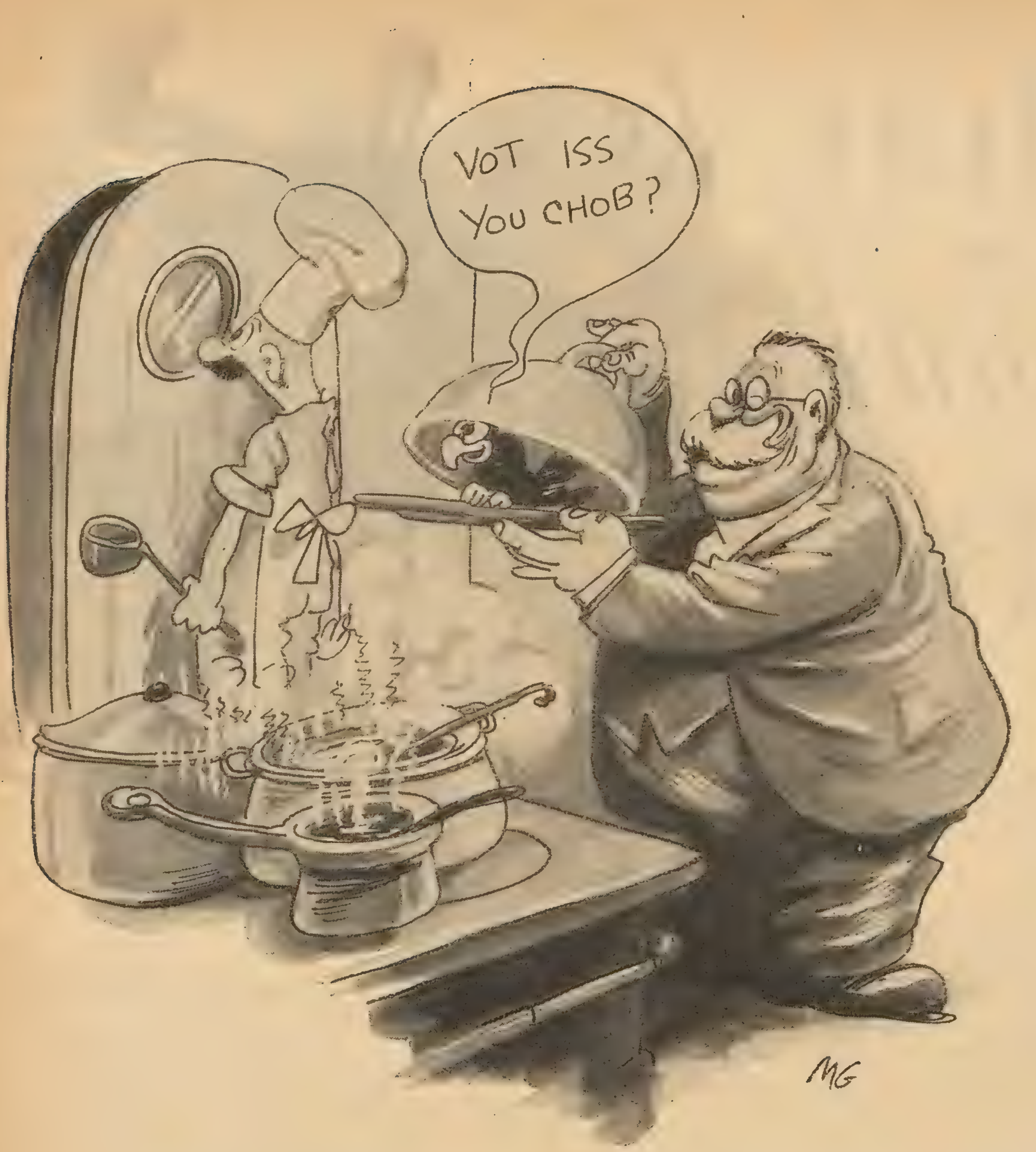


WHAT IS YOUR JOB?
Continued from page fifty-three

and an ominous pitch to his hum, Otto fussed around, arranging the cloth, straightening the chair, with looks darting all over and under the table as though the ashes in the saucer, the napkin, the floor, might reveal some thread, some clue, some inkling of the other's business.

Then he dismissed the matter from his mind as silly. But along about three o'clock, although having important duties in the kitchen, he found himself prowling around the vicinity of the table musing:

"Who cares vot his chob iss!! If I cared I coot ask him his chob, cootn't I? It's nutting! Peeble asks peeble dere chobs! I zimbly say—Vot is you chob? Four zimble vorts. Dot's all. By golly! Shoost for shpite I ask him next time."

THE next time the stranger came in at seven thirty after an absence of a few weeks. This was Otto's cue. Rubbing his hands briskly and cooking up a wide smile, Otto descended on his prey.

"Hollo, dere!" he sang. "Vell—um—here you are, hey? Um— Been on—der roat, I subboze?"

"Nope."

"Oh—I see— Don't go on der roat in your line! Dot's de kind pizzness. Attents to itzelf in town—eh—your pizzness—I mean. No roat connegtett vit dot kind pizzness, eh?"

"Nope—no road."

"Vell, dot's der pest vay, by golly! Y'betcha! Um—been on a vacation den, I subboze?"

"Nope."

"Hm! Don't get a vacation in your line, eh? Iss dot it?"

"Sometimes."

"Oh—zumtimes? Not shoost now, eh? Dot's der kind of pizzness! Now iss der pizzy seasson, I guess, hay? In your line?"

"Yep."

"Vell—shtill in de zame plaze, hay?"

"Yep."

"No change—shtill plucking along!"

"Yep."

"Vorking ofertime, I subboze! Now iss lots of ofertime, hay?"

"Sometimes."

"On account off der shtrikes maybe?"

"Nope—no strikes."

"Oh!—no shtrikes in your line. No drubble vitt shtrikes, hay? Don't interfere vitt you der shtrikes—not in dot kind pizzness I subboze! Runs along shmood, eh?"

"Yep."

"Vell—dot's der vay, by golly! Except ven it gets pizzy."

"Yep."

"Diss time effery year, I subboze."

"Yep, kind of rushed."

"Den it gets shlack, hay?"

"Yep."

"Den you go on der vacation?"

"Maybe."

"Vell, dot's der vay it seems vitt all off dem dot comes in here. Oh, yes, ve get dem all—der wholezale rubber, der panks, der inchuranze, und—y-y-y-y'know vot I mean! Dere iss dem und dere is—Y'YOU!"

"Check, please."

"Y'betcha—I zend der vaiter right oafer!"

"Night."

"Goot night, zir."

"BY golly," muttered Otto through his clenched teeth with a pounding fist giving emphasis on the counter to each word. "I—ask—him—next—time!!! Hmm! Let's see. Vittout shtrikes, he's got a pizzness und it runs shmood, not on der roat. Hmm! I vunder— Ah, vot's der uze to shpecoolate? I forget aboud it und next time I shoost ask him blain. Dot's der zimblest vay—"

Decidedly it should have been the simplest way. Yet why, then, was Otto still lying wide-eyed on his pillow at two A. M. muttering:

"Let's see—I shoost go up und I say— Vell, first I viggle a liddle around der bush, and den I say, 'Hollo, Koinel!!' Den he sess, 'I am no Koinel.' Den I say, 'No? Den vot is you chob?' Ha! Ha! Dot gets him!"

"For heffen's sakes, got to shleep!" said Mrs. Otto.

"Dere iss no shleep, momma," answered Otto, "oontil I find out dot feller's chob."

"Den vy you do not ask him hiss chob?"

"You exblain to me dot, momma, und I be much obliched to you. But shoost now—oops, vait! Let's see. I put in der front off him der new taple und den I shtart shtalling around und den I say, 'Nize table, eh? Shtraight und shkvare und shmood!!' Und den he sess 'Y'betcha.' Und den I say, 'Vell, you der kit vot ought to know, by golly!' Und den he sess, 'Vy??' Und den I say, 'Vell, ain't you a carpenter?' Und den he sess, 'No!!' Und den I say, 'No?? Vell vot iss you chob??' Ha-ha! By golly, dot's der shtuff!! Dot's a goot vun! Dot gets him, ha, momma?"

"Otto, you don't ead und you don't shleep, but I vould like to shleep und I cootn't shleep!"

"Lissen, momma. How is diss? I get a noosepaper und I leef on der taple der page vitt der Help Vanted. Ulzo I leef a plue penzil. Den I shnoop around und I see vich chob he shecks off witt der penzil. By golly! Dot's a goot vun, momma, you know—"

"I know you too much," retorted the exasperated Mrs. Otto. "Verr iss der zenzible ting in dot? If you vant to know vot iss a man's chob you zimbly say to him, Vot is you chob?"

"By golly, dot's right!" exclaimed Otto.

It was then that he gave voice to the conclusion heretofore recorded that it was no crime to ask a man his job!

"Of course nod! Hmm—mmmm—mmm! Who duss dot guy tink he iss, anyvay? He cootn't pull dot shtuff on me!! He can't get away vit dot, y'know. Der bick shtiff!! Shtarting up vit me, ha? I show him, by golly!"

The next day Otto was on the job early.

"By golly! I shoost vish he comes today. O boy! Diss iss my day!! I shoost like to see dot feller valk in right now. So soon he comes in I crap der bull by der horns! I show him!"

Just in order not to get out of trim Otto tried out his morale on some of the other customers.

An elegant old gentleman of dignified bearing was engaged with his midday luncheon over a copy of the Wall Street Journal. "Hollo dere, grandpop!!" was Otto's affable greeting that almost sent the gentleman's pince-nez popping off his nose into the coffee.

"VELL, vell. Der Val Shtreet Chournal—ha!"

"Er—obviously," answered the patron.

"You're a proker, I'll betcha."

The gentleman regained his breath. "I deal in securities—" he began.

"Enzer yess or no," retorted Otto. "You are or you aren't a shtockproker.

"Well—er, yes, I am—"

"Vell, den, dot's all der iss to it! Dot's you chob, iss it? In plain vorts —a shtockproker. Vell, vell! How iss shtocks? You make much money? By der vay, dot vass your vife last veek vitt you? I taut zo. Dot's a wick she vears on der head, ain't it? Hm! Duss it hurt you der corns ven it rains? No? It hurts Mister Schmidt. Dot's Mister Schmidt oafer dere—bresident of der Schmidt Whoezale Paper. I asked him—he tolt me. By der vay, vot's dot shcar on your—"

But the bewildered patron had fled, leaving an untouched filet mignon on his plate.

"By golly! I shoost luff to see dot feller valk in," concluded Otto to the mirror. "Y'betcha he don't come. He knows vot's goot for—"

Through the mirror he caught the reflection of the stranger. Otto fled into the kitchen. He hid there till the stranger left.

For a long time he found himself busy in the kitchen whenever the stranger appeared. Then gradually he ventured out and would bow stiffly. Then came a long period when there was no stranger and the other troubles weighed heavily on the peace-loving Otto. But after a while the world took a fresh start and Otto changed the name of the Liberty Cabbage back to sauerkraut, and one bright spring morning he looked up to see the stranger entering and making for his accustomed table. Otto rushed over and they shook hands quietly.

"CLAT to zee you pack again," he began. "Y'betcha. Vell—um—er—it's a goot ting dey bote decided to shtop fighting!! Y'betcha! Vell—um—er— Back again on der zame—old chob, I subboze?"

"Yep."

"Dey hold for you de chob oben, maybe?"

"Not much change."

"Run along shmoot vile you vass away, ha?"

"Yep."

"Vell, dot's nize. Vell—vell—shtill doing pizzness at der old shtand. Don't bodder you none der new ingum tax, heh?"

"Nope."

"Dot's hot shtuff—der ingum tax. But you don't vorry vitt dot, huh?"

"Nope."

"Um—vell— Ooops! Goot-pye!! Clat to zee you pack!

"By golly," he spluttered after the stranger left, "I ask him next time!"

Before the next time arrived, however, two men came to the restaurant and made inquiry for the proprietor. They represented a syndicate, they explained, which was desirous of purchasing the restaurant. They were prepared to meet Otto's figure.

Otto's eyes softened in a dreamy expression and closed slowly on a vision of a well earned rest far away from cities and pots and pans and pigs' knuckles.

"Name your price," said the purchasers, "and I feel sure that there will be no trouble in coming to an agreement."

"Chentlemen," said Otto feelingly, "twenty years I haff vorked day und night in diss pizzness—und now I voot like to redire. I dink a fair prize would be—"

He stopped short as his startled gaze beheld the stranger entering the door and seating himself at his accustomed place. The light faded from Otto's eyes.

"Nope!" he announced decisively. "I cootn't sell der plaze. Dere iss a reasson . . ."

"But if it's a matter that can be—"

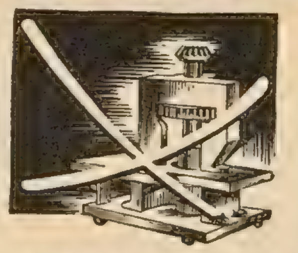
"Chentlemen, goot tay. Der plaze iss not for zale."

The buyers left.

"Cagey Dutchman!" said the first.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

PATENTS



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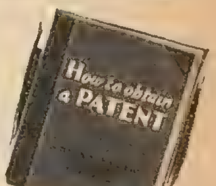

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Fitch's

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

WHAT IS YOUR JOB?
Continued from page fifty-five

"He knows the place is a gold mine! Just stalling around for dough. Wants us to name the figure. Let's get Quinlan on the wire."

There was a conference. Back they came the next day, empowered to name a figure, double it if need be, or to meet any price that Otto might ask.

Otto listened to the new line while his eyes followed the course of a fly up the mirror. Then in a voice that admitted of no further discussion he said:

"Chentlemen, I tolt you vunce—der plaze iss not for zale! Dere iss a reasson. Goot-tay!!"

They left, scratching their chins!

"Cuckoo!" said the first.

"Nuts!" answered the second.

Hardly were they gone when Otto began jumping up and down like a human piston rod.

"By golly, I must ask him! I ask him qvick und den I sell der plaze! I say qvick. Vot is you chob? Shoost like you bress a putton und it chutes out der vorts. I binch mineself for a sicknal, so:

"So—vun—two—(binch!)

"Vot is you chob?

"Vot is you chob?

"Vot is you chob?

"Vun—two—(binch).

"Vot is you chob?

"Vot is you chob?

"Vot is you chob?

"Vun—two—"

He paced around like a caged tiger. Then the stranger entered. Without further ado than gulping four glasses of water Otto rushed upon him.

"Vun—two—" he said to himself, "(binch)"—a terrific pinch and then—

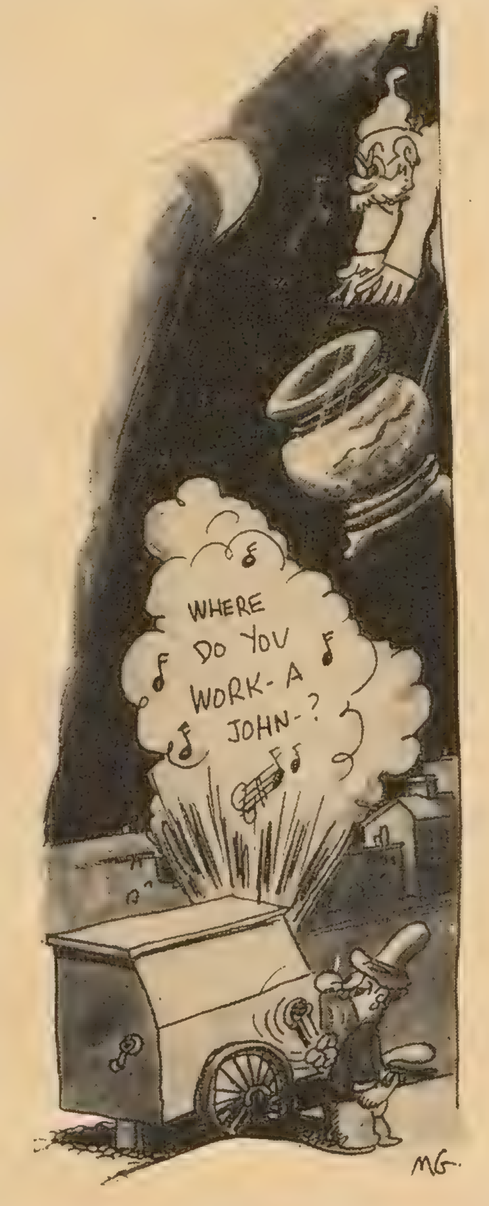
"Tell—me! Vot is you— Vot is you— Vot— Vot—is—you—you—"

"My what?" asked the stranger calmly.

"You—ORDER?!!!"

"Scrambled eggs."

"Shkrampled ekks!" roared Otto in a voice that stopped every jaw in the restaurant, and raced to the kitchen like a madman! Inside he had to sit down!


WHERE DO YOU WORK-A JOHN-?
MG

OTTO'S place was becoming a landmark. "Let's go over to Otto's," people would say. "Best grub in the world and the beer ain't bad either."

"He's a character, ain't he? I remember Otto way back when I used to be a runner for E. F. Hutton—and that was long before the old Equitable Building burned down. He's getting kind of old now."

"I think he is and a bit dizzy, too. I was over to the wedding when his daughter got married. I know them pretty well. He just walked around mumbling to himself."

"Got a barrel of dough, too. Why don't he sell the place and retire?"

"I don't know—some sentimental attachment. Been offered all kinds of jack, but he won't sell out. They're still after him. Wife's begging him to quit. She was crying at the wedding. But he won't—"

"Kind of cracked maybe. You know how guys get."

"Yeah. Wouldn't know what to do without the place. Be like a fish outa water, most likely. Well, here we are, here's the—"

"Holy smokes! What's up?"

Something evidently was up. A group of frightened diners were gathered over a figure that lay stretched on the floor. It was the stranger.

"He turned white all of a sudden," explained one of them, "and put his hand here and—"

"Vun site, pleece!" roared Otto, breaking through with a glass of water. "Giff him air vunst!"

He knelt down and loosened the stranger's collar. Then forced some water between his lips. The eyes opened slowly. Otto raised his head. He breathed with difficulty.

"Thank you, but nothing can be done," said the stranger slowly and calmly. "My time has come. I am dying—"

"Den tell me—" spluttered Otto, "tell me, for Gott's sake—VOT ISS YOU CHOB??"

THE stranger smiled weakly. "Ah—my job!!" He uttered the words slowly. "I've often wondered in all these years that we've known each other why you never asked me that. Well, it makes little difference now. My job—I'll tell you what my job is. I am a—"

There came a gasp—and a convulsive shudder through the body—the eyelids fluttered, and with a long sigh he fell back limp in Otto's arms.

"Cold!" said Joe the counterman, feeling his legs. "Out cold, all right! Better call the wagon, boss!"

A frantic search of the stranger's pockets revealed fourteen dollars in bills and a fountain pen. No papers. No letters. No labels on the clothes. No initials in the hat. Nothing.

The police came and removed the body.

"Vot you do vitt him?" asked Otto.

"Try an' trace up his family so's they can claim him and give him a burial."

"Und oddervice?"

"Potter's field."

Two days later a patron entered with a newspaper. "Something about that fellow that—"

Otto tore the paper from his hands. The patron indicated an item.

BODY UNCLAIMED

No Clue to Unidentified Man Who Succumbed in Restaurant

Efforts of police to get in touch with friends or relatives met with no success. The body was buried in potter's field this morning.

The next day there was a new face behind the cashier's desk in Otto's place.

. . . . .

"Look," said Mrs. Otto to Otto as they sat on the steamer deck chairs watching the sunbeams play upon the gleaming waves of the Mediterranean. "You see dot feller vitt der shecked cap und der cane and der viskers?"

"Yess, I zee."

"Vell, I see him effery day zo far und I shoost vunder vot iss—"

"SAY!!" roared Otto, leaping to his feet. "Pleece — pleece — don't shtart up vitt me annodder vun!!"

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Waterloo.
2—The father of a family; the male head of a household.
3—St. Andrew.
4—Colombo.
5—Twenty-four.
6—A position which requires little or no active service.
7—The Roman god of the fiery element.
8—Maharanee.
9—Relating or pertaining to money.
10—Homeopathy.
11—A list of the books relating to a given subject or author.
12—Eurasia.
13—A native or citizen of Naples.
14—Similarity of sound.
15—Cuba.
16—Quiver.
17—Tibia and fibula.
18—Sharp practice; trickery.
19—The Scarlet Letter.
20—Pertaining to marriage.

TROTZKY the Tamed Terror

Underwood & Underwood photo

Trotzky in the period of his military glory, as leader of the Red army.

And a Contemporary Portrait of His Antithesis, the Ghazi of Turkey

By

LARRY RUE

who got his material for this article while flying around the Mediterranean in a plane that he piloted and navigated. He has had long experience and many adventures as a foreign correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, especially in the Near East.

AN American friend of mine in Constantinople has a five-year-old daughter whose main delight is to play with a polar bear rug in the salon. In and out of the ferocious mouth, once the terror of arctic wastes, her little hands play unscathed. She gets a thrill out of this. She doesn't care about the tiger rug in the same room; a tiger seems too tame. But a polar bear has no sense of humor and preserves his snarl and expression of an all-encompassing and universal hatred even in the most elegant drawing-room.

"Why don't you like to play with the tiger?" I ask her.

"Oh, that tiger isn't fierce like Trotzky," she replied.

"Trotzky? Who is that?"

"That's my polar bear."

"Why do you call him Trotzky?"

"Oh, I like it. I think it fits, don't you?"

Her parents have no idea why she chose that name for her polar bear. She had at one time a Russian nurse; subconsciously she may have associated the name of Trotzky with terror.

Out of the mouths of babes—

Keystone photo

The Trotzky of the present day, an exile in Turkey, with his wife and son.

It suddenly occurs to me she is a genius. Nothing signifies tamed terror any better than that rug. And the living symbol of tamed terror is Trotzky himself.

And another coincidence is that this very day I've got to see Leon Trotzky, the exiled leader of the Bolshevik revolution, who is living in a house on the island of Prinkipo, a two hours' ride by ferry.

I must see him about the review he promised to write for Liberty of Floyd Gibbons' sensational fantasy, The Red Napoleon.

Karakhan, the hero of Gibbons' novel, bears a similarity to the figure of Trotzky. Both upset a complacent world and, after great military victories and conquests, end in defeat and exile, preparing their memoirs, fulminations of explanations, vindications, and excuses, for a more or

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TROTZKY, THE TAMED TERROR
Continued from page fifty-seven

less indifferent world. One might gather that Karakhan represents Trotzky's suppressed desires—what Trotzky might have been, if he had possessed resources and the technical aid necessary for a glorious attempt at world conquest by arms rather than propaganda.

While Lenin represented the idea of communism, Trotzky was the militant force behind it. He supplied the terrorism that cowed the population; he was the executioner who killed the enemies; it was he who successfully led the Red armies against Kolchak, Yudenitch, the Poles, Wrangel. . . .

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Trotzky, while military leader, addressing an assemblage of Red soldiers and workers.

I take the ferry to Prinkipo, get into an *araba* (carriage), and instruct the driver to take me to Trotzky. That name is well known. Prinkipo is a thickly populated island. But the driver grins knowingly, nods, and the horses start trotting up a hill.

We stop before an iron gate. To my surprise, it is not locked. I open it and pass through a garden and stop at the door of an unpretentious two-story building overlooking the Sea of Marmora.

I RAP at the door. No sign of anyone. I almost think I've made a mistake. I've heard at least a hundred White Russians swear that they would assassinate Trotzky when the opportunity offered, even if they had to wait years. Yet here I've walked right up to the door of his house, and no sign of a guard. I rap again. Ah, this time I get action. A big police dog tied near a tool house begins to bark furiously. The barking arouses a Turkish gendarme, who comes out of the tool house. He has a revolver in a holster on his hip.

The gendarme asks who I am and what I want. I explain that Trotzky is expecting me. He tells me to sit down on a bench in the garden. He goes around the back, leaving me free to walk about the garden unmolested. In a few minutes a bespectacled, scholastic individual comes out of the front door. He asks me for my card, tells me to wait a while.

In half an hour I'm told that Trotzky will see me.

I'm led into the house. The anteroom is devoid of furniture. I am led up rickety wooden stairs, through a hall spacious but empty, and into a big corner room with a wonderful view of the sea.

Behind a big desk, piled high with papers, sits Trotzky. He greets me without getting up, but motions me to a chair, much in the same manner he used to receive quailing journalists in his more pretentious offices at the Kremlin. He begins to speak English haltingly. After some discussion as to whether German or French is more suitable, he continues in French. He doesn't wait for me to say anything, but starts right in like a man who has great affairs of state waiting to be disposed of.

"I regret I cannot write that review now, I'm too busy," he says. "It is Mr. Gibbons' fault. He wired me he was coming to see me. I was ready to receive him and discuss terms. In fact, I had an extra man from Paris here who would have helped me with the review. Now he has left.

"BUT that's not all. I don't like the attitude of Mr. Gibbons. He telegraphed me and said I could write anything I wanted. Who is Mr. Gibbons to tell me I can write what I want to? I have always written what I wanted and shall continue to do so without his permission."

P. & A. photo

When Trotzky was minister of war. He is the man at salute. The others are S. S. Kamenev, Red commander-in-chief in those days, and at the right, Leo Kamenev, head of the Moscow soviet.

I try to explain that what Mr. Gibbons' telegram meant was that, no matter how unfavorable the review was, it would be published.

"Mr. Gibbons knows the English language. Why didn't he say so? I shall always write what I want to write."

The thought occurs to me that the Old Boy, now in exile, has become a great champion of free speech — but when he was the Big Noise in Russia, freedom of speech was a crime more severely punished than first-degree murder. Thousands of Russians went to their deaths under suspicion that even if they hadn't spoken freely, their minds were inclined to ratiocinate freely. But I say nothing. I do not want to antagonize him.

"I know what Mr. Gibbons wants is your honest opinion," I say. "Nothing was further from his thoughts than to intimate that you might write anything else. What he did mean was that no matter how you burned the book up in your review, the review would be printed. That seems fair enough to me."

"Well, anyhow, I haven't the time now. Three weeks ago, maybe. Now it is too late. Maybe I might do it later."

"I don't think you would find the work either long or difficult," I try to persuade. "I'm sure you will enjoy reading the book. In six hours you could dictate a review. If it is a stenographer you want, I know a very able one—and not a Russian—whom I can get, and who can take dictation in either French or German."

"You think I can write a review in six hours? That is the way you journalists write. That is why it is always bad. I write well and slowly. When I say something it means something. There is no use in discussing this any more; when I get time I will write the review, but when that will be I do not know."

I've had a chance to study that face, that used to be cartooned with such a terrible expression of insane blood lust—those hands which, in the cartoons, were dripping blood. No trace of this. His beard is closely cropped. Behind his spectacles he looks like some college professor. He is irritable, but far from savage looking. His hands are capable, practical—but not as artistic, nor as articulate, as I had supposed. That probably explains why he must labor painfully to give birth to his thoughts.

We start to talk about his exile. He's just been refused permission to go to Berlin. He deplored being where he was because he lacked a library for consultation in his writing. I suggested he try to get permission to come to Vienna; there's a wonderful library there and the Austrians are liberal.

"That's impossible," he snapped. "Your suggestion shows you don't know what has been going on."

That would have floored me if he had said it in an interview in the Kremlin. Now I couldn't help but think of that snarl, unconscious of bafflement, on the face of the polar bear. Inanities are sensational when spoken by a dictator; when uttered by a Red Napoleon in exile, they become ridiculous.

AND my mental reactions are these, notwithstanding the fact that the very mention of his name, a couple of times in my life, sent a cold shudder up and down my spine. I recalled the cold sweat I had experienced while being grilled by his Cheka at Saratof, when I had sneaked into Russia, the heart of the famine area itself, without permission; I recalled how once, when with General Wrangel in the Crimea, the whole headquarters staff and special train were surrounded by Trotzky's armies, and only the supreme military skill of Wrangel brought us out safely after a forty-eight hours' battle in which the odds were against us until the last minute.

Trotzky was busy writing for an American syndicate.

"I'm behind on this work now; it is foolish to take on more," he continued. "If you'll excuse me now, I will get to work."

I was curious as to the work he was doing. Probably telling his idea of heaven on earth, for mankind. The reflection came to me: why is it that the people most interested in saving mankind are people who haven't the milk of human kindness in them?

He was more gracious when I left. He stood up, walked to the door, and nodded me out.

His wife is with him in the house, but I saw no signs of her, or any of the family, as I went out. He had refused to let me take his picture. My camera had been left, by request, on the seat in the garden. I walked out, got the camera, and took a picture of Trotzky's dog, who didn't like it a bit. But one doesn't have to pay attention to the desires of animals or men when they are chained. The light was unfavorable for a snapshot of the house. I walked back to the ferry.

That's life, I pondered. The terror of Russia ten years ago, today so helpless it is pathetic. Maybe it is unfair to compare him with that polar bear rug. Napoleon at Elba! St. Helena! Trotzky at Prinkipo! Napoleon exiled by his enemies, loved by his people. Trotzky exiled by his own people. His enemies—and once he was the most detested man in the world—indifferent to his fate, not even interested in persecuting him, as was done to Napoleon.

THERE are still many White Russians in Turkey. Have their hatreds died in ten years? I wonder if the Old Boy could come back. If he does, he must have learned something in regard to tolerance. Wrangel and Denikin refugees fled here to escape his cutthroats. He has been forced here by his erstwhile comrades. There was no sign if he sometimes has a fellow feeling for his own victims.

And there is much that Trotzky can learn in Turkey. The Bolshevik revolution was no more basic than the one in Turkey.

In fact, the main object of my visit to Turkey is to write up the progress made in the westernization program of Mustapha Kemal. I've flown down here in a Gipsy Moth. I'm my own pilot, navigator, and mechanic. I'm making a trip around the Mediterranean.

Mustapha Kemal, the president of Turkey, is a Trotzky in a way, but a successful one. Among his people he is officially known as the Ghazi, which means "the victorious."

And during the last six years when Russia has stood still, Turkey has been entirely transformed. The ethics, ideas of morality, the culture, jurisprudence, even the attire of this nation of 14,000,000 have been radically changed. At least the Russians still have their old alphabet and culture.

I hadn't been to Turkey for six years. When I left, everyone was shaking his head, predicting awful things—massacres, famines, abuses to foreigners, confiscation of foreign property. By driving the Greeks into the sea at Smyrna, the Turks not only won back lost territory but regained sovereignty over the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and other strategic points.

And what must burn up Trotzky, viewing this the New Turkey from his window, is the lesson it teaches in regard to his mistakes. Mustapha Kemal, like Trotzky, had to fight both his friends and enemies to put over his program. But although he says

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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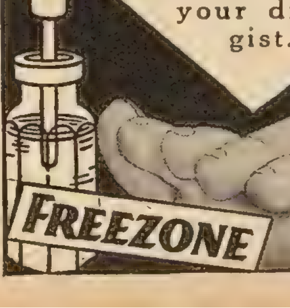


TROTZKY, THE TAMED TERROR
Continued from page fifty-nine

he relies upon "public opinion," which Trotzky even orally ridiculed, Kemal Pasha never released his hold upon the military forces of the country. Trotzky, if he had used his power in the same way as the Ghazi has, even today could be dictator of Russia.

Wide World photo

Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the Ghazi, personally gives a group of village officials a lesson in the Latin alphabet.

And the change which has taken place in Turkey is evident the minute we arrive there. The Turkish officials are now in European hats, wear European attire. Kemal kicked the ancestral fez in the gutter. It's against the law to wear one now.

It is fourteen miles from the flying field to the erstwhile Constantinople, now officially Stamboul. A ride into town alone reveals revolutionary changes.

All the natives no longer wear the old colorful costumes, but are in European attire. Suits are used without being pressed, are worn until holes appear at the elbows and seat. The only color one observes in this parade are the patches sewed in these places by dutiful and sentimental wives.

The road passes the old Moslem cemetery. Pierre Loti, the French writer, made this cemetery the immortal symbol of the hopeless despair of the Turkish woman. On holidays—or the Moslem Sabbath, Friday—veiled women in black dresses congregated to mourn their dead. That was the only liberty they were permitted. The way some of them were treated, one might have thought their presences at graves were due as much to exultation as to grief. Anyhow, we see a thousand women or so in this cemetery as we pass it. It happens to be Friday. But now that old load of sorrow seems to have lifted with the veil. Faces—some of them are tearful, to be sure, but others are actually smiling from tombs—are raised to watch us pass.

Grouped at the entrance are some flappers. Their dresses violate Moslem dictates. They are of Parisian design. Attractive limbs are displayed, not in the old cotton stocking but in flesh-colored silk. That mourning figure pictured by Pierre Loti is remote, medieval.

WE continue through the old market place. European clothes, hats everywhere. Men and women walking together. Two young people of opposite sex standing talking on a street corner. What a scandal these scenes would have caused six years ago!

It's progress. But one misses the old color, the fez, the mysterious enchantment of veiled women. In the old days you could imagine they were all beautiful faces. Now you can see they're not.

Before, Turkish women were barred from marriage to Christians. Now it is permitted. Gone is all that sense of religious fanaticism that impresses a lone Westerner in the heart of a Moslem country.

Gone too is that shorthand script. The Arabic alphabet has been replaced by the Latin. I can now read the names of the restaurants and cafés.

The glitter of the Galata bridge, once a mass of colors, fezzes, skullcaps, turbans, burnooses, shawls, has disappeared altogether. There are as many people crossing—but it is a drab people.

From the hotel window we still see the sun set over the Golden Horn, silhouetting the tall minarets, the emblazoned cupolas of St. Sofia and Suleiman. But the shrill voice of the muezzin calling all Moslems to prayer has lost its authority. The roar of the automobiles below drowns it out.

The voice of Old Turkey drowned out by machinery! The twilight of fanatical gods! Progress!

Night falls—cabaret life begins. Turkish women were forbidden to enter these dens of sin before. A jazz band of American Negroes is playing. A Turk gets up to dance with his wife—if you know what that means, or did mean six years ago.

THERE'S an old friend of mine. A Turk. I've known him for years. He's with a pretty lady. He introduces her. It is his wife—or at least he tells me she is. He never introduced me to any ladies before. We sit down and chat.

"I never believed," my friend says, "that I should live to see the time when I could take my wife to a public place like this and not be told off by the police and become social and religious outcasts among our friends."

His wife speaks French, tells me she was brought up in Paris.

"Well, will this last?" I ask her.

"Of course it will," she replies. "We women are the backbone of the revolution. We even have four women lawyers now. Women teach schools, have entered every domain of professional life, in fact. You have now Turkish girls who are manicures, secretaries, stenographers, telephonists, doctors. A retreat back to the old status of veritable slavery and imprisonment is impossible."

The band plays Making Whoopee. The professional dancer bows at our table. Our Turkish lady dances.

This new-found personal freedom of Turkey is quite the reverse of what has happened by Trotzky's own decrees in Russia. There the dancing, the care-free life, has ceased. And what makes the humiliation of Trotzky the more poignant is the fact that he has had to beg refuge in a country which represents capitalism, the antithesis of his political views.

For the Ghazi makes no bones about Turkey. He wants it to be as much a nation of capitalism as the United States.

And as Trotzky tried to make everybody in Russia a communist by force, so Mustapha Kemal has made westernization not a privilege but a law.

Shortly after my interview with Trotzky, I saw Mustapha Kemal. I've known him since 1921. He was then more a man of action, yet he always was sociable, delighted in company and conversation. I had tea with him and his wife, Latife Hanoum, now divorced, in 1923.

During my last visit to Turkey he was on his vacation. I met him three times, but only just long enough to shake hands and exchange greetings in French.

At the railroad station at Angora, members of the cabinet, deputies, and government officials foregathered in morning coats and top hats to see him off on his vacation.

A change has taken place in six years. He has become visibly older. His strong face has become relaxed. His head is more bald. His step has lost some of that old spring. But he is still the leader. Not a single reflex action. Every muscle of that face, of the body, is disciplined. He bows greetings, stops and chats with various people along the reception line, greets me, then remarks in French:

"I'm going on a vacation, so I won't have time for an interview."

He then steps into the Pullman, where a Negro porter is in charge. In the Pullman, looking like so many advertisements for face creams, are five beautiful women, attired in the latest Paris fashions. Two are his adopted daughters. The others are wives of friends who are among the Presidential party.

The whistle blows. The Ghazi bows farewell as the train pulls out.

Next time we saw him at the Tokatlian Hotel, Stamboul. He walked into the bar, ordered a drink of whisky, and began to converse with an Englishman.

"Will you have a drink?" he invited the Englishman.

"Delighted to," the Englishman replied.

"Are you amusing yourself in Turkey?"

"Well, sir, I'm here on business."

"What kind of business?"

"Tobacco."

"Why can't a Turk do the business you're doing here?"

"Because he hasn't the money or the experience."

"Where were you in the big war?"

"In France, sir."

"You weren't at Gallipoli at all?"

"No, sir."

Mustapha Kemal always wants to discuss the Gallipoli campaign. When he finds somebody who fought on the other side, he wants to know what the British were thinking during one or two decisive battles.

He says good-by and goes out as quickly as he entered, leaving one of his entourage to settle the bill.

AGAIN at Therapia, at the summer hotel, after midnight, the telephone rings. The president is arriving with his suite; they want fourteen rooms and a supper.

I'm in the lobby when he enters.

"How are you?" he greets me. "Remember, no interview now I'm on my vacation. But you are enjoying yourself in Turkey?"

I admit it.

"Do you notice much of a change?"

"Everything has changed, exactly as your Excellency told me in 1923 that it would change, but I never thought you would make such progress."

"We are just beginning."

In his party are two women and six men. They sit down to a buffet supper. The Ghazi is drinking *araq*, a sweet, colorless, potent liquor made from grape skins, which when mixed with water turns white.

He's now busy discussing plans for the building of a watering place near Ismid.

He's already sent a telegram to Angora ordering the architect in charge, a Viennese, to come to Stamboul and draw up plans for streets, bathing resorts, a hotel, and a casino.

He has just approved the plans of Professor Herbert Jansen, Germany's greatest city planner, for the new Angora, which when completed will be the most modern city in the world. Traffic lines will supply the city as blood vessels supply the body. The main street, a parabola, will only be broken every six blocks, and no buildings will face on it, permitting a speed of sixty miles an hour.

WE can hear him discuss these plans for the new Turkey with his companions. Our interpreter tells us what he is saying.

"The secret of economic prosperity is not only work, but work applied properly," he says. "Modern methods in agriculture, the use of modern machinery, increasing the standard of living and education, good communications, roads, railroads, modern cities—that's the goal."

International photo

Turkish children scanning their report cards, which they have to take home to show their parents their progress in the use of the new Latin alphabet.

I can imagine Trotzky talking under similar circumstances in Russia:

"We must force the people to become class conscious. . . ."

The difference between a practical man and Robespierre.

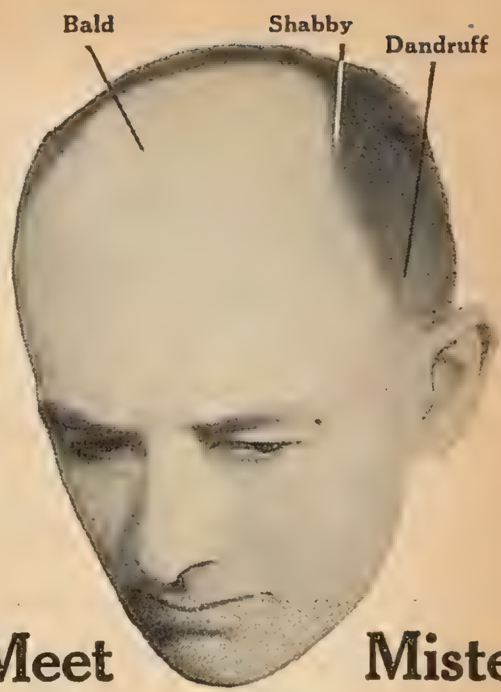
We get daily evidence not only of the *joie de vivre* of Kemal, but of his humanity, his interest in the daily affairs of the ordinary citizen.

In the morning he stops and gossips with the hotel porter, whom he'd known "when."

"He asked me how everything was going on, if I was making enough money to live properly, if I had any more children, how I was educating them—and slipped me fifteen dollars," the porter tells me.

He talks to a group of fishermen, inquiring how much money the fish are bringing, if the season is good for catching fish, if they knew of any-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



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Soon he'll be able to impersonate a billiard ball, he is shedding his hair like a tree sheds leaves in autumn. But he gets no sympathy. . . . It's now so easy to keep hair thick, free from dandruff and always well-groomed.

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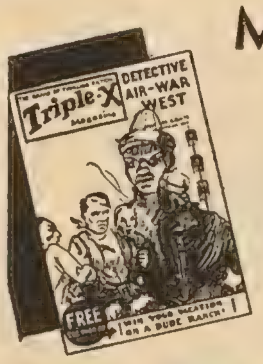
May Triple-X Magazine



along with thrilling fiction stories of detectives, air adventure, war, and the West, by such noted writers as Arthur Guy Empey, Thomson Burtis, Raoul Whitfield, H. Bedford-Jones, and others. Enter this contest today! Many other prizes!

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TROTZKY, THE TAMED TERROR

Continued from page sixty-one

thing the government might do to help them. He does the same with peasants, business men.

And the adoption of the Swiss civil code, the Italian penal and commercial codes, the new constitution, are all the results of his inquiries into the needs of the people.

When the new Latin alphabet was adopted, he personally went around to villages and showed Turks how much simpler it was than the old, which, having 127 letters, took years to learn.

I see for myself that hundreds know the new alphabet that don't know the old . . . and printing presses are working night and day supplying the demand for books.

Even now, when, near Constantinople, the Ghazi and his party are motoring in the country, he stops his car and inquires of a boy, nine years old, who is herding some sheep, as to the direction to a near-by town. The boy replies that the party is off the proper road and must turn back.

"What is your name?" the Ghazi asks.

"Mustapha," the boy replies.

"My name is Mustapha too," the Ghazi replies.

"Oh, lots of people have that name, that doesn't mean anything," the boy answers.

"Have you ever heard of Mustapha Kemal?" the Ghazi asks.

"Yes, I have heard of him, but never met him," the shepherd admits.

"Well, I'm Mustapha Kemal," the Ghazi explains.

Without losing his aplomb, the boy replies, "It is a great pleasure to see you. You know, I never met you before."

"How much are you making herding these sheep?" the Ghazi asks.

"Twenty pounds [about ten dollars] a month."

"What have I in my hand?"

The boy looks and answers, "Ten pounds."

THE Ghazi reaches into his pocket, pulls out another ten-pound note.

"Now how much have I?"

"Twenty pounds."

Another ten-pound note is added.

"How much is that?"

"I don't know. I've never seen that much money at one time."

"Well, suppose now I give it to you, what would you say?"

"That you were foolish to waste your money."

"But suppose I want you to work for me, to go to school, to study and become a great man?"

"I'd like to try it, but I can't afford it. I've got to herd these sheep."

"Here, take this money and come to Stamboul by the end of the week and ask for me."

The boy takes the money.

Two days later—I'm in Stamboul myself at the time—the boy comes to the Dolma Batche Palace, where the president lives.

The boy, still in his peasant costume, enters the luxurious palace built by Abdul Hamid, unimpressed with its gilt and splendor.

"I want to see the president," the boy says.

"I'm afraid you won't be able to see him; he's very busy," a secretary who doesn't know of the appointment replies.

"Just tell him that Mustapha has come to see him," the boy requests. "He told me the other day he wanted to see me here."

The message is given, and the Ghazi receives him. In a few minutes he has arranged for the boy to go to school.

The Ghazi liked his clean looks, his poise, his character, and his ready wit.

"If given half a chance, that boy may become a great man," he confides to one of his suite.

This little episode reflects the contrast between Trotzky and the Ghazi. One loves the people theoretically, as masses, the other loves them practically, as individuals.

And the success of the latter method is apparent.

BEFORE the new constitution was adopted, Mustapha Kemal quoted to me Thomas Jefferson's definition of a good government: "one that keeps people from injuring one another yet leaves them free to regulate their own affairs."

And his new constitution abolishes all class distinctions, titles, and privileges which used to obtain under the old sultans. He removed all religious distinctions; all religions are equal before the law. He abolished polygamy, tore the veils off the women, and they are cheering for him; he made women the civil equals of man except in eligibility for certain government offices.

The Ghazi explains his own success as due to the fact that he has done nothing except what was desired by the people as a whole. He explained the failure of all revolutions and revolutionary leaders — which includes Trotzky—that fail as due to the fact that they ignore the desires of the people.

"The people," he told me, "in the long run are the masters, whether you are dictator, absolute monarch, or a politician. People's hearts are sound basically. Education may give them better judgment, but doesn't change their principles."

Aristocratic Turks criticize him because he drinks.

"I drink and admit it," he tells a crowd. "That is honest. Many who criticize me drink more than I do, but don't admit it. That is dishonest."

To Trotzky such remarks would be trivial. He takes himself much too seriously, feels himself much too superior, to condescend to any authority but himself.

The Ghazi, who admits he is convivial, is still a successful leader.

And Trotzky, who admits he is serious, is a polar bear rug.

THE END

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What we want is the simplest kind of statements. You can write on a single sheet of paper or on the back of a postcard.

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Anyone can answer that question with one word. And almost anyone can tell in a very few words his reasons for his answer.

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. You can write on this subject as often as you wish.

Literary skill will not count in these letters at all, nor will style, spelling, punctuation, or any of these things. We only want your honest views, however you may care to express them.

But brevity *will* count. If your letter is short it will be considered an advantage when the letters are judged.

Address PROHIBITION, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. We regret we cannot return your letters or enter into correspondence concerning them.

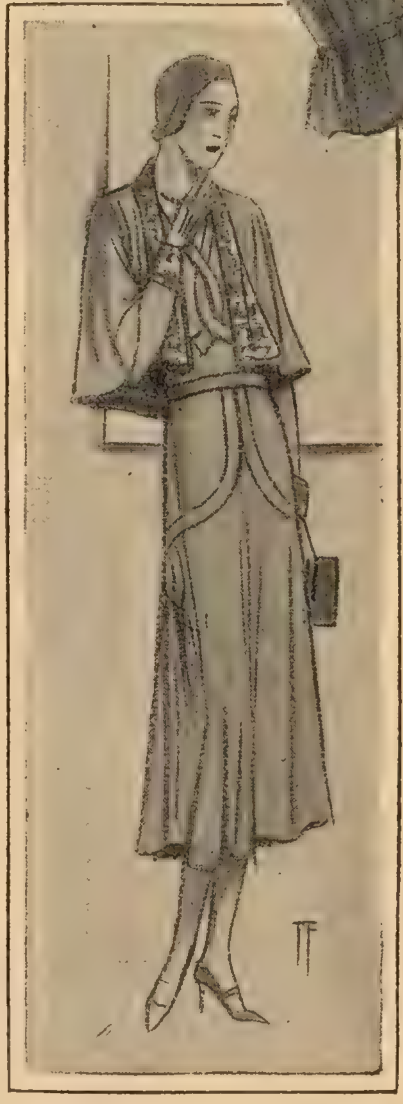
Fashions Called—Fashions Chosen

By

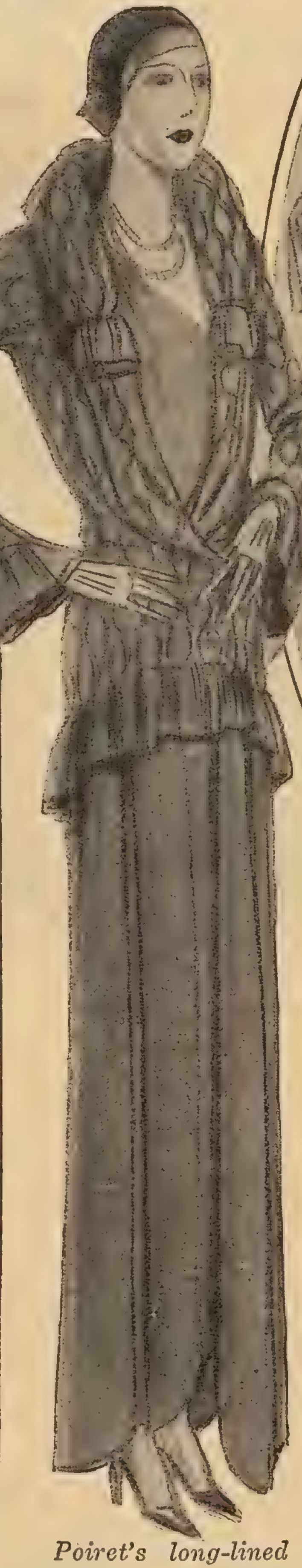
BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

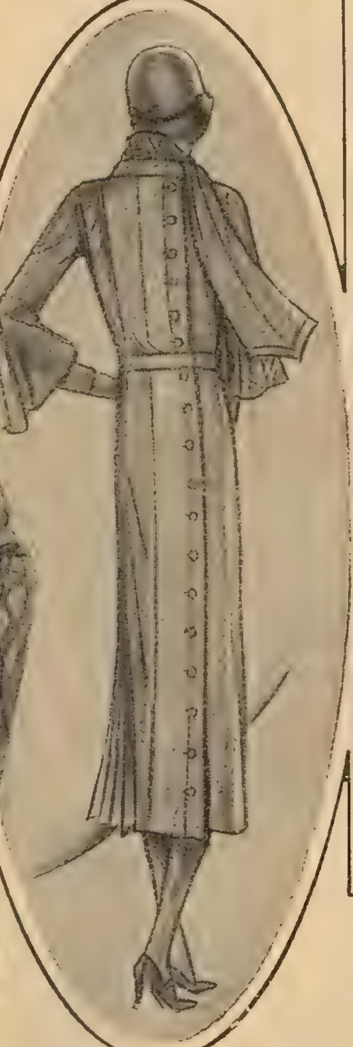
PARIS has, this spring, called out of the past some choice old-style vintages—Greek, neo-Greek (that is, Directoire), Moyen Age, 1830, 1880, Egyptian, and what not. But there are just as many that have no deep dark ancient history at all. Fashions chosen from this bazaar of the ages take their past history lightly; for, whether they have a background or not, they are as modern as the youngest daughter of Eve. Mlle. 1930 will wear in the evening Lanvin's, Chanel's, Molyneux's, Augustabernard's, and others' instep-length frocks, with Greek tunics, long, limp skirts, and the crossed bodice bands and double waistlines. Or she will skip into a totally modern short evening coat or cape of velveteen, quilted silk, lamé, or satin. She will like the dropped shoulder lines from the Moyen Age, and the capes of 1830, but she will wear quite as often the present-day printed chiffon evening ensembles that everybody shows.



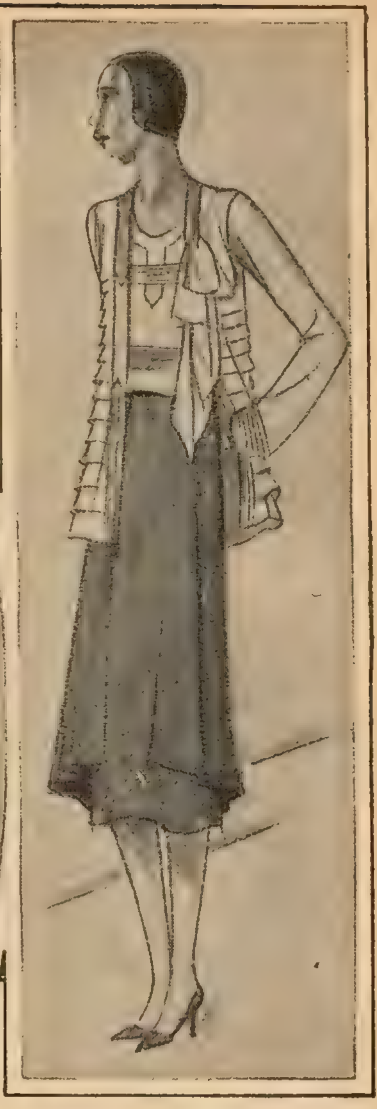
Chanel lines her cape ensembles with gay silks, the capes turned back to simulate scarfs.



Poiret's long-lined ensemble of crêpe with a hand-tucked jacket.



A Chanel tweed coat-dress in blue and white, with cape sleeves.



Paray designed this plaited organdie jacket and blouse and black crêpe silk skirt.

THE organdie evening frocks over lace slips by Chanel will find the greatest favor.

Lace frocks will be worn everywhere for evening; lace tailored suits will be seen; and Patou's lace tweeds will grace the morning. Lace edgings on chiffon dresses from Chanel and Jenny will be seen about town. Lace yokes, scarfs, collars and cuffs, and bands will trim simple daytime dresses. Ducharne's lace-patterned chiffons will be seen everywhere. Fringe trimmings will appear after dark, and many women will wear Worth's evening ensembles with beaded wraps or dresses embroidered in straw thread.

Day coats will have small traffic with past vintages, but they will be of every length, from bolero to full length. Little coats vie with capes. Many of them will have short sleeves. Chanel's semifitted long coats lined to match printed frocks will be worn by Mlle. 1930. Louiseboulanger's tussah coats, cut like Russian blouses and lined to match transparent wool dresses, will be smart. Lanvin's diagonally striped satin knee-length coats and Molyneux's embroidery-dotted silk-and-wool coats will liven daytime ensembles having plain dresses.

CLOTHES to wear near or on the water will be necessary. Schiaparelli's blouses with adjustable scarf backs that can be made décolleté for sun baths will be quickly adopted. Patou's beach pyjamas of cotton crash, Marcel Rochas' Spanish pyjamas with boleros and sashes and big fringed hats will be very good, and women who week-end out of town will choose Louiseboulanger's tweed suits with jumper and short trousers of tussah.

Hostesses will like Worth's pyjama dresses of printed silk with full circular trousers. They will also take to Louiseboulanger's studio frocks with full tulle or chiffon skirts.

Summer fur novelties in the public eye will be Lanvin's clipped white lamb neckpieces, shaped like tires, and the white ermine bolero jackets that everybody shows.

Reds, in the lobster of Vionnet, lacquer of Chanel, tiger lily of Lanvin, scarlet of Patou, and in Pompeian and Burgundy, will give life to summer color schemes. Lanvin's Irish green will also be worn, and turquoise blue.

Separate long coats will often be made of black or navy-blue silk, either stiff or supple.

Summer hats will frequently be of horsehair braid, and horsehair lace ruffles will appear on transparent evening dresses.

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to

LOUIS A. DI GESARE

who was born twenty-three years ago in Schenectady, New York, and still lives there. He works for the General Electric Company as a sign painter and letterer.

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sound technician for a chain of movie theaters in New York City. He is thirty-two, is married, has two children, and lives at 540 West 189th Street.

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MRS. DOROTHEA NEEDHAM

of Montebello, California, where she and her husband have a 5-, 10-, and 15-cent store. She is thirty-one and admits it, and has "two lovely boys."

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Louis Olmos, Clovis.

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Portland—Gordon B. Bell, Jr., Harvey Maddux, Julius E. Mayer, Dorothy M. Miller, Mrs. J. C. Stevens.

Rest of State—Walburga O'Connor, Baker.

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Providence—Michael Di Maio, Stuart K. Fenner, Mrs. Eudie Hunt, Harold A. Lamberton.

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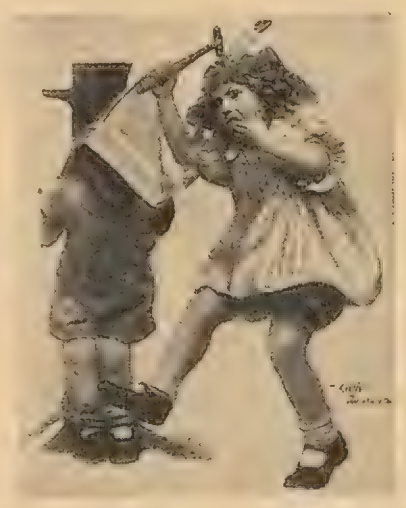
WYOMING

Elda Piaia, Dines; Cleo Norma Thompson, Thermopolis.

“Wah-Wah-Wah!”

A New For the Love o' Lil

“I'LL have to move out of this neighborhood,” Lil's neighbor, Mrs. Duncan, was complaining, as she banged down her window. “My ears are crazy with the yells of those kids. You couldn't hear a fire engine.”



This week's cover picture.

“Don't crab,” her husband told her. “It won't do you any good. We have a year's lease. Just because we weren't blessed with children, you think they should be run out of the state. Believe me—”

He stopped talking because there was nobody around to believe him. Mrs. Duncan had flounced downstairs to her kitchen to test a deep-dish pie crust.

“I cash clothes! I cash clothes!” an old-clothes man was calling in the street.

“I CASH CLOTHES!” Gwendolyn and little Ulysses mimicked at the top of their voices, dodging behind a garage door. They dared to yell once more and then hid like brave field mice.

“Gee!” Gwen breathed, kicking the door. “That bug nearly caught you.”

“Me?” U. asked. “You thought it up.” He hopped three times across the muddy lawn. Squash. Squash. Squash. “I'se hungry,” he said.

“Hungry? I dare you to ask Tess for cookies.”

He didn't know what a dare was, but he knew his stomach needed food. He ran up the kitchen steps and pounded on the door. Then he wriggled the handle.

How poor Tess jumped! Was it a prohibition officer? She swallowed a saucer of strong tea and rushed to the door. The cupboard dishes rattled. They always did when Tess' tenth of a ton crossed the linoleum.

“What d'you want?” she demanded, looking out.

“Cookies.” U. was licking his chops.

“All right,” she said. “Here—and good riddance.”

“Whatcha get?” Gwen asked. “Something good?”

“Sure, I'se got good riddance. Tess—”

“Good riddance?” she squealed. “My eye, you're too stupid to eat.” She snatched three chocolate brownies and left him a broken pecan jumble. “To the garage, to the garage!” she yelled, clumping along the walk.

They climbed into Mrs. Smithers' gray car. They got crumbs on the back seat.

“Wanta play Indians?” Gwen asked, wiping her mouth. “It's fun—come on!” She stopped just long enough to yank a green hair band from a hook, a red and white feather from behind a thumb tack, a hammer from a grimy kit, and a paper hat from land knows where. Then she sped outdoors, dragging a towline.

“Stand by the tree,” she directed, draping her curls under the hair band and feather. “You're a soldier an' you're in a Indian village. Bloody chief—Chief Hitcha Face is behind you!”

“O-oh,” he whimpered. “How long have I gotta stand here? I'se tired.” This complaint came from the depths of his floppy newspaper hat.

“Coward! Soldiers ain't never tired.” She grabbed up the towline. “You're bein' tied, see? You stand there for the big war dance, cry-baby soldier! Heap big chief—Chief Hitcha Face's got his tommyhawk to scalp you, *scalp* YOU! Wah-wah-wah! Wah-wah-wah!”

(Next week's cover adventure: U.'s Trick)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—a Columbia picture at your favorite movie theater

Sound judgement tells you to make safety paramount the year 'round

The GENERAL
DUAL-BALLOON 8

—goes a long way to make friends

SPRINGTIME hails the passing of winter and too many car owners let thoughts of safety pass with it. The real motoring months are just ahead when you travel for pleasure and speed holds a thrill.

If you have never ridden on *Dual*-Balloons you have denied yourself the full measure of fine performance unmarred by any anxiety of tires. The sudden shocks that used to make you grip the wheel more tensely are never felt on *Dual*-Balloons. Extra plys of soft cushion rubber—built-in shock absorbers—take the blows without jar or jolt. The extra 'give' inside the tire plus the lower pressure hold the car close to the road and true to its course. There is no shimmy, no wobble, no sidesway. ~ ~ Not many would venture top speeds of today's cars without *Dual*-Balloons, but even for the average driver it is wise to have the extra margin of safety that only the *Dual*-Balloon can give you.

The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

The GENERAL
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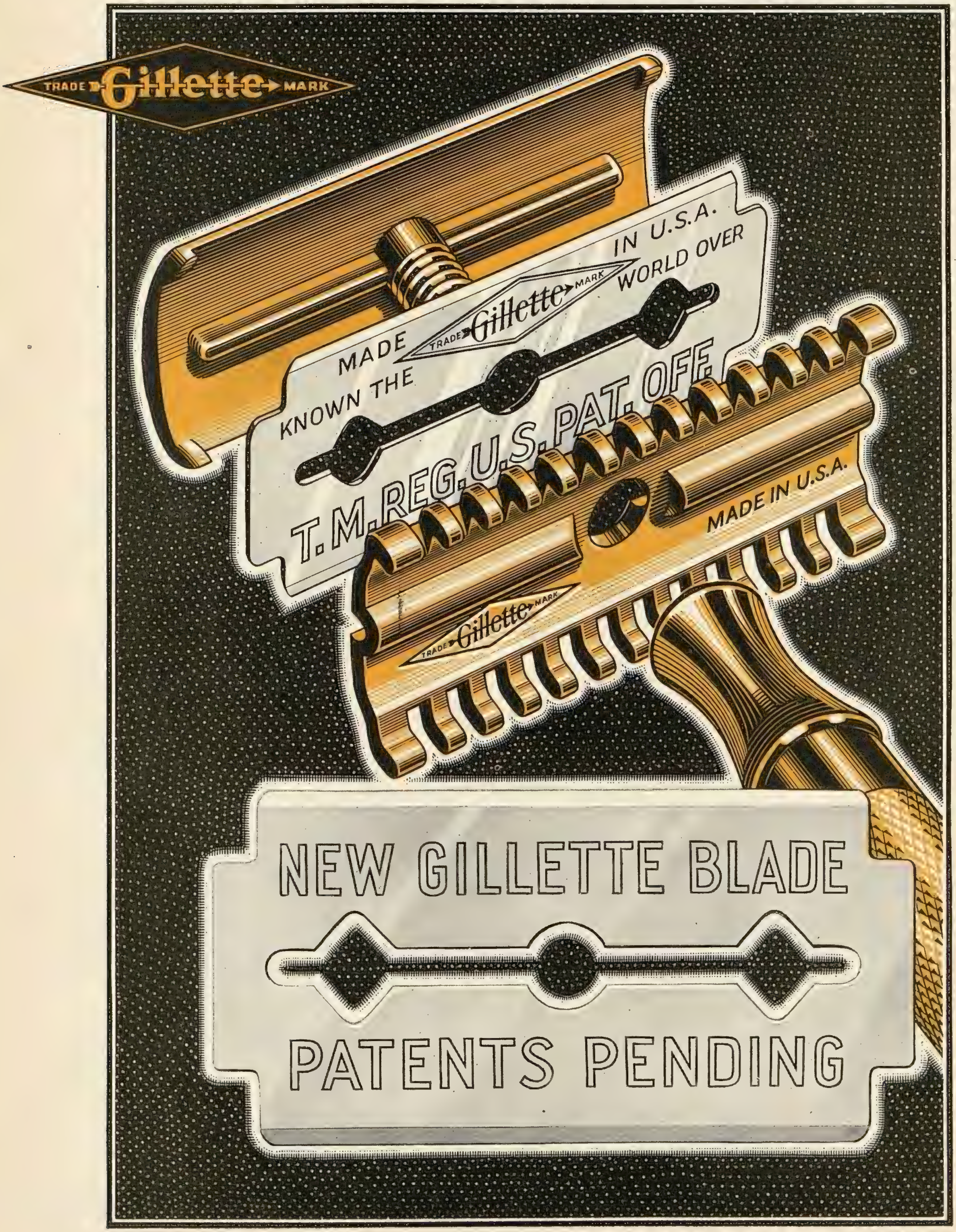
82,000 MEN a day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NEW GILLETTE BLADE
PATENTS PENDING

are scrapping their old razors *for the New* Gillette

New Blade – *no wiping*
New Razor – *no pulling*

ONE hundred and ten million men have used a Gillette Razor for years and maintained that it was the most efficient shaving instrument ever made. They were right.

Yet these men are scrapping their old Gillette Razors by the scores of thousands today. And again they are right.

You'll say so too when you try this New Gillette Blade and Razor (patents pending)—a shaving instrument so smooth, so fast, so velvety, so effortless in its action that you have to feel your face to make sure the whiskers are off. Never have you enjoyed such an amazingly comfortable shave.

You *can* use the new blade in your old Gillette Razor . . . and get a better shave. Yet once you try the New Gillette Blade and New Gillette Razor together, you will never want to use anything else. You will agree that the few extra pennies spent for the new razor are the greatest investment in shaving comfort that you ever made.

In designing this new blade and razor, Gillette engineers interviewed 27,000 men, examined tens of thousands of used razors. They found the cause of "razor pull"—found it in nicked and dented corners resulting from dropping the razor on floor or wash basin. These dents were enough to throw the blade out of alignment, to spoil a perfect shave.

QUICK FACTS

1. *New blade can be used in your old Gillette*
2. *New processed steel; new blade resists rust*
3. *Cut-out corners of blade prevent "razor pull"*
4. *To clean, turn guard at right angles . . . then re-tighten . . . rinse . . . shake dry*
5. *New shape guard channel gives full shaving clearance*
6. *New shape guard teeth meet skin smoothly, naturally*
7. *No projecting posts to dull blade edges*
8. *Reinforced razor corners prevent damage if dropped*
9. *Square blade ends safer to handle*
10. *Shaves easier around mouth, nose, ears*
11. *New blades same price as old*
12. *New razor, 24K. gold plated, with one new blade, in case, $1.00*

What Gillette engineers did was to reinforce each corner of the new razor cap with heavy metal lugs that withstand abuse. Then they cut out all four corners of the blade so that it is not held at these corners at all when cap and guard clamp together. Now even if you should happen to drop the New Gillette, no harm is done; the blade maintains its perfect alignment and "pulling" is prevented.

The New Gillette Blade has square ends that do not slip in wet fingers. It is designed to shave closer around the corners of ears, nose and mouth. And gone are the old posts that stuck through the blade and accidentally caught and dulled so many keen edges.

The new blade is made of special processed steel to resist rust. When finished shaving, turn blade and guard at right angles, re-tighten, hold under hot running water—shake thoroughly, and leave on the shelf to dry. A great time saver. A greater towel saver.

At almost every store you can get the New Gillette Razor, 24K. gold plated, supplied with one new blade and packed in a good-looking case, for only one dollar; also the New Gillette Blade in the new green packet which costs one dollar for ten, and fifty cents for the package of five.

Don't wait any longer to enjoy the most comfortable shave you've ever had in your life. Stop at your dealer's today.

NEW
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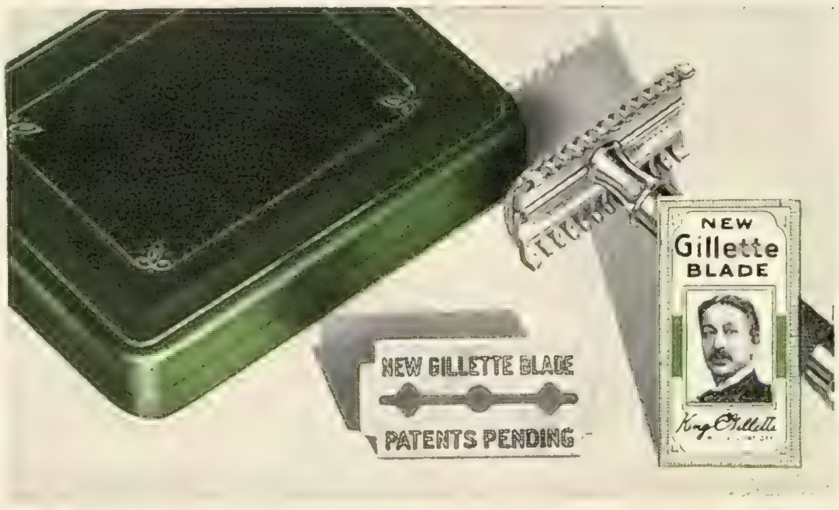
PATENTS PENDING
King C. Gillette
Gillette
MADE IN U.S.A.
NEW Gillette BLADE

$1.00 for ten and 50c for five . . . the New Gillette Blades in the new green packet



THE NEW GILLETTE RAZOR, 24K. gold plated, in beautiful case, complete with New Gillette Blade . Price $1.00

Other De Luxe models at $5.00 to $75.00

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

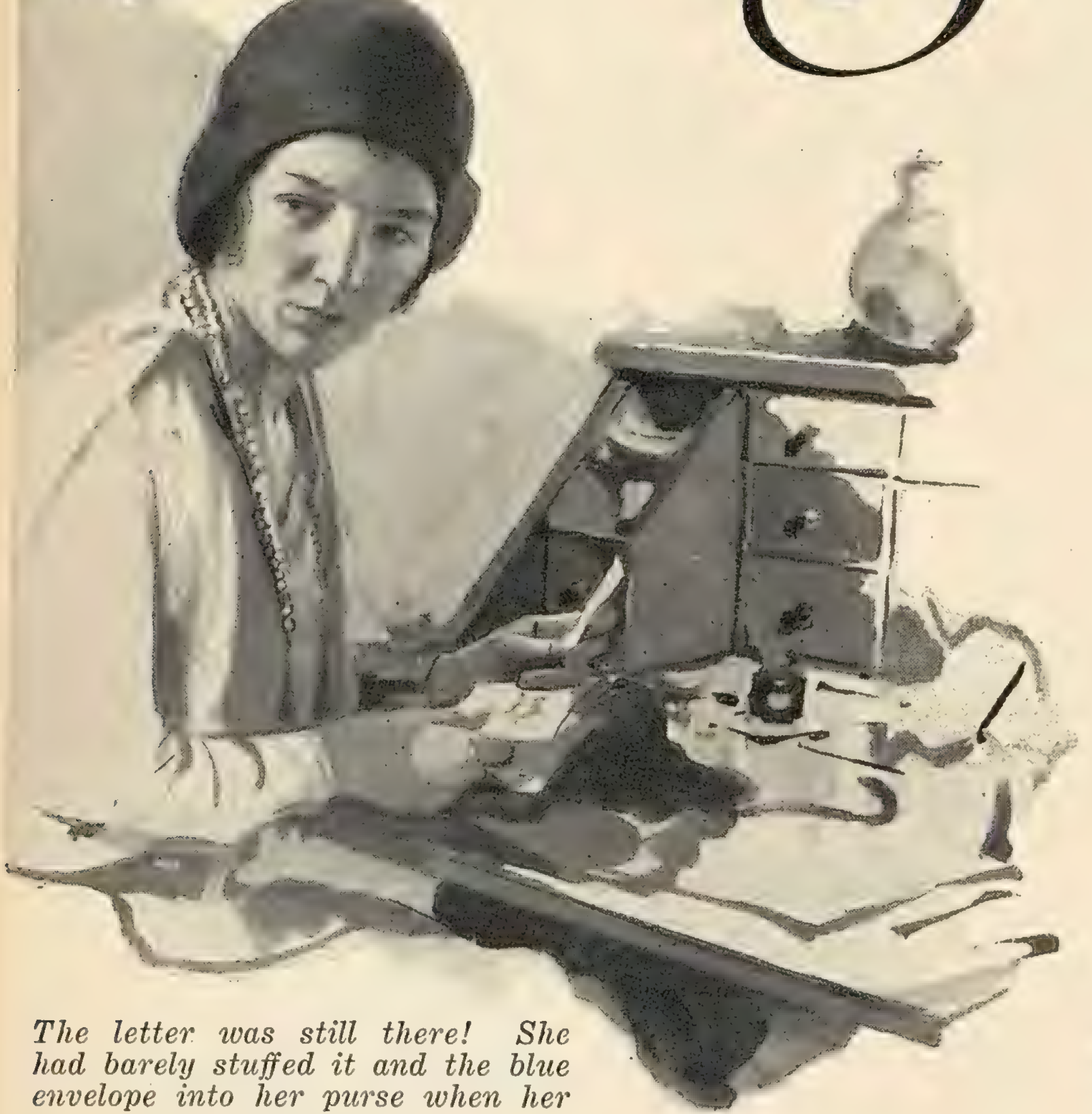
Smoke Screen

The Story of A Girl's Great Adventure

By

Lawrence Saunders

Pictures by
J. M. CLEMENT



The letter was still there! She had barely stuffed it and the blue envelope into her purse when her brother came back.

"WHO could have killed Angela? Who would have wanted to kill her? She was so kind." It was Alice Blair who put this question to Sally Lomax.

Sally, struggling to unravel the mystery, asked: "Have you any idea where that husband of Angela's is?"

Alice looked startled. "You mean *he* might have murdered her? But he's dead. At least, she always spoke of him as dead. I'm sure he is."

The body of Angela Blair Browning had been found in a partially burned shack on Telephone Road, out from Houston, Texas. In the next room lay old Martin Fox—also dead. A lamp, apparently, had exploded. The first theory was death by suffocation. But Sally, indefatigable cub reporter on the Pioneer, discovered kerosene-soaked newspapers under the old stairway, and Johnny Rorke, also on the Pioneer, found a freshly emptied kerosene tin.

Richard Lomax, Sally's district attorney brother, was disgusted with the idea of a sister busy with crime. But Andy Hunt, city editor of the Pioneer, applauded Sally's work. Judge Morrison, prospective gubernatorial candidate, supplied the information that he owned the burned shack and had let Fox live in it rent free. Fox, a collector of old bills, was, astonishingly, buying a farm.

Angela Blair Browning had owned a private hospital in Galveston. She had supplied the funds with which Alice opened a dress shop in Houston. The man who drove Angela from Galveston to Houston shortly before the fire had been identified as Terry O'Toole, who had served a six months' sentence for bootlegging.

Alice confessed to Sally that she herself loved Terry, and that their plan to be married had enraged Angela. This looked bad for O'Toole.

Sally, who was spending the night with Alice, stayed up with her until, exhausted, Alice fell asleep.

PART FOUR—SALLY LOSES A FRIEND

TOGETHER the two girls cooked breakfast and sat in the sunny breakfast nook off the kitchen to eat it. Alice's eyes were brighter and her manner more determined; she was saner, somehow, this morning. It was nearly ten o'clock when they rose from the table. Neither had mentioned the overhanging tragedy while they had cooked and eaten; there was a gentle consideration evident in each for the other.

As she started toward the bedroom, Alice turned to her guest.

"I'm so grateful to you for staying here with me last night and for letting me talk myself weary," she said. "I feel this morning that I can start all my work with my nerves calmer, at least, than they were yesterday. It has been nice to have someone here who was—understanding, not just sympathetic."

"Why—" Sally was at a loss to cope with this calm woman.

"I'll telephone Miss Stockard in Galveston," Alice was going on, with just a pat on Sally's arm to stop whatever she might start to say, "that she needn't bother to come back today."

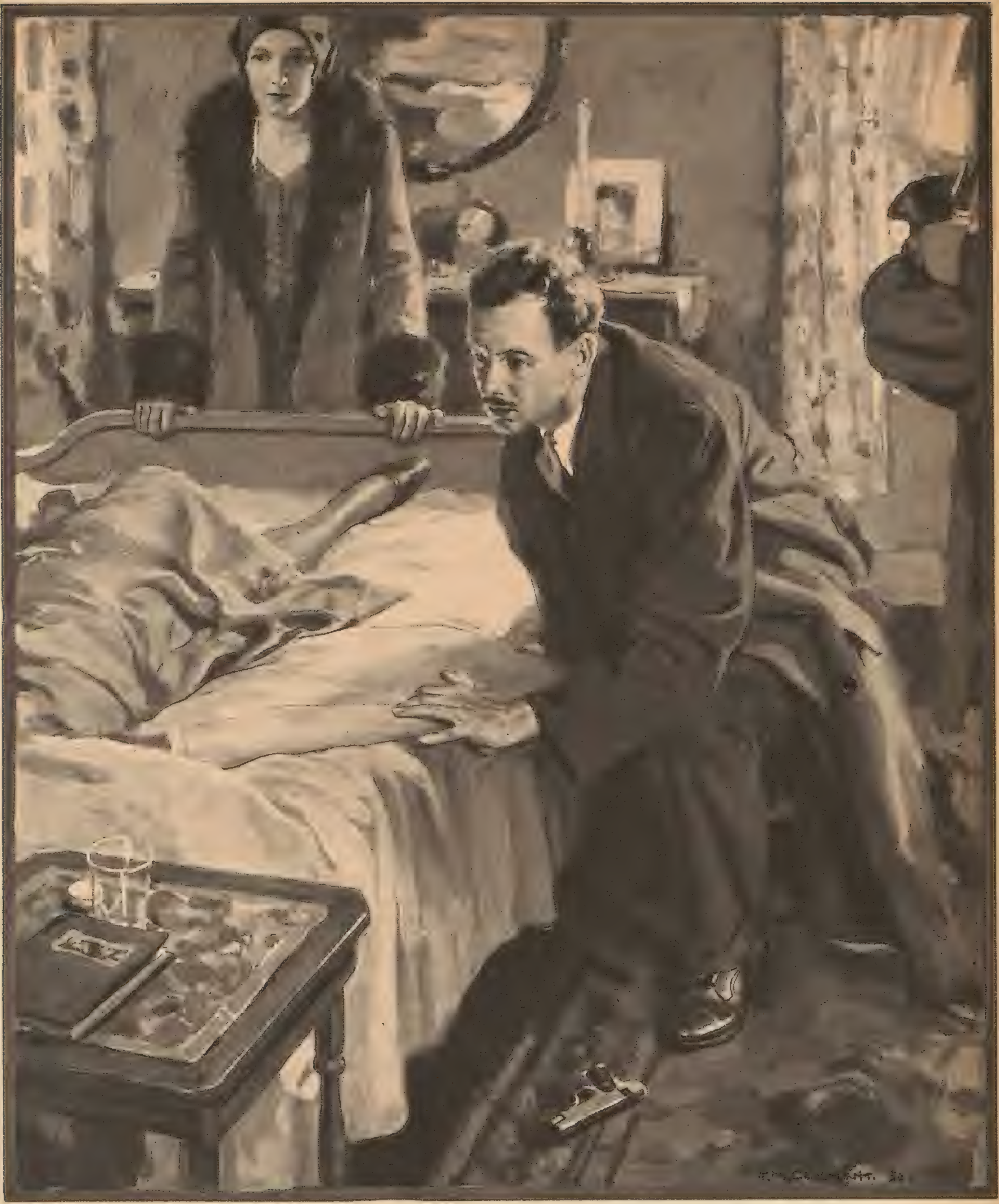
Sally nodded. "Before you put in that call, I'll phone my office and see if there is anything new," she said, "if you don't mind."

Johnny Rorke answered when she asked for the city desk. He greeted her gayly, congratulated her on the "lucky breaks" she had been getting.

"Stop it, Johnny," she said. "Is there anything new on the story today?"

Morphine had been found in the stomachs of both Mrs. Browning and old Fox, he told her. The chemist also had found traces of morphine sulphate in the whisky glasses which had stood on the bare pine table in the kitchen of the old house on Telephone Road.

Johnny stopped in the midst of his story to tell Sally to watch Alice closely when she repeated it to her. Alice, turning from the window where she had been standing,



Dick laid a hand on the white arm stretched out upon the coverlet. "Good God!" said the district attorney.

had caught the look on her guest's face. She had come close beside the desk to whisper, "Tell me! Tell me! What is it?" Sally reached out a hand and gently pushed her away, nodding to her while she listened to Rorke.

"Do you get it, Sally?" he was saying, slowly and earnestly. "This means that whoever planned the burning of the house did not mean for either of those two people to leave it alive! It means, beyond any doubt, that not only was it premeditated murder of the woman, but also of the man. No chance of an accident here, now."

"Anything else new?"

"You mean have they found O'Toole? No. Where that bird slipped to I'd like to know. He's got the answer to this thing in his pocket. Does she know where he might be—I mean, has she said anything that would indicate that she might know where he is hiding?"

"Nothing. And I don't think so."

Sally hung up the receiver and turned to Alice. She hated to tell the girl this last thing; but someone had to do it.

"Your sister was—there was morphine in her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

stomach." She spoke gently. But Alice did not faint, nor even flinch. She stood staring at Sally, and the girl could almost see her thoughts taking form.

"It was murder—sure, sure murder." There was a new note in the low voice, a vindictive note. Suddenly the thought came to Sally: Alice Blair would feel that she must avenge her sister's murder—the sister who had done everything for her—had been "the best friend a girl ever had; the most generous friend."

"Whoever killed her wanted to be sure. Drugged with morphine and left to burn!"

The voice was still calm, but the great brown eyes were no longer brown, nor yet black with enlarged pupils. Sally felt a tremor of fear. The woman standing before her had *red* eyes! She had seen Siamese cats glare with that same queer radiance.

Alice sat down in one of the big, deep chairs. She looked out the window again at the line of cars going up and down Main Boulevard, men hurrying late to their offices, housewives going to market, mothers taking their children to school. Sally was silent. There seemed to be nothing she could say.

Alice got up briskly. "It was extraordinarily kind of you to take pity on me last night, Miss Lomax." She spoke as though she had not already thanked Sally for staying. "Whatever happens to me in the rest of my life, I'll always be grateful to you for that. You have no idea how much it meant to me. Now I mustn't keep you from your office longer. I will phone you, please believe me, when I have anything to tell a newspaper. That much I can do to repay you."

Sally stood up uncertainly. She was being dismissed. Alice went on speaking.

"I am going down to the bank now, and then I think I'll go over to see your brother. I must telephone down to the hospital at Galveston. I must see about funeral arrangements for my sister. I must find out what happened to that maid of mine. I must get in touch with the girls in the shop downstairs."

"I hope you will call me if there is a single thing I can do for you," Sally said warmly. "I mean beyond anything I can do as a reporter. And if you find anything that my paper can help you with, please let us know. If I am not there, ask for Mr. Hunt or Mr. Rorke."

"I will, Miss Lomax—do you mind if I call you Sally?"

"Oh, please do! I've been on the verge of saying Alice half a dozen times."

They kissed as two old friends when Sally had put on her hat. She went down the back stairs to her car and drove slowly to the Pioneer office. When she appeared in the city room, Hunt and Rorke, warmly cordial, proposed to go down to the corner restaurant. Most of the big stories were plotted down there; it was the only place Hunt could be free from the enslaving telephone, ravenous printers, and visiting pests. The noon edition was out, and Andy demanded his midmorning coffee.

"THIS morphine in old man Fox's stomach is sure a rum go," said Rorke when the greasy Greek waiter had brought the three thick cups of fine coffee and had gone back to the front window to gaze mournfully out at the street. "I had this thing all doped out—"

"For crying out loud!" Hunt growled. "Your puns are in miserable taste! Morphine—rum go—all doped out! Criminy! We all had it fixed up this way, bright boy: old man gets the woman completely blotto and robs her of the five hundred, pours kerosene around, turns over the lamp, and is so drunk himself that he burns up before he can get out of the house. He's all aflame with burning oil; he tries to open the front door he had carefully locked. In his frenzy, he breaks off the key when it won't work in the old lock. Lord, boy, I've had that figured out since the first morning. Why he wanted to burn her up was the one thing I couldn't explain. Sally, what do you think about the O'Toole end of the thing—that is, what do you think Alice Blair thinks about him?"

Sally repeated, as briefly as she could, what Alice had told her about Terry, about the telephone conversation at the Galvez, and Alice's apparent sincerity in declaring that O'Toole had nothing to do with the crime in the old house. "Somehow she made me believe that he didn't, too," she concluded.

"Well, kid, you may believe it, but it don't look so good for the romantic Terry, just the same," Johnny commented dryly. "Her own story damns him still more completely. He has been a bootlegger; everybody knows that. May be one yet. The old man and the woman had been drinking whisky. What was to keep Terry from going out there after he telephoned Alice, getting drunk along with them, telling Angela that he and Alice were going to be married anyway, and having her unleash her celebrated wildcat rage on him, and then knock them both off: Angela because she had threatened him, maybe, with something she had on him, then the old man because he was a witness? You can't tell what Angela Browning had on O'Toole. She knew her underworld, baby. And drunk men have done such things as kill women."

"Oh, you're crazy," said Sally sharply. "You can't believe anything as improbable as that."

Andy cut in grumpily:

"I'd like to know what time O'Toole got back to Galveston from Houston—how long he slept in that house of his out on the S Road before that neighbor saw him drive off at noon. Yes, sir, I'd like to know that one thing." He pushed back his chair and rose. "Well, folks, I've got to get back upstairs. Johnny, you'd better see what Lomax has to say this morning."

"Want to go over and see the big brother, Sally?"

"No, thank you, Johnny. I'm keeping out of his way as much as possible. I'm not the fair-haired sister since that story the other night."

Andy grinned at her almost affectionately.

"That's all right. You come along upstairs with me. I'd like to keep you handy; if something breaks today maybe you'll be able to use some of this 'confidential' dope you got out there last night."

JOHNNY sat around the district attorney's office for the next hour, talking to Monroe and Eddy, who were marking time there, too. They saw Alice Blair go in for a conference with Lomax; they saw her leave. She was polite to them, but she had "nothing to say." Lomax would tell them only that Miss Blair had come in to talk about funeral arrangements for her sister's body; at his suggestion she had postponed doing anything about it for another twenty-four hours.

"What do you expect to break in twenty-four hours, Dick? Arrest O'Toole?"

"No predictions, Roscoe. I'd like to arrest him right now, if you care for that information!" Lomax smiled ruefully.

It was one o'clock when he appeared again in the outer office, where the three reporters were playing penny ante.

"I've got an important statement for you fellows," he said. "Arthur has made carbon copies of it for each of you. The only reason I'm giving it to you is because the reporters in Key West got hold of this woman, and you'll be deviling me anyway, and I might as well give it to you straight. This was dictated to my stenographer over long distance from Key West."

"Who the hell is in Key West, Lomax?"

"Well, I expected you bright boys would have forgotten that! Mrs. Grace Caruthers, who was Alice Blair's guest here and in Galveston, is in Key West!"

Rorke and Monroe grabbed the sheets of paper Lomax handed them and made for telephones. Home edition deadlines were near for both afternoon papers.

The Florida authorities, at the request of District Attorney Lomax, had boarded the Galveston-New York steamer that Friday morning when it had touched Key West and had questioned Mrs. Caruthers.

The dress importer had freely admitted that she had spent the night of the double murder with Alice Blair,

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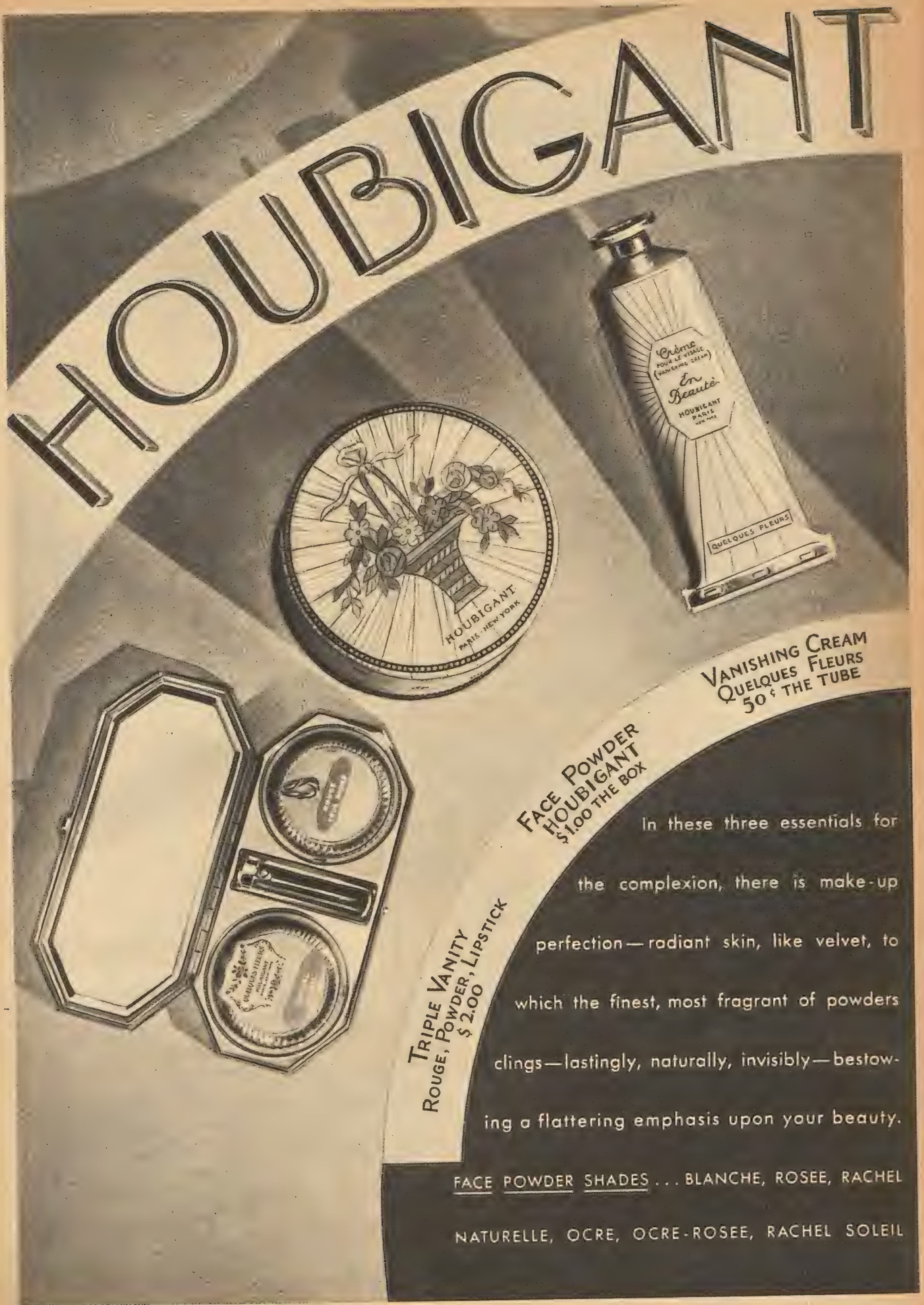
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

and that prior to that time she had been Miss Blair's guest in Houston for two days. And Mrs. Caruthers had innocently disclosed that Miss Blair had been away from their room in the hotel from about midnight until six o'clock in the morning!

"Miss Blair received a telephone call over long distance about eleven-thirty o'clock on Tuesday night," Mrs. Caruther's statement was quoted. "Apparently she was much distressed over the news she received. She cried for a little while, and then asked me if I didn't want to go for a drive along the beach. I did not go, because I sleep badly on shipboard, and wanted a good night's rest. Miss Blair said she was not afraid to go alone, that she frequently drove alone at night, and that she would just drive up and down the beach until she was sleepy. She had parked her car in the driveway in front of the hotel.

"I dropped off to sleep a little after twelve," the statement continued, "and was awakened when Miss Blair returned to the room. She was exhausted and haggard. My watch showed a quarter of six. I did not ask her where she had been during the six hours she had been gone. She fell asleep almost at once, and slept for about four hours. She awakened me by calling out in her sleep; I don't know what she said. But I arose and began packing my things. I awakened her at ten o'clock.

"We had breakfast in our room and she drove me over to the steamer. On the way, Miss Blair apologized for the disturbance of the night before, saying that her sister had discovered that she was in love with a man, and that he had telephoned her that her sister was very angry about it. She told me: 'My sister is jealous of every man who looks at me twice; I've never had anything on my conscience except in deceiving her. I hate quarrels and scenes and this one upset me terribly.'

"After the boat had sailed I saw a Houston newspaper extra that someone had brought aboard, and saw that the headline said something about the discovery of two bodies in a fire. I did not read the paper; naturally, I did not connect the fire and tragedy with my friend. I had my usual attack of seasickness that evening, and did not leave my cabin until the boat touched here at Key West and you gentlemen asked for me.

"I have known Alice Blair for more than three years. I met her in Paris and I consider her a fine young woman. She has a real success ahead of her in her business."

A messenger dashed off with the copy for Andy Hunt while Johnny was telling him enough of it for the city editor to be able to write the headlines while the boy was getting from the courthouse to the Pioneer office. No one bothered to tell Sally the cause of the mild commotion at the city desk. She read of it first in the home edition, and had just completed her astonished perusal when Johnny sauntered into the city room. Sally hurried after him to the city desk. He turned around and surveyed her pityingly.

"WELL, kid, this looks awkward for your little girl friend," he taunted.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if your brother doesn't arrest her as a suspect in this murder, I'll buy you a coky-coly." Johnny pushed his hat far back on his head and balanced himself on feet spread wide apart.

"Arrest Alice? Tommyrot! How could he?"

"How couldn't he, now?"

Sally turned to Andy as the oracle to vindicate her. But Andy was whittling on a match, a habit of his when he was dovetailing the corners of a troublesome story. She whirled back to Johnny, more loquacious than Andy, always.

"Listen, Sally: Alice Blair was away from the Galvez for six hours. She could drive to Houston at that time of the night in two hours, help O'Toole get the woman and the old man drunk, put the poison pills in their whisky, soak the house in kerosene, start the fire, and get back to Galveston in another two hours, having had one hundred and twenty minutes to complete the job in the old house." Johnny's voice was matter-of-fact. "What's more, all she has to say about this story is, 'I have nothing to say!' I called her, George called her, Roscoe called her."

"That's just nonsense! Alice Blair didn't have one thing to do with that affair, and I believe every word when she says Terry O'Toole didn't! You can't honestly believe such a wild story, Johnny!"

"No? And just when I was beginning to have hopes of you, too!" The star reporter's voice was maliciously mocking. "Well, she may 'have nothing to say,' but I'll bet Alice wishes that her talkative friend in Key West had kept her mouth half as well closed as Alice has. The old gal sure spilled a mouthful."

Sally wanted to cry. She hated newspaper men when they got so cynical and sour on the world! She was almost sorry that she was going to be a newspaper man herself, all the rest of her life, please God.

"You're wanted over there on the telephone, Sally." Andy Hunt had heard the office boy call her, although Sally hadn't.

SHE picked up the phone on Andy's desk. The girl was so furious that she forgot this was the city editor's sacred line.

"Put that call for me here," she snapped. There was a click on the wire and her brother's voice came over it. "Oh, hello, Dick! What do *you* want?"

Andy Hunt dropped his match and looked up.

"Sally, do you think you could spend the night with Alice Blair tonight?" Dick Lomax was blandly asking.

"Spend the night with her? Why?"

"I don't want to arrest her tonight for a certain reason, if I can get out of it, and I've got to keep an eye on her. You could stay out there and keep her from pulling any funny stuff on us."

"If you are so sure she is a murderess, how can you want me to stay alone with her?" Sally's rage had turned to sarcasm.

"Come over here to my office." The receiver clicked in her ear.

"Dick thinks I might go out and stay with the arch-fiend tonight," she informed Andy coldly. "He orders me to come over to his office right away. All right?"

"Lord, yes. Go to it." Andy grinned at her.

Sally called Alice from her brother's office, while he listened over an extension telephone on his stenographer's desk.

Alice was cordial. She thanked Sally for calling. Her nerves were much better. No, she thought it better for Sally to go on home and get a night's rest, away from all the excitement.

"Stop by tomorrow afternoon and have a cup of tea with me," said Alice. "If I don't see you before then, I'll need you then, I'm sure. I think I've told your brother everything I know, and if anything else happens, Sally, I'll call you straight away."

"Of course I'll see you tomorrow," said Sally.

"I need a night's rest myself," said Alice. "There is a lot of work ahead of me. If all these officers and newspaper men can't solve this terrible thing"—her voice trembled slightly for the first time—"I think I can, and I'm never going to stop trying until I do. I suppose I ought to get a lawyer to advise me. Well, we'll talk about that tomorrow. Good night, honey. You get some sleep, and keep that clever brain polished up for me." She hung up.

Sally looked over at her brother and made a wry face.

"Well, that's that!" he said, disgusted, coming back to his desk. "I suppose I'll have to rely on putting a couple of men out there to watch the house. Miss Blair said she let the nurse go back to Galveston. Well, I'll take a chance she won't fly the coop. Come on, you trusting infant; let's go home. I need sleep and quiet myself."

"Dick, did you talk to her about the Caruthers statement? You're not talking for publication now, on my honor."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"Barbasol makes men shaving artists"

"I like Barbasol because it starts where most shaves leave off. It makes the daily shave a finished work of art without an effort, and every one of us a master craftsman with the razor. There's showmanship in Barbasol—so quick, clean, effortless—it softens the beard like magic and makes you put your best face forward every day; with no brush; no rub; no lather."

Tony Sarg

TONY SARG

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TONY SARG, father of the Marionette Theatre in America, noted illustrator and author of children's books, well known illustrator of humorous stories in leading magazines, creator of animated window displays and gigantic parades, inventor of many mechanical devices and toys, and widely known as a public lecturer.

Barbasol
No brush. No lather. No rub-in
Barbasol
an antiseptic beard softener for Shaving
Barbasol
Antiseptic Beard Softener
BARBASOL

MEN in the limelight and men in the street—from all walks of life they send us the joyful news that "Barbasol has ended the daily shaving *scrape*."

"No pulling or scratching", writes R. B. from New Jersey, "Barbasol leaves the skin smooth as can be." And from Illinois, H. C. says, "Can't see why any man should hang on to the shaving brush habit. My face, my time, my disposition are all saved by Barbasol." (Yes, names on request if you want.)

Try this method—follow directions and you'll follow the crowd

When you start using Barbasol (better give it a try tomorrow) just remember that you use No Brush, No Rubbing, No Lather. "O. K."? Now let's Go!

1. Wet your face. Leave it wet. **2.** Spread on Barbasol with the fingers. (Don't rub it in.) **3.** Wet the blade and—SHAVE.

That's ALL. You don't have to do anything else to get the shaving surprise of your life. No messing around with facial preparations, no brushing, no rubbing, no lathering. Barbasol makes the beard soft but *crisp*. The blade slips along *easy*, smooth. Whiskers come off close, *clean*. Leaves your face soft, refreshed. No lotions needed here and—the blades last longer.

Nobody can *prove* the miracle of this modern shave to YOU. You have to try it on *your-own-face!* You can get Barbasol at any drug store; generous tubes 35¢ and 65¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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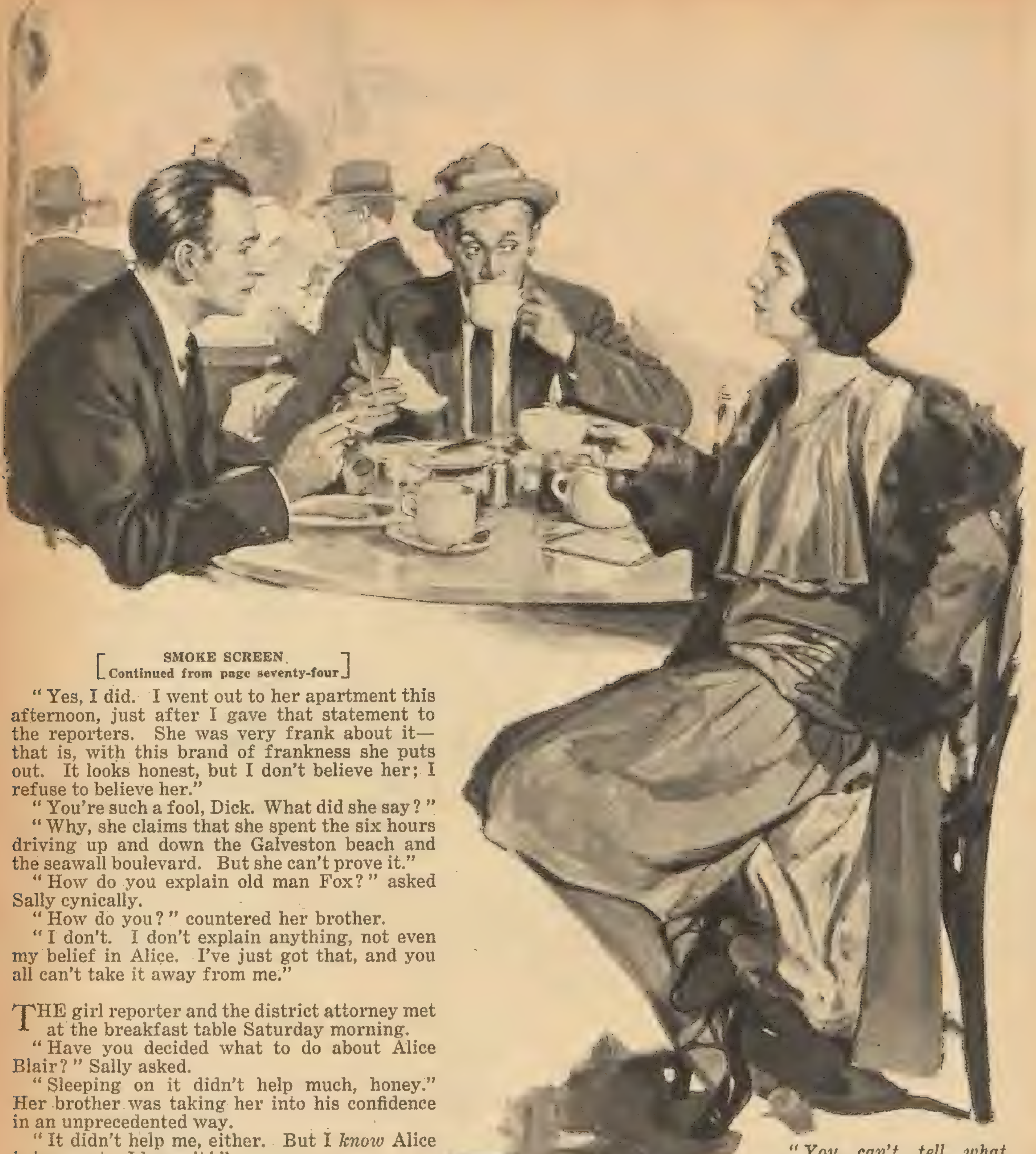

"You can't tell what Angela Browning had on O'Toole. She knew her underworld, baby. And drunk men have done such things as kill women."

[SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page seventy-four]

"Yes, I did. I went out to her apartment this afternoon, just after I gave that statement to the reporters. She was very frank about it—that is, with this brand of frankness she puts out. It looks honest, but I don't believe her; I refuse to believe her."

"You're such a fool, Dick. What did she say?"

"Why, she claims that she spent the six hours driving up and down the Galveston beach and the seawall boulevard. But she can't prove it."

"How do you explain old man Fox?" asked Sally cynically.

"How do you?" countered her brother.

"I don't. I don't explain anything, not even my belief in Alice. I've just got that, and you all can't take it away from me."

THE girl reporter and the district attorney met at the breakfast table Saturday morning.

"Have you decided what to do about Alice Blair?" Sally asked.

"Sleeping on it didn't help much, honey." Her brother was taking her into his confidence in an unprecedented way.

"It didn't help me, either. But I *know* Alice is innocent. I know it!"

"Well, I'm more or less inclined to agree with you. But before I do anything, I'd like to get my hands on O'Toole. I want that man!"

"So does Alice!"

"I think I'll go out there to see her about eleven o'clock this morning. Maybe you'd better be there; she appears to have confidence in you."

"I'll be there."

At the office, after a hesitation that made him insistent, Sally finally told Rorke about the valentine and the letter she had seen under the box of candy on Alice's desk.

"You nitwit!" Johnny groaned. "You didn't read that letter?"

"I didn't have a chance to read it, Johnny. While I was sitting there looking at it, I was afraid she might come in and catch me at it, and then she waked up and there wasn't a chance. And I clear forgot it later, when I went to bed after she had gone back to sleep."

"There's one room in every house," the star reporter commented dryly, "where you can read forbidden literature."

"Johnny! I'm not so bright, am I?"

There was such genuine contrition in her voice and face that her mentor softened.

"Yes, I reckon you are; you're a right smart kid, Sally. Nobody expects you to learn all the tricks of the trade at once. But when you get back out there, you get that letter!"

"Steal it?"

"Borrow it—without mentioning the loan, innocent!"

He wandered out of the city room. Sally was impatient. After all, maybe that letter would tell something; maybe it wouldn't! The way everybody suspected Alice made her tired!

She looked at her watch: twenty minutes to eleven.

"Andy," she said to the city editor, "Dick is going out to see Alice Blair at eleven, and he wanted me to be there when he got there; he thinks maybe she will talk more freely to him with me there. All right?"

"Sure, kid. Better get a move on."

As Sally entered the vestibule of the apartment over Alice Blair's shop, she heard pounding overhead. She ran up the stairs.

Her brother and a man she recognized as Dietrich Arnold, a detective on the district attorney's staff, were in the second-floor hall.

"She doesn't answer the telephone nor the doorbell," Lomax growled. Plainly, he was more than annoyed. "If she has got out of this apartment, there's going to be the devil to pay around here."

"Where's the officer you set to watch her?" Sally asked. Her heart was thumping. Had she been deceived in this girl?

"One's out front and one's at the back. I called her on the telephone, and when she didn't answer, I came straight out. There was no way to reach my men. I didn't want all the people in the apartment to know I had a watch set. Huldy, the officer out front now, says there has been no one out of the apartment except the regular tenants since he relieved the night man at seven o'clock this morning."

THEY had retreated to the hall window. Dick spoke to the detective.

"Arnold, you go find the janitor of this place. I'm going into that apartment!" He thrust his hands into his coat pockets, with a dogged determination, and began to whistle La Golondrina.

Sally turned from the window, where she had been asking herself troubled questions, as Arnold and the Negro janitor clumped up the stairs.

"Got a key that will fit this door, boy?"

"Yassah, yassah, Mr. Lomax, I got a key. I reckon it's all right fo' me to open it fo' you?"

"Certainly it's all right!"

Lomax, followed by Sally, Arnold, and the janitor, entered the living room. It was dusky, for the shades at the front windows were drawn. There was a faint odor of stale tobacco fumes; Sally recognized Alice's Russian cigarettes.

Lomax raised the shades, none too gently. To the girl, standing just within the door, there was something depressing in the morning sunshine that came in; some vague unease hovered over these sophisticated furnishings. A rakish pottery lamb, picked out by a beam of sunshine, leered at her from the skyscraper bookshelves beside the chaise longue.

Dick Lomax had gone from the front windows to the bedroom door, closed and prim in its apple-green paint, and was rapping impatiently on it.

There was no answer.

"Suppose you go in; she may have drugged herself to sleep again," Dick suggested to his sister. She opened the door.

The curtains at the two windows looking on to the side street were fully drawn. The duplex shades were down tight, too.

"Alice?" Sally called in a small voice. "Alice?" Louder. She waited, her heart beating almost audibly. She could make out the girl's head on the pillow, the eyes open, but unblinking.

Dick and the detective had come in gingerly. Dick, standing uncertain for a minute, crossed to the bed and laid a hand on the white arm stretched out upon the coverlet, just as Arnold let a window shade fly up with a snap.

"Good God!" said the district attorney.

Alice Blair, fully clothed, was lying dead on her dainty green bed. On the rug, beneath her right hand, which

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Serve Kaffee Hag Coffee at evening parties. Wonderful, rich coffee that every one can enjoy without hesitation

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Now, all can enjoy it. . . . Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is a delicious blend of the world's finest coffees—*with the caffeine removed.* And so skilfully is this done that not one bit of the wonderful coffee flavor and aroma is lost!

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Name______________________________

Address____________________________

Kellogg's KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE that lets you sleep

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page seventy-seven

trailed toward the floor, was a snub-nosed blue automatic pistol.

Sally stood very still. So did the district attorney, the detective, the janitor. Finally, her voice as small as when she had called the girl, Sally appealed to her brother:

" She's dead, Dick. Isn't she? "

Lomax nodded. " Several hours. She's—cold."

Arnold went over close to the bed, and leaned down, careful not to touch anything.

" Quick and clean," he said in a conversational tone. " Right through the roof of the mouth. Out like a light."

Again Lomax nodded. " Well, maybe it was the best way out," he mused aloud. " Poor girl! "

" Yes, sir, I reckon she knew we had the goods on her." Arnold straightened up. " Or else she was afraid of O'Toole."

THE janitor had faded quietly from the room. Apparently neither man had noticed his leaving, nor did Lomax pay any heed to his sister, until he heard her voice at the telephone in the living room.

" No idea just when, Andy," she was saying. " All I know—dead—suicide—pistol near her right hand on the floor at the side of the bed—went through the roof of her mouth. . . . Uh-huh—Arnold says it was instant death. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, of course." The receiver rattled back on the hook, and she looked around as her brother almost ran into the room.

" Get away from that phone! "

" Don't be an ass! "

" I tell you you've got to quit this newspaper nonsense! You're playing hell with my work! "

Sally shrugged her shoulders.

" How could you keep this out of the papers? " she asked coldly. " Do you want me to call Justice Overland? "

" Get away! I'll call him myself! "

" Oh, that's all right. I don't mind." She called the familiar number. " Judge Overland, please. . . . Sally Lomax of the Pioneer. . . . Hello, judge. . . . Fine, thank you. Listen, can you come out to Alice Blair's apartment? " Her voice faltered slightly. " She has killed herself. . . . I said she *killed* herself. . . . The district attorney is here. He asked me to call you. . . . Thanks." She hung up hastily.

FOR a moment she studied the big man glowering at her. Nice old Dick. Dumb but nice. He would be in a mess again, with her getting the break on this story.

" Here, Dick," she said, rising. " You sit down and call George Monroe and Roscoe Eddy. There's no use in your getting in bad with them again. Won't take you but a minute. Come on, be a lamb. Better call Monroe first; Andy's had time to make the street, almost, as it is."

" So I'm to be a reporter, too." Her brother was nastily sarcastic. " Arnold, will you call the Record and the Bulletin and tell them about this? "

He began pacing up and down the living room, listening to Arnold's curt reports of the tragedy to the excited newspaper men.

Sally had retreated to the front window to get herself in hand. Could she go back in there and look at that girl again? It was her duty. She moved slowly toward the bedroom as Arnold rose from the desk. Suddenly she felt faint; her legs refused to go on. She sat down on the chaise longue, shakily lighted a cigarette, dropped the match into the big brass bowl on the lowest level of the bookcase beside her.

In the bowl, she noticed absently, were long white pasteboard cylinders, the mouthpieces of Alice Blair's Russian cigarettes.

In the bowl, too, was a crumpled ball of blue paper—evidently an envelope. Sally leaned over and picked it up, half smoothed it out. Scrawled on it, in an oddly familiar handwriting, she saw " Alice Bl—"

Lomax and Arnold had gone back into the bedroom.

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AMERICA'S PHYSIC
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Sally was alone. She crumpled the envelope in her hand and got up; the shakiness had gone from her legs magically. She crossed swiftly to the desk. Yes, the corn-colored letter that Alice had thrust into the pigeonhole was still there!

She had barely stuffed it and the blue envelope into her purse and turned guiltily toward the bedroom door when her brother and the detective came back into the room.

At that moment the telephone rang, its cheerful jingle making Sally jump away from the desk. Lomax reached for it, hesitated.

"Newspapers," he growled.

Sally giggled, almost hysterical with excitement. Her brother took off the receiver.

"This is Miss Blair's apartment," he said testily. "Who is calling? . . . For heaven's sake, what are you calling here for? This is Dick Lomax. . . . What did you want with her? . . . Well, old man, I'm sorry to tell you, but she killed herself last night—pistol shot—through the roof of the mouth. . . . Yes, pretty bad. . . . No, of course not. Don't worry about that. . . . Sure, see you later. Good-by."

"Who was that?" Sally demanded.

"It was a man who had an appointment with Miss Blair for ten thirty this morning at his office. He called to find out why she hadn't shown up. That's all."

"All right, but who is he?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" her brother mocked her. "It's a man who doesn't need notoriety in your paper."

"YOU *can* be nasty when you try, Dick. Who asked me to come out here with you? How do you expect to keep any of this out of the newspapers? Don't be such a complete ass! Do you want me to print that this call came in and you refused to tell who it was? I'll print exactly what you said just now."

"All right, Sally, all right! You're right. I did ask you to come out here, and I beg your pardon for losing my temper." He came over and patted her hand. "It was Bob Morrison; she was going to talk to him about the case this morning. Did Overland say he would be right out?"

Sally nodded. Lomax turned again to the telephone and called police headquarters. Briefly he reported what had happened and said the justice was on his way out to hold the inquest.

By the time he had done that, the newspaper men had begun to arrive. Eddy, Monroe, and Rorke came within a few minutes of each other. Jesse Martin, the photographer from the Pioneer, beat the other photographers there, as usual.

DIRECTED by Rorke, Martin set up his camera in the bedroom. The living room presently began to fill with an inrushing cloud of choking flashlight smoke.

Rumbling with rage, eager to vent his suppressed ire on someone, the district attorney strode into the bedroom. A policeman and two more detectives crowded in; there was a clangor in the street as an ambulance arrived. The decent sorrow of Alice Blair's death had been destroyed for Sally; made crass by men to whom murder and suicide were more impersonal than a baseball score.

Rorke had brought word that Andy wanted her to come in and write her own story for the home edition, so she went slowly down to her car. This meant another by-line; somehow a by-line didn't seem important now.

Tears began to roll down her cheeks as she drove slowly and soberly through the back streets to the Pioneer office.

She meant to learn to be impersonal about tragedy. She had been so when it was Angela Browning's death. But she couldn't be impersonal and professional about the grisly end of this lovely girl who had become almost an old friend in the last three days of life.

How did Alice Blair meet her death? Suicide was the general verdict. But Sally gathered facts, and as they accumulated, so a new mystery came to clamor for solution—as you'll learn when you read what is to come next week.

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Don't Look!

Said Jack, who takes himself quite seriously: "Gee, mother, when I look at myself in the mirror I don't look anything like who I think I am."—John W. Stiles, 211 Federal St., Greenfield, Mass.

* * *

Questionable Enthusiasm

We were enjoying the bright sunshine on our drive just after a thunder shower. Little Sally was unusually quiet, and we inquired if she saw the beautiful sights. Pointing to the side of the road, she exclaimed, "There's a swell mud puddle!"—Marjorie M. Miller, Hickory Hill, Defiance, Ohio.

* * *

On His Own

Richard resented being called "the minister's son." The family had just moved to a new town. Richard was sent to the store on an errand, and the storekeeper inquired:

"Aren't you the new minister's little boy?"

"No," he replied; "I'm a regular guy!"—Margary Lee, Albany, N. Y.

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MAY COME
ALMOST
OVERNIGHT

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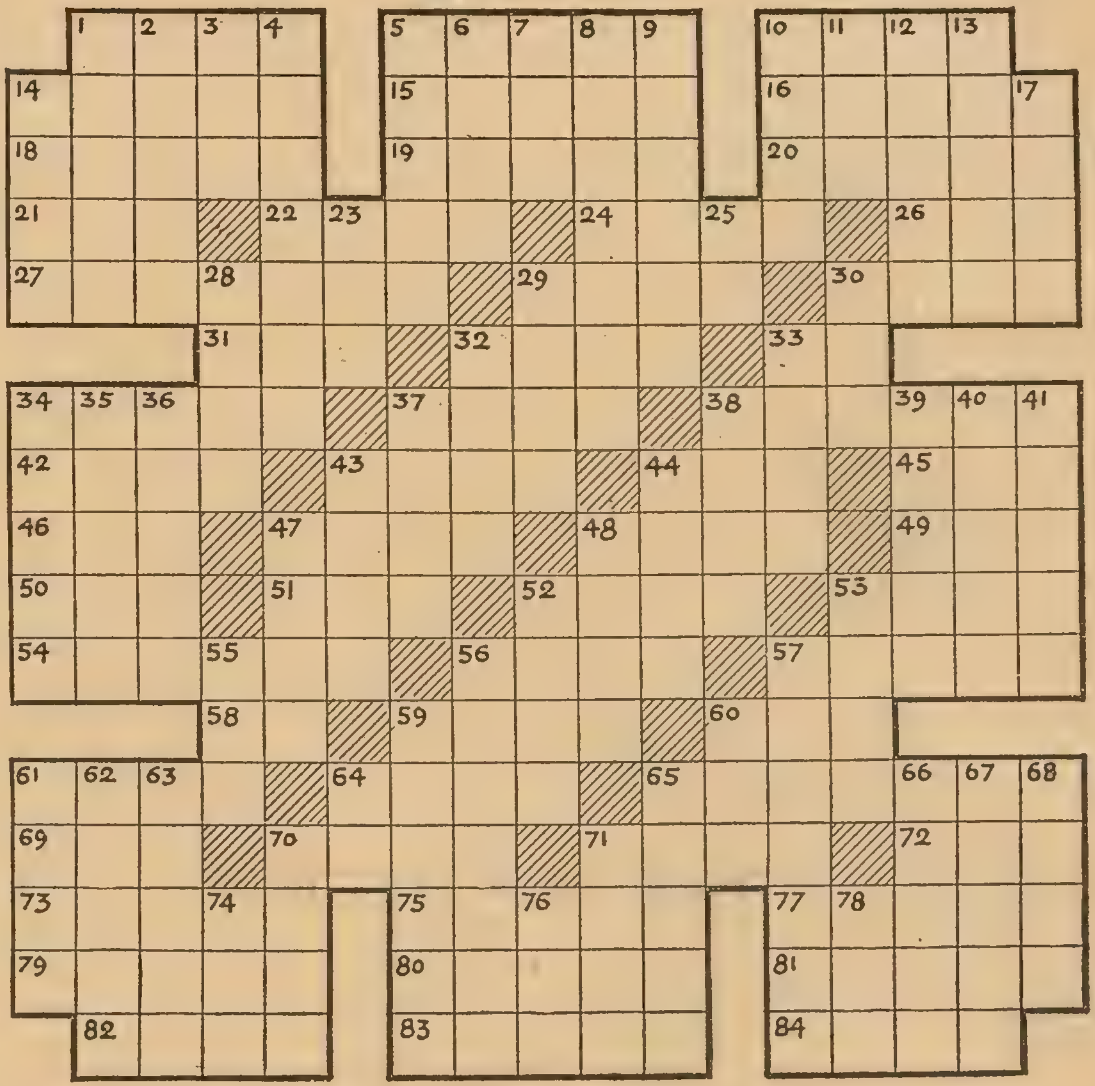
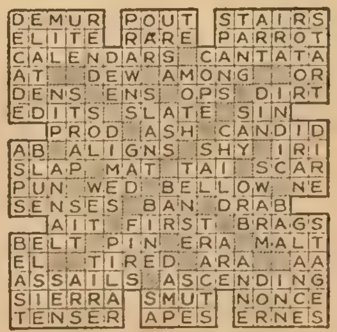


HORIZONTAL

1 Lump of earth
5 Winged
10 Irish dramatist
14 Sphere
15 Pertaining to ships
16 Relating to hours
18 A bird
19 Daily record
20 Ago; gone by
21 Utility
22 Employer
24 Incite to activity
26 Mortals
27 In addition
29 A vacuum
30 Immense; enormous
31 Unused
32 One of the ships of Columbus
33 An exclamation
34 Equipped with weapons
37 Ceases to be
38 Conduct and control
42 Ruth's husband
43 Receptacle for goods (plural)
44 A barrier
45 Large
46 Appropriate
47 Rescue
48 Table provisions
49 A salutation
50 Mound
51 Sooner than
52 A vehicle
53 Employs
54 Swirled
56 Arrived
57 Exhausted
58 A preposition
59 Pigeon
60 Exclamation
61 Piece used in chess
64 A city in New York
65 Attired
69 Mohammed's nephew
70 Engage in agriculture
71 Part of the foot
72 Self
73 Scandinavian
75 Desire possession of
77 Big
79 Scoff
80 Worship
81 Margins
82 State of bliss
83 Seamstress
84 An act

VERTICAL

1 Near
2 Divisions of the lungs and brain
3 Japanese sash
4 Made bare or naked
5 South American mountain range
6 Den
7 Ruined city in Upper Burma
8 A fish (plural)
9 City in Ohio
10 A fish
11 Swine
12 Odor
13 Diminishes
14 Root out by digging
17 Loaned
23 Stitch
25 Alleged force
28 Woman's name
29 Contends
30 A vehicle
32 Cardinal number
33 Part of a harness
34 Lessen
35 Lassoed
36 Matched; married
37 Plunge
38 Market
39 To disgrace; dishonor; depose
40 Donated
41 To void, as excrement
43 A poet
44 Defy
47 Observed
48 Renown
52 Cavern
53 Tall tree of Java
55 Electrified particle
56 Chest of drawers
57 Bombarded
59 Woman's name
60 Form of to be
61 Cooking utensils
62 Single
63 Telegraphed
64 Egyptian deity
65 Hinder
66 A twilled woolen fabric
67 Instigated
68 Performs
70 Plant of the order Filicales
71 At this point
74 Comprehend
76 Solemn promise
78 American humorist and playwright


DEMUR POUT STAIRS
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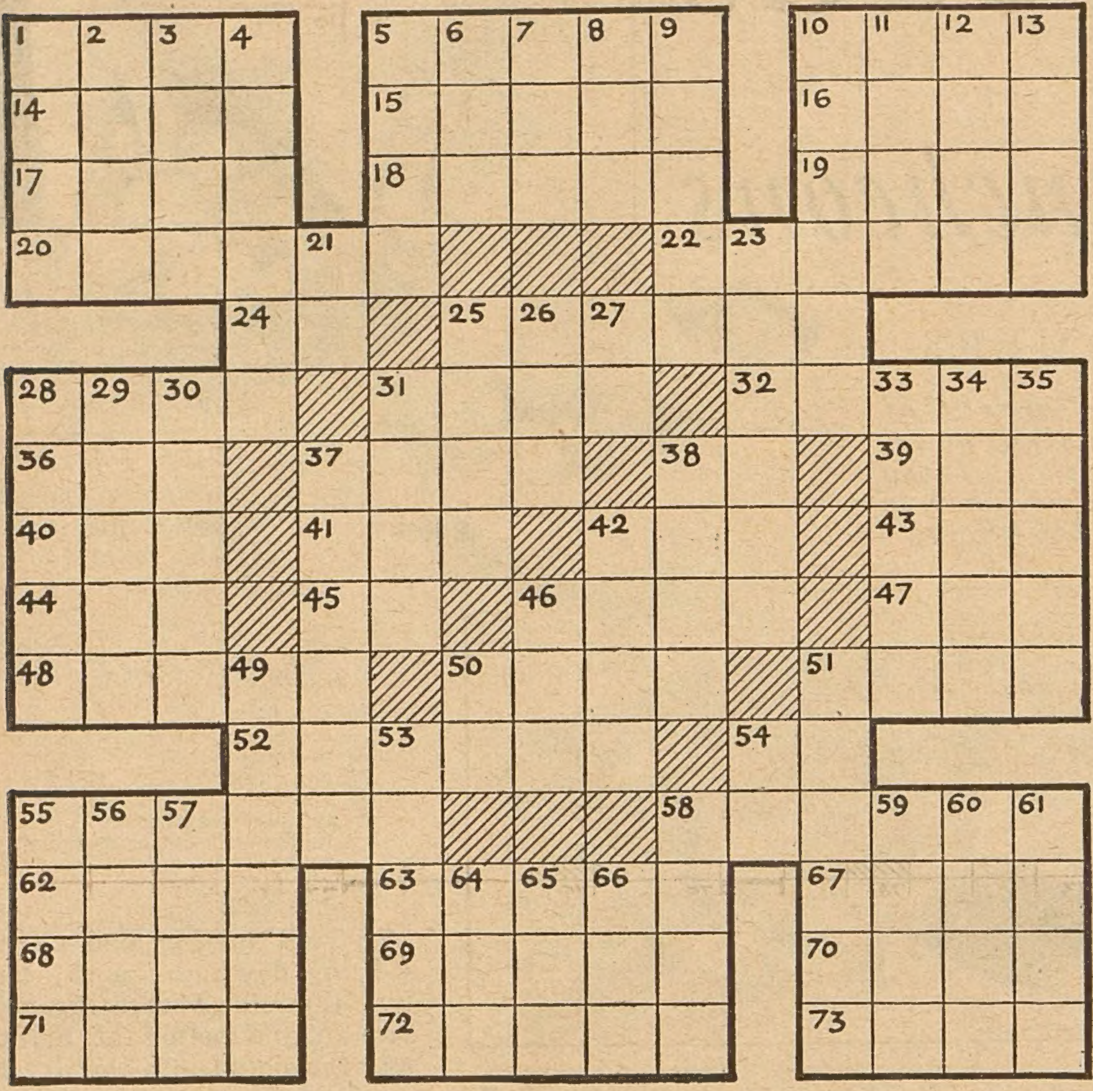
ASSAILS ASCENDING
SIERRA SMUT NONCE
TENSER APES ERNES

Answer to last week's puzzle

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 A son of Isaac and Rebekah
5 The compass of a voice or instrument
10 A small space or distance
14 Avoid
15 Come into action, being, or notice
16 Gaze intently
17 To tinge
18 Marshes or fens
19 Female character in Lohengrin
20 Lure
22 Ministers to
24 Assyro-Babylonian deity
25 Stripped off the skin or surface of
28 Style of penmanship
31 Litter for bearing a corpse
32 Off the main track or way
36 Period of time
37 Immature equine
38 Form of to be
39 A tree of the genus Tilia
40 Craw
41 Sandpiper
42 Pronoun
43 A signal stage in history
44 Corroded
45 Adjective suffix
46 Apprehension
47 Asiatic monetary unit
48 Pluck; resolution
50 Flying mammals
51 Opening for a sleeve in a garment
52 Loafers
54 Pronoun
55 Scanty
58 Streams
62 Suspend
63 Worth; excellence
67 City in Kansas
68 A Negrito of Luzon
69 The goddess of peace (classical mythology)
70 Kind of Russian hemp
71 Part of the foot
72 Go stealthily
73 Annoys by petty faultfinding

VERTICAL

1 A town in Italy
2 Region of the leg
3 Kinswoman
4 Joined by a legal or moral bond
5 Quarry
6 An area ten meters square
7 Russian community
8 Utility
9 Easily irritated; irascible
10 Moves with celerity
11 A measure of weight in India
12 Formerly
13 Edible seeds
21 The symbol for an element
23 Tool for enlarging or shaping a hole
25 Row of soldiers ranged one behind another
26 Term used in the game of tennis
27 Metric measure of area
28 The chief minister of Ahasuerus (Bible)
29 A size of type
30 Fresher
31 One of a district in South Africa
33 Of the ileum
34 Filthy
35 Growing out
37 Confession of religious faith (plural)
38 Sunk fence (plural)
42 Puts in place
46 Distant
49 Made of twigs
50 Exist
51 River in England
53 A town in Quebec
54 Syllable sounded in solmization
55 A ruler
56 Part of the head
57 Stakes in poker
58 A dance of the Scotch Highlanders
59 Silkworm
60 Peal
61 Comprehends
64 Craft
65 General in the War of the Rebellion
66 Character in Spenser's Faërie Queene

ADAM HARP SURE
LORI TITHE ASEA
ERIN ASTER BEES
SPASMS SAILORLY
TOTS SLOT
SCARLETS OASIS
EARED ALOUD RIM
ERAL STIRS CARE
RUB SCENE EATER
SAPOR GANGRENE
ONES DEAL
DILIGENT ADORES
ARES NAHOR TYRO
VANE ERIAS TAIL
ENOS DENT ALEE

Answer to last week's puzzle

A Cold Has Roots That Reach Deep Down

How to Get It All Out of Your System

The sensible way to deal with a cold is to "clean it out" of your system. Halfway measures only temporarily suppress a cold and invite its quick return. A good purging is indispensable.

Whenever you feel the need of a good physic, whether to break up a cold or relieve a case of constipation, the thing to take *always* is Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. Physicians recommend castor oil as the ideal laxative and Kellogg's is castor oil with the objectionable features eliminated. It's simply pure, fresh, castor oil, full strength, with the old castor oil taste and odor removed by super-refining. It moves the bowels gently, but *thoroughly*, leaving no residue as do ordinary laxatives and without upsetting the stomach or causing after-nausea. It also exercises a healing effect upon the mucous membrane of the bowel, which is always desirable after a good purging and which does not follow the action of the ordinary laxative. Physicians recommend Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. Children take it willingly.

Kellogg's is never sold in bulk, but always in the original *refinery-sealed* bottle which always comes in a carton. Both bottle and carton bear the full Kellogg label. Accept nothing else to be sure it is the genuine Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. At all good druggists.

ZEMO
SKIN
SCALP

Itching Torture Ended

Don't suffer night and day with itching, burning skin. Get cooling, soothing, antiseptic Zemo. Thousands find relief in first application. Safe, dependable, invisible. Zemo helps restore skin to healthy smoothness. Use any time for Itching, Dandruff, Pimples, Blemishes. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. All Druggists.

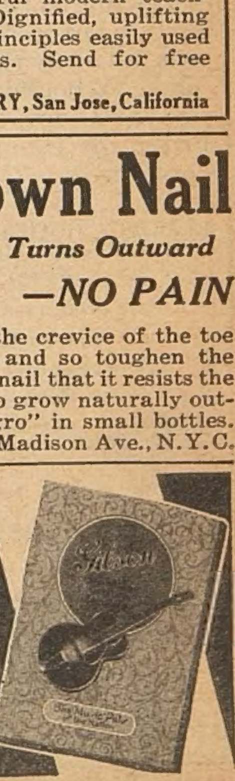
zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

THE KEY TO LIFE
Rosicrucian Mysteries
FREE Introductory Book

explains the practical, useful modern teachings of the Rosicrucians. Dignified, uplifting mental and metaphysical principles easily used to overcome life's obstacles. Send for free book, "Light of Egypt."
Librarian, F.X.S., AMORC LIBRARY, San Jose, California

Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward
—NO PAIN

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.



Play GUITAR
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This FREE BOOK
Shows the Way to
Popularity-Pleasure
Bigger Income
Send for Your Copy Now
Gibson Inc.
723 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

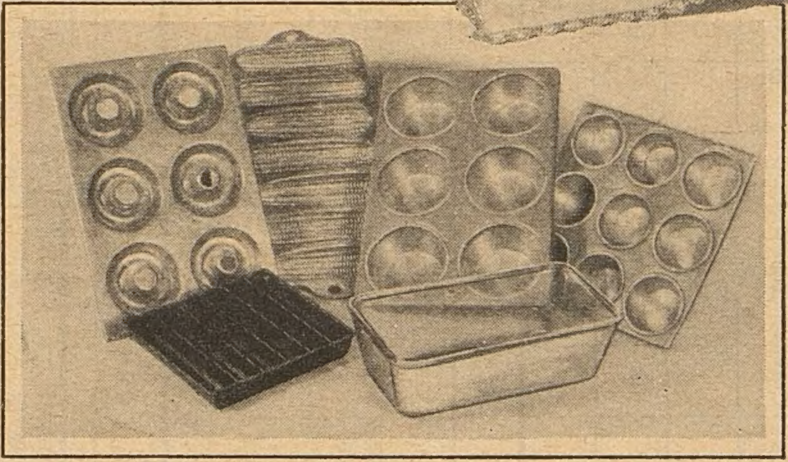
Hot Breads for Spring Luncheons

By Ethel Somers

Potato-flour muffins have puffy tops if the pans are not quite filled with batter.

MIXING is the important element in making light, delicate hot breads. The dry ingredients must be thoroughly sifted and mixed, and the batter must not be stirred too much. Remembering these two simple rules, let ambition be your guide.

A variety of baking pans, such as those below, enhances hot breads.



Graham Gems

2 cups Graham flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt or 1 teaspoon if unsalted fat is used
¼ cup brown sugar
1 egg, if desired
¼ cup butter or substitute
⅞ cup milk

IF a less sweet muffin is desired, reduce the sugar to one or two tablespoons and likewise the butter, using one cup of milk in place of the seven-eighths cup called for. If fruited muffins are desired, add one-fourth to one-half cup of raisins, figs, or dates. Or vary by adding one-fourth cup of nuts or fried bacon, chopped while hot and drained of its excess fat.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients thoroughly. Add the bran which remains in the sifter to the sifted dry ingredients. Mix well. Combine all the liquids, including the melted butter and beaten egg, if used. Slowly pour this liquid into the dry ingredients, mixing lightly with a stroking rather than a stirring motion. When the liquid has all been used and lightly mixed in, do not attempt to beat out the lumps, but place the dough as it is in oiled muffin pans. Bake in a fairly hot oven (400° F.) for twenty to twenty-five minutes.

DOUGH that will make your cinnamon buns, coffee cake, Parker House and finger rolls exceptionally rich in taste value can easily be made by consulting Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Many other tempting hot-bread recipes, particularly appropriate for April weather, are also available in the booklets. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Write your order for them now. Please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.
[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose......cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name..............................

Street or R. F. D..............................

City..................State..........4-12-30

Emergency Ice-Box Rolls

1 pint milk
½ cup mashed potatoes entirely free of lumps
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ yeast cake (1 ounce)
¼ cup lukewarm water
½ cup sugar
½ cup melted butter or substitute
3 cups flour plus enough to make a dough (about 4½ cups in all)

FIRST scald the milk. Cool to lukewarm and add the mashed potatoes, salt, soda, baking powder, and yeast (which has been dissolved in the lukewarm water), also the sugar, melted fat, and three cups of flour. Beat thoroughly. Cover and let stand in a lukewarm place two hours, or until light. Then stir and knead in enough more flour to make a dough which may be handled on a lightly floured board. Knead thoroughly, using a rotary stretching motion rather than a decided pressure. Place in a large covered vessel in the refrigerator cold enough to check the action of the baking powder and yeast (42° to 48° F.). Use any time after twenty-four hours and within ten days. If a crusty roll is desired, bake in a hot oven (400° F.) for twelve to twenty-five minutes, depending on the size of the rolls. If a lightly crusted roll is preferred, bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for fifteen to twenty-five minutes, depending on the size of the rolls.

Filled Coffee Cake

¾ cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
¼ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons butter or substitute
1 egg yolk
1 egg white

AFTER mixing and sifting the dry ingredients, combine the milk, beaten egg yolk, vanilla, and melted fat. Lightly stir the liquid into the dry ingredients. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white. Spread half the batter in an oiled pan, sprinkle with half the filling, cover with the remaining dough, and top with the rest of the filling. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) for about thirty minutes or until brown.

Filling for Coffee Cake

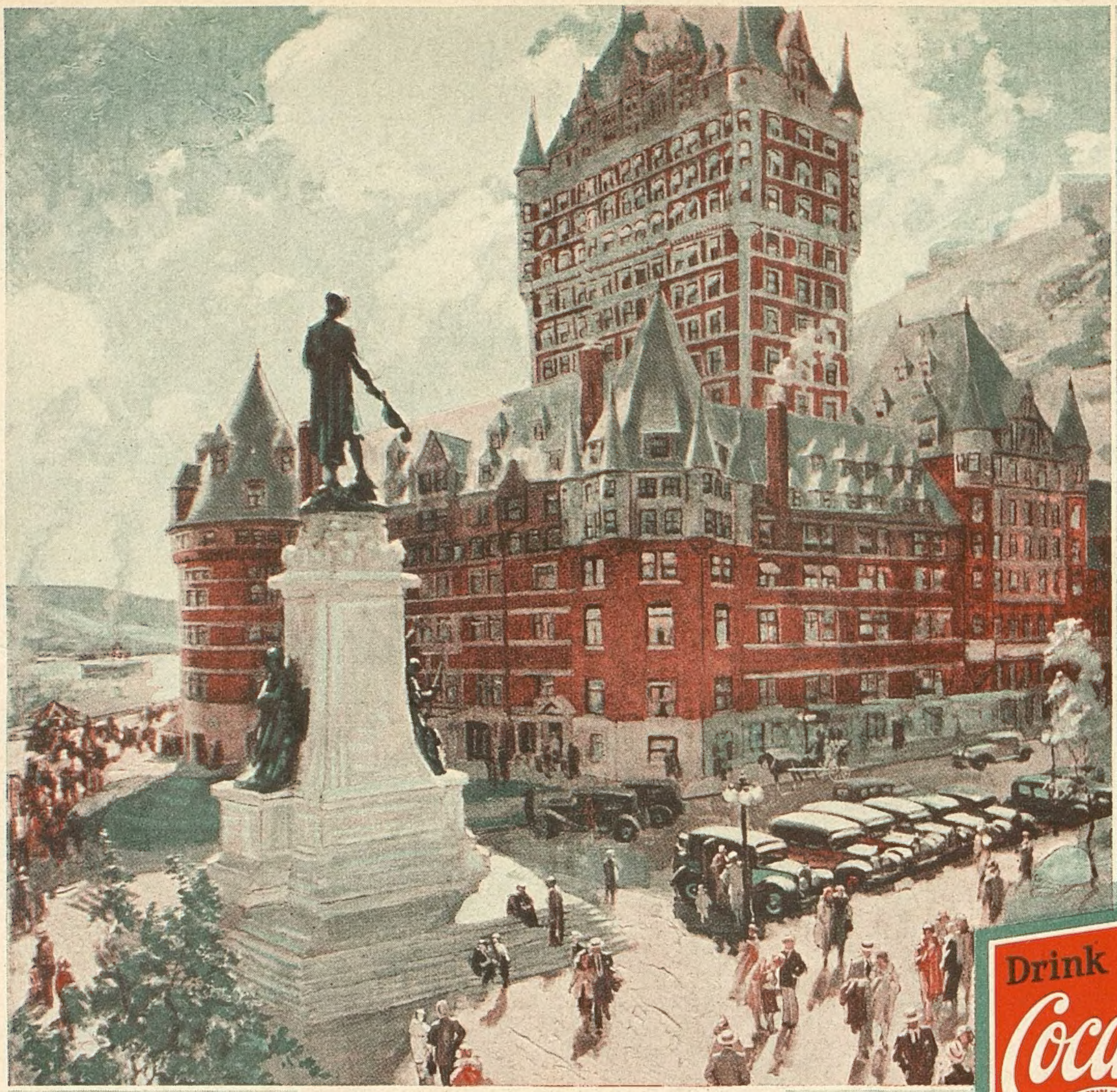
¼ cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon melted butter
½ cup chopped nut meats (peanuts, walnuts, almonds, or pecans)

THE sugar, flour, and cinnamon should be mixed until well blended. Add the nut meats, finely chopped, and then stir in the melted butter.

Potato-Flour Muffins

Using 4 eggs:		Economizing on eggs:
4 egg yolks ½ teaspoon salt 4 egg whites 1 tablespoon sugar ½ cup potato flour 1 teaspoon baking powder 2 tablespoons ice water	OR	2 egg yolks ½ teaspoon salt 2 egg whites 1 tablespoon sugar ½ cup potato flour 3 teaspoons baking powder 2 tablespoons ice water

BEAT the egg yolks and salt until thick and lemon colored. Add the sugar to the egg whites and beat until stiff but not dry. Combine the baking powder and potato flour, sifting several times. Add the egg-white mixture to the yolks. Do not mix, but rather cut the whites into the yolks at the same time the flour is also blended through the mixture by sifting it over the top. Lastly, lightly fold in the ice water and bake in oiled, floured muffin pans, which should be three-fourths to seven-eighths full to produce a puffy top when baked. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) until puffed and delicately browned.



You can call the roll of the 48 states and all the provinces by the license tags of cars that park around Dufferin Terrace—where the outdoor cafe of Chateau Frontenac provides a restful haven and refreshing Coca-Cola.

It had to be good to get where it is

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

Coming and going through Old Quebec the touring thousands *pause and refresh themselves*

SPRINGTIME again and the call of the open road! Old Quebec City, where everybody goes or wants to go. California and Oregon park with Georgia and Massachusetts to enjoy *the pause that refreshes*. Through rose-colored glasses of ice-cold Coca-Cola tired tourists review one of the great joys of the long, long trail. For, across the Dominion and in every city, town and hamlet in the U. S. A., there's no drink so easy to get, so popular and so surely refreshing. » » » And at home in office or workshop, along hot, crowded city streets, how cheerful this same pause. You relax and enjoy that cool, wholesome refreshment only Coca-Cola can give. Ice-cold, tingling, delicious, it's the one drink that fits all times, all places, all thirsty needs.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

NINE MILLION A DAY

The $5,000.00 Contest has started a Company fight!

The Pacific Coast disputes the Factory's Prediction!

Contest open to everybody!

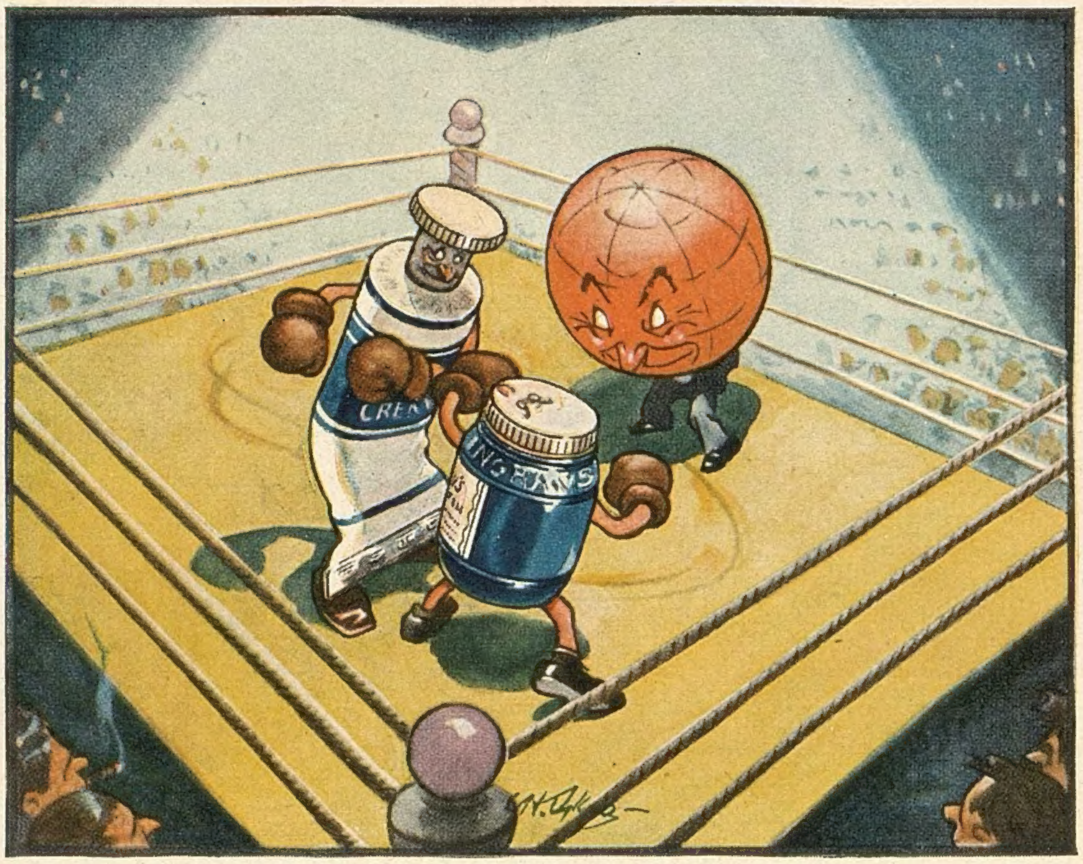
328 Cash Prizes!

"I pick the tube," says G. G. Harwood,

Manager
Western Branch

"The new Ingram tube is a sure success because it contains the coolest and best cream a man ever used. Whether it outsells the jar this year or not, a tube appeals to most men. Don't forget that when you make your predictions!"

Geo. G. Harwood



"The jar looks good" says W. M. Bristol, Jr.,

Vice-President
in Charge
of Production

"When the discussion of a contest first came up, I realized a lot of men would be strong for the tube. I don't say it isn't going over well, but it will be a long time before it outsells the original Ingram jar! That jar has the preference of a million men!"

William McL. Bristol Jr.

WITH the Ingram Shaving Cream $5,000.00 prize contest barely under way, even the company officials are arguing about it!

Yet this contest—unlike most others—is free from tricks and red tape. You are merely asked to predict how our sales of the tube will compare with those of the famous Ingram jar during 1930!

Ingram's was introduced in a tube shortly before January 1st. Previously it was packed only in the little blue jar. Now you can get it in either jar or tube. The jar may be no beauty, but in five years it built one of the largest shaving cream businesses in the world! And don't forget—a million men like it!

Here are Ingram's sales:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

The real reason for Ingram's remarkable growth is the cream itself—the first and best of all *cool* shaving creams! Some men like the jar. Others prefer a tube. Which will sell better? We don't know!

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less,* how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	$1,000.00
Second prize	$500.00
Third prize	$250.00
Next 325 prizes	*each* $10.00

Ingram's gives you a new conception of how bracing your morning shave *can* be and *should* be. Because of three special cooling and soothing ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin *while you shave.* You can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a week's supply of *cool* Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 31, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 31, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves

*Name*____________________
*Street*____________________
*City*____________ *State*________

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)